HAWAIIAN YESTERDAYS

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HAWAIIAN YESTERDAYS

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HAWAIIAN YESTERDAYS

CHAPTERS FROM A BOY'S LIFE IN THE ISLANDS IN THE EARLY DAYS

BY
HENRY M. LYMAN, M. D.

WITH TWENTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS AND TWO MAPS

CHICAGO
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HAWAIIAN YESTERDAYS

CHAPTER I

A New England Family a Century Ago — Studying for the Ministry — Williams College and Andover Seminary — Zeal for Missionary Work — Longing for "Afric's Burning Sands" — Marriage of Two Kindred Souls — A Long Farewell — A Doleful Wedding Journey — On Shipboard at New Bedford — A Premature Putting to Sea — A Stormy and Uncomfortable Voyage — A Blasphemous Ship's-mate — In Port at Rio de Janeiro — Around Cape Horn — Through the Pacific Seas — In Honolulu Harbor — A Home in Heathen Lands.

EARLY in the last century there lived in a small farming community in Connecticut a family of the name of Lyman. Of the nine children, the oldest, my father, was early set apart by his parents for the ministry of the gospel; and their slender resources were carefully husbanded in order that he, the chosen one, might be thoroughly educated for the church.

After his graduation at Williams College in Massachusetts, in 1828, he was sent to study theology at the famous Seminary at Andover. It was a time of great religious fervor in New England, and the flames of piety and asceticism were kept at a white heat on Chapel Hill. The numerous students were consumed with zeal, and many of them were longing to lay down

their lives on "Afric's burning sands," or any other uncomfortable place to which their duty might call them. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions had its headquarters in Boston, only twenty miles away; and it was a part of the duty of its officers to supply fuel with which to sustain the ardor of missionary enterprise among the youthful theologians.

While my father was in his senior year at Andover, he accepted an appointment to the mission at the Hawaiian Islands — or Sandwich Islands, as they were then more commonly called; it being the desire of the Board to send large reënforcements of missionaries there during the Winter of 1831–32. It was a part of the plans of the Board that only married men should be sent as missionaries; and thus the subject of matrimony was brought up in a very practical way. About this time, my mother, Miss Sarah Joiner, left her Vermont home for a short visit to relatives in Boston. Of a bright and ardent temperament, the religious and other privileges which she enjoyed at the metropolis exercised and exalted her whole soul. She attended the annual meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions, and was profoundly affected by all she saw and heard. It was indeed a memorable occasion for her, for it shaped the course of her whole future life. This was the period of repressed energy and enthusiasm in New England, before the day of vast industrial and railway enterprises, and the opening to settlement of the great Western territories, when there was scarcely any outlet for the energies of young people except through church work

and religious extension in foreign lands. My mother's overpowering religious fervor, combined with circumstances which led to an acquaintance with my father and profound sympathy with the plans and purposes of his life, caused her to accept joyfully the lot of a missionary's wife.

One stormy evening in November, 1831, David B. Lyman and Sarah Joiner were married in the village church of Royalton, Vermont. It was known that the young couple were to embark immediately with a company of missionaries bound for the Sandwich Islands; and the unusual circumstances caused almost the entire population of the village to be present at the marriage ceremony. It seemed a funeral rather than a wedding, for in those days it was understood that a foreign missionary was very unlikely ever to return to his native land. Was it not set down in Holy Writ, that "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God"? That settled the whole question. The snow-flakes flew, the winds of Winter wept and wailed among the branches of the maples and elms, as the muddy stage-coach rolled up to the door at two o'clock in the morning, and bore away the young couple from the home and the friends who gave up that sweet bride. Farewell, farewell, father, mother, sister, brothers dear! A long farewell indeed! for they were never to meet on earth again.

The second day of this mournful wedding journey brought the travellers to Boston, where they were joined by eight other newly married couples, all bound

on the same errand to the heathen Sandwich Islanders. They were to sail one week later, from New Bedford, where a little whaleship of some three hundred and fifty tons burthen had been engaged to carry them to Honolulu. Another wearisome stage-ride took them to their port of departure, where they were greeted with the information that they had come too soon, and that the ship would not be ready in less than a week or ten days.

This delay was by no means a misfortune, for it gave the homesick young women a chance to dry their eyes and have a little rest before embarking on the deep. At last, however, the day of departure arrived, and at an early hour the missionary band was mustered upon the deck of the ship. A fervent prayer for fair weather and favoring gales was uttered by the representative of the American Board, who had accompanied them from Boston; Captain Swain came from the custom house with his sailing-papers; the mooring-cables were cast off, and the ship was hauled out into the stream. It had been the intention of the commander to run down into the outer harbor, and, casting anchor there, to complete his preparations for going to sea; for the ship was yet far from being ready to leave port. But it was one of the most delightful days of the Indian Summer — the twenty-sixth of November. So, as the owner of the ship, who had accompanied the party down the bay, got into his boat to return to the city, he called out to the captain:

"Well, Swain, it 's so pleasant I guess you 'd better keep right on and run out to sea."

"Very well, sir!" replied the officer; and, crowding on all sail, away went the good ship *Averick*, and was soon out of sight.

The order of the ship-owner proved to have been ill-considered. The deck was covered with sea-stores that had been received only at the last moment; the cabin was filled with coils of rope and miscellaneous articles thrown in from above, to make room on deck for more. From early morning till the going down of the sun, my father worked to make a path for my mother from the companion-way to their state-room. That night, all the storms of heaven were let loose upon the devoted craft, and for two weeks the little ship was at the mercy of the winds. Away into the sea went the hen-coops, together with the fresh provisions that had been left on deck; and the sailors thought themselves lucky in not being washed overboard too. It was about fifteen days before the tempest abated sufficiently to allow of clearing out the cabin and putting the ship in order. During that horrible fortnight, the poor women were penned up in their state-rooms, while it was with difficulty and danger that their husbands crawled over the piles of stuff in the cabin. Immediately in front of the steps that came down from the deck stood an open tub of butter and a bucket of tar, both of which had become immovably wedged into the passageway. The chief mate of the ship — one of those blasphemous sea-dogs who were then in great repute on Cape Cod and in foreign waters — whenever he came below, would invariably plant one foot in the butter-tub and the other in the tar-bucket, and, thus

established, would stand, shaking his fists, and pouring forth volley after volley of maledictions against all missionaries and their works, until His Satanic Majesty must have been thoroughly satisfied with the ardor of this his faithful servant. Only after the lapse of two entire weeks, when the gale had blown the ship half-way across the Atlantic Ocean into warmer weather and more quiet seas, were means found to clear the cabin floor, and to muzzle the imprecations of the chief mate.

When, finally, it became possible to ascertain the condition of the ship, it was discovered that one of her lower masts had been sprung, or partly broken, in the gale; so the captain decided, though the weather was now warm and pleasant, to steer for Rio de Janeiro, where a new mast could be procured, before venturing upon the perilous passage around Cape Horn. For my poor mother, this was a fortunate circumstance. During the tempest, and for a week longer, she had been compelled to remain in her berth, not merely seasick, but ill with a raging fever. It was not until they had entered the tropics that she recovered sufficiently to come on deck.

In the month of January, 1832, the *Averick* sailed into the magnificent bay of Rio de Janeiro. The passengers were variously accommodated on shore, and my parents had the good fortune to be invited to make their home in the family of an Englishman—a man named Kerr, if I rightly remember my mother's narrative. This gentleman owned a villa overlooking the bay of Botos Fogos, about two miles from the city; and

OLD BUILDING AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE

OLD MASSACHUSETTS HARBOR

TWO NEW ENGLAND SCENES IDENTIFIED WITH THE EARLY MISSIONARIES

the usual mode of transit between the two places was in boats that were rowed by negroes, who stood facing the bow and pushing the oars, instead of sitting on the thwarts and pulling like white oarsmen. But this was only one of the many things that to our northern voyagers were new and strange in this tropical, Roman Catholic, negro-inhabited country. Those of the party who were in good health passed all their time in exploration of the city, in which they found many objects delightful to the eye and to the mind, and also much that stirred their righteous souls with compassion and indignation. My mother, however, saw very little of the place, since it was deemed best that she should not be exposed to the heat of the sun during convalescence from the violent fever through which she had passed. But she was never weary of the lovely view of the bay, with its forts and islands and neighboring mountains looking down into the waves that sparkled in the sunshine, revealing a world of movement and life as the tall ships came and went by the way of the narrow channel through which the waters of that sheltered haven were united with the tides of the illimitable ocean outside.

About two weeks were consumed in needful repairs, and then the voyage was resumed. It was long and tedious, but without further calamity or marked adventure. The cabin was much more comfortable than it had been at the start from New Bedford. This time the pig-pens and hen-coops were not washed overboard, — at least not before their occupants had been consumed by the hungry passengers. There was great

store of oranges and bananas and pineapples for all who relished such fruits. My parents could not abide bananas; but my father, reflecting upon the fact that they were almost the only fruit to be obtained on the Hawaiian Islands, conscientiously hung up a bunch of them in his state-room and ate one every morning; thus by the time the ship had reached Cape Horn, he learned to like their taste.

The dreaded passage round the Cape was accomplished without accident or serious delay. It was the Summer of the southern hemisphere when our missionaries entered the vast Pacific Ocean. Soon after passing the island of Juan Fernandez, they reached the trade-wind zone; and from that date until their arrival at Honolulu the wind blew fair and steady. Day after day, week after week, the good ship kept her course without the need of touching a rope or of shifting a sail. The petrel flew and the albatross soared in her wake; dolphins and porpoises played under her bow; flying-fish sprang out of the waves, as they foamed and danced with the breezes that had blown all the clouds out of the sky, leaving only the deep blue vault of heaven arched over the great round world. The ladies sat on deck, sewing, reading, or writing, while their husbands wrestled with phrase-book and primer in the endeavor to master the rudiments of the language they would be compelled to use after reaching the missionary field.

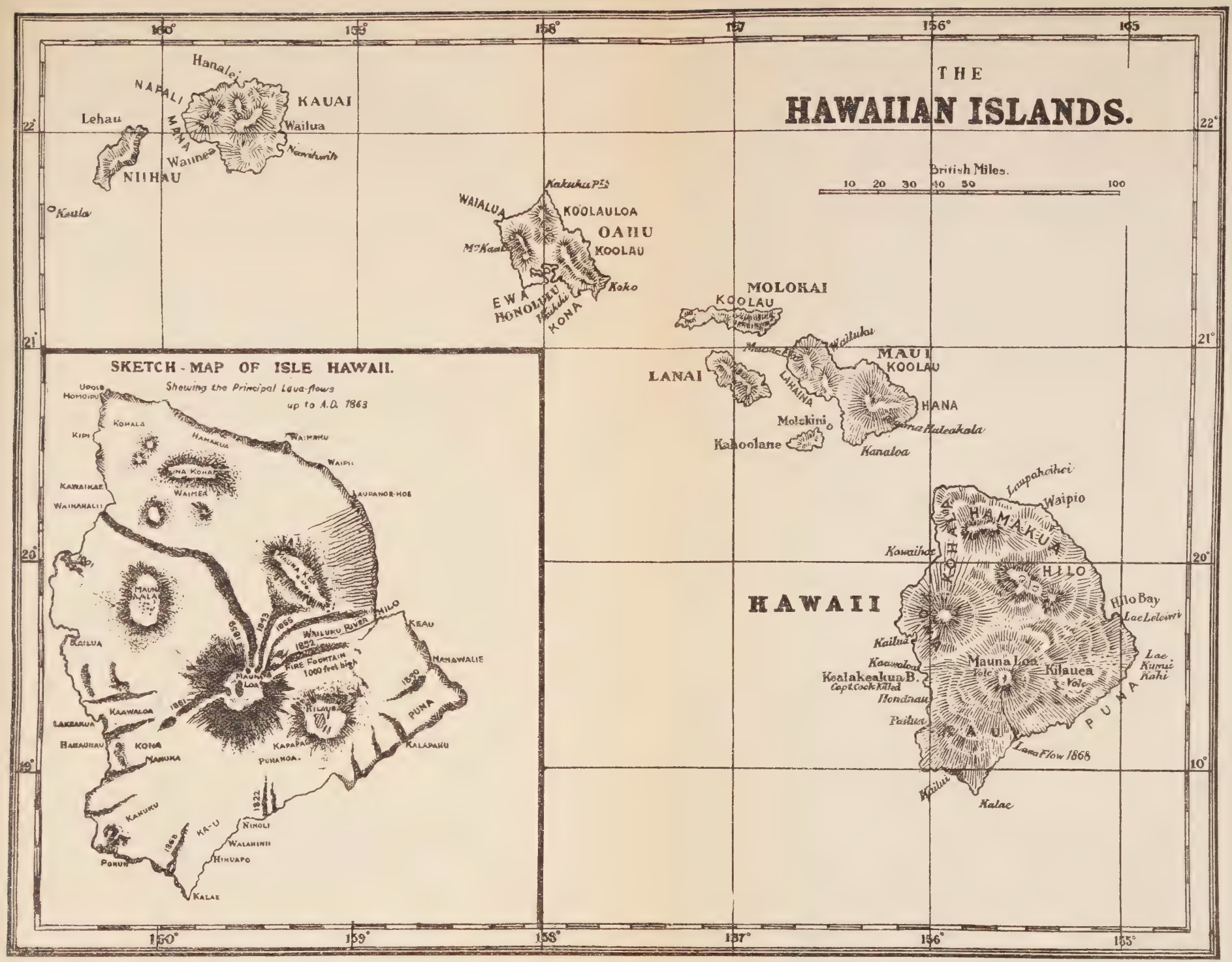
But so long a voyage, even under the most favorable conditions, becomes monotonous and tiresome; and all were rejoiced when the mountains of Hawaii

loomed on the horizon. On the seventeenth of May, 1832, a few hours after the discovery of land, the ship which had borne them so far was safely moored in the little harbor of Honolulu, and the sea-worn passengers were cordially welcomed by their predecessors in the missionary work. The annual mission-meeting being in progress, it was decided that my parents should proceed to the island of Hawaii, and make their home with the missionaries' families at Hilo while learning the language and preparing to take charge of the church in that district. This plan was soon carried out, and my father and mother reached their station before the end of the Summer. A native house, built chiefly of bamboo, and thatched with leaves of the sugar-cane, was hastily erected for their accommodation ; and there they began housekeeping, in the Autumn of 1832, about ten months after their marriage.

CHAPTER II

Birth in a Bamboo Cottage — Earliest Recollections — An Unfortunate Start in Life — Trials and Discomforts of the Missionaries — Breaking up of Families — Saving their Children from Contamination — "General Meeting" at Honolulu — The Event of the Year — Distribution of Stores and Supplies from Home — Communication between the Various Islands — Horrors of Sea-trips in Native Vessels — A New Home at Hilo.

I WAS born in my father's bamboo cottage, in Hilo, at half-past eleven o'clock A. M., November 26, 1835. My earliest recollections are enshrined in a baby-wagon. I remember lying in a little wooden box that served as the body of the cart, which was supported on four small discs that had been somehow carved out of a wooden plank as substitutes for wheels. A plain wooden tongue, or handle, projected in front, like a ship's bowsprit; while locomotion was effected by the efforts of a native Hawaiian boy, who had been taught to curb his natural propensities, and to pace soberly through the paths of the little garden, dragging after him the wonderful vehicle that bore me and my fortunes. Sometimes, however, when my father and mother were out of sight, far removed at their work in the great thatched schoolhouse, the copper-colored young barbarian would quicken his steps, rushing rapidly around dangerous corners among the flower-beds, until I was jolted into a condition of wailing


THE
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.
British Miles.
10 20 30 40 50 100
KAUAI
Hanalei
NAPALI
MANA
Wailua
Waimea
Lehau
NIIHAU
Kaula
OAHU
WAIALUA
KOOLAULOA
KOOLAU
Koko
EWA
HONOLULU
KONA
MOLOKAI
KOOLAU
LANAI
MAUI
KOOLAU
LAHAINA
HANA
Molokini
Kahoolane
Kanaloa
HAWAII
Laupahoihoi
Waipio
HAMAKUA
HILO
Hilo Bay
Lae Leleiwi
Kawaihae
Kailua
Kaawaloa
Kealakeakua B.
Capt Cook Killed
Hondnau
Pailua
Mauna Loa
Volc
Kilauea
Volc
Lae Kumi Kahi
PUNA
Lava Flow 1868
Kailui
Kalae
SKETCH-MAP OF ISLE HAWAII.
Showing the Principal Lava-flows up to A.D. 1863
Upolu
Homoipu
Kohala
Kipi
Hamakua
Waimanu
Waipio
Kawaikae
Waimea
Laupahoehoe
Waikahalii
Mauna Kea
Mauna Loa
Hilo
Keau
Hanawalie
Wailuku River
Fire Fountain 1000 feet high
Kilauea
Puna
Kalapahu
Kaawaloa
Lakeakua
Hanauhau
Kona
Manuka
Kapapa
Puhanoa
Kahuku
Ka-u
Ninoli
Walahinii
Hinuapo
Pohun
Kalae
1843
1855
1852
1881
1822
1868
160°
159°
158°
157°
156°
155°
22°
21°
20°
19°

terror, or perhaps even cast out high and dry, like a shipwrecked mariner flung helpless upon a desert isle.

These incidents must have occurred while I was very young, as I was quite unable to enter any form of complaint with my mother, who evidently knew nothing of these antics on the part of my "bearer," for in the presence of the foreign saints, nothing could be more circumspect than the painful care with which he paraded himself and his charge.

Another reason for referring these reminiscences to the above-mentioned date lies in the fact that, though I was unable to formulate any specific charges against my custodian, — indeed, hardly conceiving of such treatment as anything out of the ordinary course of nature, but rather as something to be accepted and endured, like the daily rite of ablution and other more or less disagreeable experiences,—I was already acquainted with the names of certain familiar objects. Lying on my back, cushioned on a little pillow in the baby-wagon, I was from time to time aware of long halts beneath a vast and spreading shade, agreeably cool and delightfully verdant, seamed and gashed with numberless apertures, through which was visible the deep and vivid blue of the canopy that I afterwards learned to know as the sky. This umbrageous shelter I recognized by name as a tree. Evidently I was in the path of verbal acquisition, soon to arrive at the full power of articulate and sufficient speech.

I have just now spoken of lying on my back while in the enjoyment of the above-described mode of transit. I do not remember any other attitude in connection with

those early exercises. Unlike the sturdy moon-faced Yankee infants, erect in their gorgeous cars, who now advance impetuously against me around every corner as I peacefully endeavor to promenade the up-town streets and boulevards, my early carriage-riding was conducted in a manner far from aggressive. My mother has told me that during the first two years of life I was sickly and feeble,—sometimes, indeed, hardly expected to live. And hereby hangs a tale that requires a deeper stirring of the memories of the past.

When the early missionaries of my father's time embarked for heathen shores, it was the universal understanding that they went for life. No return was at all probable, unless failure of health should render their labor useless. And, in fact, there were few men or women who, having once made a voyage of six months round Cape Horn, would ever care to repeat that experience. But this was not the root of the matter. It was expected that the devoted missionary, arrived at the scene of his future labors, should house himself in a dwelling of aboriginal construction, and should, so far as possible, nourish himself and his family with the native provisions of the country in which he abode. Thus cast out upon the remote Hawaiian Islands, the pioneer missionaries found themselves compelled to seek shelter in straw huts, without floors or glazed windows or proper ventilation. The native food, though abundant, was coarse and ill adapted to the adequate nourishment of refined and educated men and women. Flour, butter, sugar, and delicacies of every kind, were brought from Boston round Cape Horn, and exposed

for at least six months, in the hold of a ship, to the attacks of worms, weevils, and similar vermin, before reaching their destination. Eggs were a great rarity; milk and fresh butter were luxuries whose use had been almost forgotten. Under these unfavorable circumstances, in an enervating climate, flooded by an annual rainfall of a hundred and fifty inches, depressed by homesickness, half-starved, and overwhelmed with grief at the loss of a child, her first-born son, it is not strange that my mother's health gave way, and that I, who came into the world during this unfavorable period, had to suffer in my own person the consequences of the abnormal life that my parents were living.

Fortunately for me and my parents, as well as for the other families at the out-stations of the Hawaiian mission, the managers in Boston at length awoke to a comprehension of the fact that it was very poor economy thus to send educated and capable men and women to inevitable disability and premature death. So they despatched a physician to each one of the principal islands, and also expedited lumber and other materials needed for the comfortable housing of their missionaries. In this way my father's predecessor, the Rev. Joseph Goodrich, had been provided with a neat little two-storied wooden house, painted red, and famed all over the islands as the perfect reproduction of a New England farm-house. Shortly after my birth, all the necessary lumber and hardware having been received from Boston, a one-story cottage of approved Cape Cod pattern was erected for my parents, on a site a few

rods nearer the shore than the other mission-house. Into this small but comfortable dwelling my father removed his household goods; and here my mother began the task of renewing her shattered health and creating a home for her family. This was the place with which my earliest recollections were connected; and it was in the little garden in front of the house that I took the air in my home-made baby-cart. Here were passed the first three years of my life, during which occurred various events, of which only a few were impressed upon my memory with sufficient force to survive through all the subsequent years.

But before the dawn of recollection — before my birth, in fact — many changes had taken place at the Hilo missionary station. Its original occupants had been assigned to other stations, and had removed to other islands. Mr. Goodrich's family had increased and multiplied to a degree that rendered it expedient for him to seek opportunities for the education of his children in the home-country. The experience of the Tahitian missionaries convinced the members of the Hawaiian mission that it was not safe to permit their children to grow up exposed to the coarse influences of the wild inhabitants of the islands. The little ones were therefore kept as far as possible away from the natives, and were on no account permitted to learn their language; on one occasion, as I find from my mother's journal, she was in great distress at finding that I understood the meaning of her order to a native servant to close the door. The only way of escaping

VIEW OF HILO, WITH VOLCANO IN THE BACKGROUND

NATIVE HAWAIIAN VILLAGE

FROM OLD WOODCUTS

these evils, during the early days of missionary work, was to send the children to their relatives in America. In several instances this had been done when the unfortunates were not more than seven or eight years old. But the trials of the parents, confiding their darlings to the care of rough sea-captains for a voyage of six months, — little girls, even, having been thus sent without mother or female companion, — were too painful to be repeated. Torn shrieking from their mothers' arms, the wailing infants were hurried away, around Cape Horn, and sent to live among strangers, in order to preserve them from contaminating contact with the Hawaiians. Their souls were saved, no doubt; they were safely handed over to their American kindred, and put in the way of getting a Christian education, — but at what an expense of feeling! The poor mothers' hearts were simply broken, and there was no more to be said about it. Missionary martyrs, they laid their all upon the altar; and what difference would it make whether life went out with one pang more or less before the last vital spark was quenched? But human nature did finally assert itself, and it was decided that no more such heart-rending separations should occur. Accordingly, when Mr. Goodrich's family was well on the way to overflowing the little red farm-house, his ecclesiastical brethren, in General Meeting of the Mission assembled, gave him leave to surrender his station to my newly arrived father, and to sail with his flock to the old home in America.

Just at this time there arrived at Honolulu a little ship, no larger than the *Averick*, full-freighted with

a new reënforcement of missionaries from Boston,—among them the Rev. Titus Coan and wife, people with whom our lives in the Islands were to be somewhat closely associated. The Hawaiian Islands were at that time almost the only field that was easily accessible to American missionaries; accordingly, they were sent there in full force, until the native population was nearly as well provided with spiritual guides as New England itself. This circumstance, together with the isolation and leisure of the people, was chief among the proximate causes of the remarkable religious "awakening," as it was called, that began in the year 1837.

When the newcomers arrived, they found their predecessors assembled in the General Meeting of the Hawaiian Mission. This was the annual convention, held in May and June, at Honolulu, to which place the missionaries were convoked from all parts of the Islands. So far as possible, they were accompanied by their wives and children, and were all entertained by the resident families. This gave an opportunity for the renewal of acquaintances and friendship, and for the formation of new ties with the more recently arrived brethren and sisters. The regular sessions were held daily in the mission schoolhouse, a small adobe building, furnished with wooden benches, and a desk, precisely like an old-fashioned Yankee schoolhouse. Here the veterans read long reports of their labors during the previous year, and indulged in much serious discussion as to the best method of circumventing the Adversary for twelve months

to come. While the fathers thus aired their oratory, the matrons sewed or dreamed, but never thought of uttering a word, no matter how important in its bearing upon their own welfare the subject of debate might be. But after each session, at the long dinner-tables and the tea-drinkings that gave opportunity for display of the social side of these gatherings, the women were not slow to express the workings of their bright and active minds.

For the families that occupied the lonely out-stations, where from one year's end to another no white people except themselves, or at least none better than degraded beach-combers, were ever seen, these annual meetings were the consolation of their lives. During the five or six weeks of their progress there was rest from the routine of saving heathen souls, and opportunity for society with their own kind. Then there were provisions to be selected from the supplies that came each year from Boston; crockery to replace the broken dishes; calicoes and chintzes to barter for food with the natives; thread and needles, buttons, hooks and eyes, modest bombazines and alpacas, and coarse cotton cloths, out of which to fashion raiment for the rising family, — everything to be purchased for a year ahead, and paid for out of a salary of four hundred and fifty or five hundred dollars a year. Hence the time of General Meeting was a season of activity and forethought. Alas for those who came late to the annual distribution of supplies! Most of the clothing furnished had been purchased in Boston from the unsalable residue of various slop-shops in that metropolis.

But even thus advantageously procured, the garments were not always sufficiently numerous to supply the needs of all. On a certain occasion, the Reverend Mr. Richards arrived from his station at Lahaina, only in time to ascertain that the last vestige of clothing had been distributed, leaving him literally "out in the cold." This was a dreadful disappointment, for his only pair of black trousers was in the last stage of disintegration; and in what other color could he appear before the Lord as an honored and God-fearing ecclesiastic? His excellent wife came cheerfully to the rescue, bringing forth from some hidden store an old black satin skirt — treasured memento of youthful gaiety and worldly pleasure. This long-discarded article was now offered again upon the altar of sacrifice, and under the housewife's deft manipulation reappeared once more upon the stage of active life, transformed into a suit of staid and sombre hue — a thoroughly regulated specimen of a genuinely evangelical pattern. But alas for poor human nature! The incident was eagerly caught up by the profane beachcombers of Honolulu, and all along the seacoast of New England was recited the story of the luxury in which the Hawaiian missionaries were living. "Why, their clothes are made of nothing less expensive than the costliest silks and satins!"

This same Mr. Richards was the hero of a baptismal ceremony that was not without its ludicrous side. On a certain day, being engaged in his church baptizing the infant children of the native converts, a stalwart couple advanced upon him, with a leather-lunged

pledge of affection borne in the arms of the father. "By what name shall this child be baptized?" asked the pastor. "Beelzebub," promptly replied the copper-colored parent. It was at that time the fashion to select scriptural names for the rising generation; but this choice could hardly be allowed. "Oh, no," said Mr. Richards, "that won't do. Beelzebub was the prince of devils,—we must n't name any one after him." The poor people seemed much cast down by this declaration, and protested that no other name would fit their first-born. "Why, yes," responded their spiritual adviser, "there are plenty of good names in the Holy Book,—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, Jonathan,—any number of them." But the catalogue of Jewish worthies aroused no enthusiasm in the savage breast. At last, however, after a season of profound meditation, interrupted by sundry grunts and nudgings on the part of the divider of his joys, the face of the father cleared up like the sky after a tropical shower, and he joyfully announced that his son should be called Mikalikeke (Mr. Richards), for that was certainly the name of a good man. This perfectly truthful affirmation could not be denied in open church, and accordingly, the infant was at once made a Christian under the name of "Mr. Richards."

To return to our General Meeting. Let us hope that this time no one was too late for his share of the good things that were going. As a matter of fact, this June gathering, in the year 1835, was a season of special rejoicing, for it witnessed the arrival of the

new reënforcement, bringing the latest news, only six months old, from homeland and from all the rest of the world besides. The ladies of the mission felt a chastened joy in welcoming these young wives, for they wore upon their youthful forms the latest fashions in dress that were consistent with a holy life,—fashions that would remain unchanged at least until the arrival of the next reënforcement, some time in a very indefinite future.

For these transcendent social delights, however, our good fathers and mothers,—the mothers especially,—had to pay very dearly through the discomfort to which they were subjected in the voyages to and from Honolulu. The outlying stations of the mission were nearly all situated upon the other islands of the group, at distances varying from seventy to two hundred and fifty miles from the capital, the only means of communication being afforded by the occasional excursions of the little schooners that belonged to the king or his chiefs. At one time, indeed, the authorities in Boston provided a small ketch, or brigantine of some sort, for the use of the mission; but the craft proved to be unseaworthy. Such vessels as continued to ply between the islands were manned by native seamen, and were crowded and filthy beyond description. A night in the stifling cabin of one of these boats, to say nothing of the added horror of sea-sickness, was for a delicate woman as exhausting as a long fit of illness. My mother, in the first eight years of her bondage, made several of these descents into purgatory; but from the year 1840 until the close of her life, only once (in

1853) could she be persuaded to repeat her experiences of torment by undertaking the voyage to and from General Meeting.

Having thus arrived in the midst of the missionary assembly, it was not long before Mr. Coan's great ability as a preacher won recognition. It was decided that as soon as he could acquire a sufficient knowledge of the Hawaiian language he should take charge of the Hilo church; while my father, who had had some experience as a teacher in Connecticut, should proceed to establish a high school at the Hilo station, in which were to be combined the features of a boarding school and manual-training school.

These particulars having been duly arranged, my parents embarked with Mr. and Mrs. Coan, and after a voyage of fifteen days, touching at various island ports as they sailed, the party arrived at Hilo, July 21, 1835. The Coans at once began to keep house in a single room, partitioned off with native mats, at one end of the stone schoolhouse which had been erected by the original pioneers at the station. My parents occupied a portion of the building during the construction of their wooden cottage. Early in the year 1836 all the changes had been effected. Mr. Goodrich had departed for America, leaving the little red farm-house to be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Coan as long as they lived. Our new house stood a few hundred feet nearer the shore; and in the space between the two houses, a large thatched building of native construction was erected for the accommodation of the boarding-school. Its pupils numbered

thirty-five of the brightest Hawaiian boys, chosen from the different primary schools over the whole island. They lived in the big schoolhouse where they were taught by my parents; but their mornings and evenings were spent in manual labor on a little farm near by, where they raised the vegetables that formed the greater part of their daily food.

CHAPTER III

Learning to Read the First Picture-book — The Bible at Four Years Old — Stimulations to Piety and Scholarship — Methods of Parental Discipline — A Coasting Canoe-voyage — A Mountain Expedition — First Sight of Mauna Kea — "Ned the Bullock-hunter" — Shipwreck in the Surf — In our New Home — A Hawaiian Boarding-school — Visits from Rovers of the Sea.

THE events I have already described of course antedate my own recollections; they are given chiefly from my mother's note-books, and from other sources of family information. The earliest incidents that made a permanent impression upon my childish memory must have occurred when I was about two years old. My first playmate and life-long friend, T. M. C., whom I usually called by his middle name, Munson, made his appearance in the little red parsonage on the twenty-seventh day of September, 1836; but I remember nothing of him before I came to be about three years old. I was then learning to read; and having one day become greatly delighted with the progress that I was making in words of one syllable illustrated with pictures, I climbed laboriously over the low stone wall that divided my father's yard from Mr. Coan's, bearing in triumph the little primer, that I might show the wonderful book to my as yet entirely illiterate friend Munson. In the lonely life of

infancy I depended wholly upon my mother for means of amusement. She was in the habit of showing me the pictures in Oliver Goldsmith's Natural History, so that I was able to recognize the picture of every animal before I could utter its name or talk intelligibly. I had thus become familiar with books, and was impatient to understand their contents. My mother has since told me that I used to follow her around the house with a book in my hands, crying continually, "Teach me to read!" She finally took me at my word, and began to instruct me in the divine art. I must have made rapid progress, for upon the fly-leaf of a little old-fashioned copy of the Bible, still in my possession, is the following inscription, in my mother's handwriting:

"On the day when he was four years old, Henry began to read this Bible through in course."

This signified a lesson of at least one chapter every day, which some time later was lengthened to three chapters every week-day and five every Sunday, so as to complete the whole volume in one year,—a form of religious exercise very much in vogue in those days.

My first schoolbook was a little pictorial primer, the like of which I have never seen since. Among other elaborate delineations of scriptural scenery was a queer picture of Abraham preparing to offer Isaac; and over this I often meditated profoundly. Isaac, of course, appeared bound with ropes upon the altar; the ram looked calmly out of a ragged bush in the corner, while past the ear of Abraham flew the angel, with horizontal drapery trailing uncomfortably through

the air. I could not comprehend the possibility of aerial transit for such an angel, flight being denied to ordinary mortals. But there was another picture that seemed to give greater possibility to the idea of such bird-like locomotion. It was entitled, "The Angel Appearing to Daniel in the Lions' Den." Such splendid wings!—I was never tired of admiring them; and my loftiest aspiration was that I too might in some way be provided with similar plumage.

These angelic portraits, together with the Biblical tales which I never tired of hearing from my mother's lips, produced a very lively effect upon my imagination. If angels actually existed,—and my oracle assured me that such was the fact,—and if they traversed the sky in bodies and flowing robes like those with which the books had made me familiar, I could see no reason why such beings might not appear to me as well as to Daniel or Abraham or any other Old Testament patriarch. I often scanned the heavens, and lived in hopes of beholding some bright celestial messenger winging his flight from sky to earth.

But in spite of these lofty excursions of fancy, the picture that gave me the most perfect satisfaction was a woodcut which represented three little boys playing at "see-saw" on a board placed across a log. Three little boys!—just the number that filled my world; for I knew only two in all creation besides myself. This picture, I doubted not, was intended to depict our trio. The chubby urchin, high in air at the upper end of the board, was myself; the second, who balanced himself on his feet at the centre, must be Munson;

and the third, who sat upon the lower end of the board, could be no other than my infant brother Frederic. This was the work of art with which I ascended the stone wall to enliven the understanding of my friend Munson; nor did I desist with the improvement of his mind, — I gave my father no peace till I too had a "see-saw" of my own.

But these scholastic joys were not always unalloyed. I must have been rather idle at times, for on one occasion my mother gravely threatened to dip me under water in the tank in the bath-house if I did not get my lessons better. Despite my dread of this mode of baptism, I was soon delinquent again, and punishment followed without delay. I well remember the forlorn little figure that I presented, standing naked, dripping and sobbing, by my mother's side after immersion. Undoubtedly, she must have suffered more than the culprit from the infliction of this penalty, for she never repeated that form of punishment, no matter how great the offence. Dear mother! It was the tenderest affection that made her treat me so. She really thought I should forever burn in hell, if not thoroughly quenched in water on earth. In those days every one believed in the old proverb, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child"; consequently I and my younger brothers became well acquainted with the rod of correction before we were five years old. The flagellations we underwent were no trifling affairs, though we all grew to be discriminating judges of the difference between the strokes inflicted by the paternal hand and those that were given by our mother. In

fact, we were sometimes bold enough, when begging for a mitigation of sentence, to pray that she might be the executioner instead of heavy-handed papa. On one occasion, when six or seven years old, having been doomed to a flogging, I was ordered into the garden, myself to select an adequate mulberry stick for the rod. This was adding insult to injury; so with my little pocket-knife I made numerous subcortical incisions into the stalk of the twig, weakening the switch to such a degree that with the first blow it fell harmlessly in pieces across my bare legs. But though I had taken care to dance and howl most piteously in counterfeit pain, the fraud was immediately recognized, and I was straightway made to smart most genuinely under the strokes of an infrangible rawhide riding-whip.

These seasons of moral discipline were never undertaken in the heat of passion. We were always accused and tried with perfect deliberation, and if guilty, were sentenced to receive condign punishment, usually the next day. This delay added greatly to the dread of execution, for the thought of a flogging *in future* does not swell the joy of the passing moment. Occasionally the sentence was forgotten by the busy parent, or a day of unusually good behavior might sometimes lead to a pardon and remission of the sentence; so that we always had those hopes to sustain us through a period of anticipation. But generally the domestic authorities were as inexorable as the Fates, and we received in full measure what had been decreed for our good. I well remember the solemnities on

the occasion of my earliest lie. I was then for the first time formally introduced to George Washington and his hatchet; and after due flagellation, while I knelt beside her, my mother prayed, and made me promise, as we wept together, that I would never, never do so again. Such discipline was rather depressing to the spirits, but no doubt the moral effect was far better than the result of the floggings that somewhat later enlivened my youthful comrades the W.'s. There were four vivacious, laughter-loving little rogues in the family; and whenever any one of them was to be whipped, the others stood around in a circle and roared with delight at the capering and yelling of the culprit. The spectacle was far more amusing than any dog-fight or cock-fight; but in justice to those mirthful youngsters, it must be admitted that their after-life was fully as righteous and successful as the lot of their more thoroughly chastened companions.

But I am anticipating the order of events. I find that during the first four years of my life only the very extraordinary occurrences have left any permanent impression upon the tablets of my memory. Thus, I remember a few incidents connected with an expedition to the General Meeting at Honolulu in the Summer of 1838. Instead of going all the way, as usual, by sea, we coasted the shore for thirty miles in a large double canoe; then crossed the island to visit Dr. and Mrs. Andrews at Kailua, whence we took ship for Lahaina and Honolulu. Even at this distance of time, I can distinctly recall the sensation

of comfort with which I lay among the blankets on the platform of the great canoe, watching the dusky crew as they plied their paddles by the dim light of the stars, until, rocked to sleep by the heaving of the waves, I could see no more. Then, the next day, crossing the Hawaiian uplands, I well remember our quaint procession, winding among the trees and shrubs that covered the rugged mountain-side. In those days there were few horses,—almost every one journeyed by sea, or on foot, and all burdens were carried on the shoulders of men. As my mother could not walk over the almost trackless mountain wastes, she was conveyed in a *manele*,—a rude imitation of an East Indian palanquin,—supported on the shoulders of two stalwart natives. Another equally vigorous young fellow bore me astride of his neck, after the manner in which the little Hawaiian princes of the royal family were carried by their bearers. My father followed on foot. I have not yet forgotten the delightful exhilaration with which I enjoyed the novelty of everything, from the strange foliage of the highland shrubbery to the whiteness of the clouds that with cooling shadows touched the peak of snowy Mauna Kea, as they sailed the sky on the wind that blew from the eastern sea.

At nightfall we reached the mountain-house of "Ned the bullock-hunter." This worthy was said to have been an escaped convict from Sydney, who had found his way to Hawaii, where he pursued the wild cattle among the mountains, above the upper border of the black forest that covered the lower slopes of the

island. These cattle were the wild descendants of the pair that was left, a hundred years before, by the famous English discoverer, Vancouver. They had multiplied prodigiously, overrunning the wilderness, until the beach-combers discovered a source of gain in the sale of their hides and tallow. This led to their indiscriminate slaughter, until the government found it necessary to protect them by law, in order to prevent their utter extermination. But at the time of our visit the business was in full swing. Ned's house was a large native structure, thatched with mountain grass, floored with mats, and provided with a wooden door of dimensions more ample and convenient than those of the ordinary Hawaiian dwelling. It was pleasantly situated, just at the upper line of the forest that encircled the mountain, and was therefore at an elevation of six or seven thousand feet above sea-level. With broad forest-lands sloping toward the ocean on one side, and with Mauna Kea towering upon the other to the height of fourteen thousand feet, the climate was deliciously cool and bracing. As the shades of night closed about us, a bright wood-fire was kindled on the earth floor in the centre of the house, and the great hunting dogs — bullock-hounds — came in and piled themselves in a heap beside the cheerful blaze. In the early morning I was up and out of doors before my parents were dressed, admiring those wonderful dogs as they walked leisurely into the open air, yawning and stretching themselves in tranquil preparation for the experiences of another day. Such magnificent creatures I had never seen before.

VISTAS OF MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY

ALONG A NATIVE VILLAGE STREET

TWO TYPICAL SCENES

It was near this place that the distinguished English botanist, Douglas, lost his life. An intrepid explorer, he first described and named the lofty pines and firs of Oregon and British Columbia. Then, voyaging to the Hawaiian Islands, he made an extensive collection of the curious native plants. Ascending Mauna Kea, and tarrying over night, as we did, at Ned's ranch, he incautiously turned aside from the path to examine a bullock-trap. Going too near, he fell in, and was trampled to death by a furious bull which had himself just fallen into the pit. The wild huntsmen drew up the mangled body, and bore it reverently down the mountain-side, a journey of two days, to my father's house, where only a few days earlier the dead man had been cordially entertained.

Of the remainder of our journey, I can recall nothing; but, arrived at Kailua, I remember sitting in church on Sunday, watching the crowded audience, and wondering at the alternate appearances and disappearances of the preacher, as he rose up or sat down in the high box-pulpit. The people in the gallery were also a puzzle to me. As only their heads and shoulders were visible above the solid front railing, it seemed to me that they must be lying prone upon the floor with their heads and arms projected beyond the gallery shelf. Having reached this entirely scientific conclusion, I went quietly to sleep, and thus enjoyed myself until the close of the service.

The condition of my mother's health was such that my father left us all at Lahainaluna, in the care of one of the missionary families, while he went on without

us to Honolulu. Looking out of the window one morning, I spied under a shed by the side of the house, feeding himself with fresh and fragrant grass in a manger, a beautiful white horse — the first horse I had ever seen. I at once recognized the animal from his exact likeness to the pictures in my books, but how much more splendid was the reality! My chief pleasure from that time consisted in gazing at him through the window, breathing in strange equine odors from the stable, and admiring the graceful movements of his neck and long white tail, as he gleefully whinnied and snorted when any one came near his stall.

My only additional reminiscence connected with this expedition deals with its termination. Our party had arrived in Hilo Bay, and we were all seated upon the platform of a big double canoe, paddling ashore from the schooner which lay out in the harbor. A throng of natives lined the beach, waiting to welcome their returning teachers. Just as we were entering the surf that rolled upon the sandy shore, through some accident the canoes suddenly filled and sank, leaving us all sitting half submerged in the shallow water. With a loud roar of *Auwe!* ("Oh, and alas!") the assembled crowd rushed as one man into the waves and bore us safely to the land. In the water the Hawaiians are absolutely fearless. So soon as they can walk, little babies are taken to bathe in the sea, and in a very short time they are able to swim like porpoises. On one occasion, about that date, a coasting vessel was upset in a violent squall between the islands of Hawaii and Maui. Though the nearest land was twenty

miles distant, the native crew and passengers boldly struck out to swim ashore; and several of them did actually come safe to land, after a day and a night in the deep. Among these survivors of the wreck was a woman who for several hours swam with her husband upon her back; but the poor man died of cold and fatigue, and had to be abandoned at last before the coast was reached.

The next memorable event in my experience was the removal of my father's family from the Cape Cod cottage to the new home where my parents passed the remainder of their lives. It was decided by the missionary council to enlarge the boarding-school which was successfully growing under my father's care. He was accordingly instructed to select a site where there would be ample space for the erection of new buildings for the accommodation of his family and for fifty or sixty Hawaiian pupils. The houses were built during the year 1839, on a gentle eminence nearly a quarter of a mile farther from the shore than the other mission-houses, and about the same distance from a conical hill that rose behind our house nearly four hundred feet above the level of the bay. This hill, like two others standing in a row behind it, was a volcanic cone from whose still clearly defined crater had issued in ancient times a flood of scoria which by its disintegration had formed the broad strip of fertile soil that extended in a straight line to the shore, providing an admirable situation for the missionary station and for the manual-labor school which was to be so largely dependent upon agriculture for the support of its pupils.

My recollection of the day of our removal is pretty clear. I was, of course, much exhilarated, racing back and forth over the narrow lane which had been cut through the dense thicket of bushes that occupied the space between our house and the parsonage of Mr. Coan. The new dwelling was almost a reproduction of our former habitation, though it had a larger and steeper roof thatched with sugar-cane leaves after the native fashion. About one hundred feet to the north stood the schoolhouse, a story and a half frame building, placed on a stone foundation and provided with wooden floors and glass windows, but covered over with native thatch. The lower floor was fitted up as a schoolroom, and the upper story was divided with mat partitions into little sleeping-rooms for the scholars. Behind this principal edifice stood another building of ordinary Hawaiian pattern, but furnished with glass windows and substantial doors. This was the dining-hall, or refectory, where the provisions were stored, and where the pupils were taught to sit on wooden benches around civilized tables, eating with knives and forks and spoons instead of helping themselves with their fingers alone. At a considerable distance in the rear was the cook-house,—an ordinary native building,—in which all the baking and boiling for the school was done according to the usual Hawaiian methods. Besides these structures, there was a small building designed for an isolation hospital; also a sort of barn used as a carpenter's shop and tool-house; and, somewhat later, when my mother needed assistance in her own housekeeping, a little thatched cottage in which lived the

native couple who divided between themselves the functions of cook and nursery-maid.

All the labor of housekeeping and care of the school premises was performed under my father's direction by the schoolboys themselves; they also cultivated the adjacent farm, on which were raised the vegetables that constituted the larger portion of their food. Animal food, in the shape of fish, pork, goat's flesh, and in later years beef, was generally purchased from the neighboring population. In this way nearly all of the time out of school-hours was busily occupied. My father always rose at four o'clock in the morning, and spent an hour in bathing, shaving, and reading the Hebrew Bible by lamplight. At five o'clock the schoolboys were assembled for morning prayers; then, as the tropical daylight dawned, their teacher led them afield, where he directed their labors, planting and weeding or harvesting the crop, until seven o'clock, when all returned home to breakfast. From nine o'clock till noon, they were united in the schoolroom. The hours between twelve and two were devoted to bathing and dinner. Then followed another session in school till four o'clock. An evening hour of farm-work served to whet the appetite for supper, after which meal indoor recreation and music filled up the evening till nine o'clock, when all lights were extinguished and everybody went to sleep.

For a number of years my father was the only teacher, though my mother usually gave the boys lessons in writing and singing. She was a very sweet singer, and perfectly familiar with all the current New

England church-music of that day. Under her instruction, the native boys became fairly good vocalists. After a time a musical sea-captain presented her with an old flute; and she very soon learned enough to teach her pupils how to play on the instrument. The young people took very kindly to this new form of music, and began to make for themselves fifes and flutes from the jointed reeds of the hollow bamboo. Gifts of an accordion and a violoncello were utilized in the same way; and before the lapse of many years my parents had the satisfaction of hearing from their scholars all the music that could be reasonably desired.

Our house, as we always styled the paternal residence, was a wooden building of one story, placed on a stone foundation that surrounded a spacious cellar. There were four rooms on the first floor,—a dining-room and a common sitting-room, and my mother's bedroom, on the front side, looking out upon the ocean. Behind our mother's room was a smaller bedroom for my little brother Fred and myself. Behind the dining-room, opening out of a narrow passage that contained the stairs, was a small room for the storage of such articles as were used in barter with the natives for provisions; in fact, it served for my father's office and reception-room for such of the people as came on secular business. In the rear of all was a semi-detached kitchen, with an old-fashioned open fireplace and an oven, all constructed out of rough stones, bricks being then unknown in Hawaii. Upstairs were two attic bedchambers, with dormer windows, from which were visible the beautiful bay and

the blue ocean that filled the whole northeastern horizon. Toward the west and southwest the land rose gradually behind the house; and when the weather was pleasant we could see the entire outline of Mauna Kea, rising in a glorious dome to an elevation of fourteen thousand feet, at a distance of about twenty-five miles from our beach. Mauna Loa, rising to an almost equal elevation, made a less imposing figure upon the southwestern horizon, since its terminal ridge was nearly twice as far away.

Thus placed in the midst of such magnificent scenery, our new home was by no means luxuriantly furnished. Every article was of the cheapest and plainest description, though some of the woodwork, sawed out of the beautiful Hawaiian *koa*, might have been very ornamental had it been sufficiently polished. There were a large arm-chair for my father, a rocking-chair for my mother, a high-chair for the baby, and a lot of red-painted kitchen chairs. No carpets of any kind covered the floors, no paper the plastered walls, no blinds were at the windows — only some plain white cotton sash-curtains. The sole decoration consisted of a looking-glass with a gilded frame that hung in the dining-room, and a few coarsely colored lithographic cards, representing incidents in the life of Jesus, suspended on the walls in the bedrooms. Fortunately, my father had quite a number of books — though mostly of a theological character; these were kept in a bedroom closet until, in later years, when the house was enlarged, they were finally arranged upon spacious shelves in the new study.

Such was the home in which our little family of four was now established, about the end of the year 1839 or early in 1840. Small and scantily provided though it was, it became a cheerful and happy home. My mother soon had it encircled with flowers, and rows of trees (Pride of India) were planted in front of the house and along the stone wall that surrounded the boarding-school premises. Everything grew rapidly in that rainy climate, where leaves were always green, and in less than ten years the trees had overshadowed all the buildings. Strangers who came to the island were delighted with the beauty of the place and with the charm of the scenery. But with such visitors we were not often favored. Hilo was not then the place of resort for sailors that it afterward became during the palmy days of the whale-fishery on the northwest coast and in Behring's Sea. I remember, when about three years old, the unusual pleasure of looking up from somewhere near the level of his knee at the vast bulk of the Austrian traveller Loewenstein, who was on his way home from the exploration of Australia, carrying in his bosom the secret of his discovery of gold on that continent. This eminent personage did me the honor of shaking over my head a bunch of keys which he had withdrawn from his pocket for the purpose. Only at long intervals of time would some lonely whaler cast his anchor in the quiet waters of our almost unknown harbor, seeking recreation for a few days before sailing in pursuit of the sperm-whale along the line of the Equator or near the shores of Japan. One such vigorous mariner I

A CANE-BRAKE

ALONG A HAWAIIAN ROADSIDE

VIEWS OF NATIVE VEGETATION

once beheld, taking his ease in our rocking-chair; he made an indelible impression upon my childish imagination, for he was a survivor of the wreck of the *Essex*—an ill-fated whaleship which had been sunk in the South Pacific Ocean by an infuriated sperm-whale, only a few years before my birth.

Such were some of these rovers of the sea; but our parents welcomed them kindly, for they generally came from New England, and many of them were very excellent people. But some were ruffianly fellows, scarcely above the level of pirates and buccaneers, who made a deal of trouble among the unsophisticated Hawaiians. The good missionary fathers were considerably chagrined when, later, they found their hospitality repaid by the fabrication of imaginative stories that found circulation in New Bedford and along Cape Cod, describing minutely the luxury in which the Hawaiian missionaries were living; how they were clothed in silks and satins, and were gathering to themselves houses and servants and great possessions. But everything is relative; and I dare say that to a worn-out old sea-dog, after six months of imprisonment among rats and cockroaches in the filthy forecastle of a nasty old-fashioned whaleship, any decent habitation, no matter how poor, must have seemed like a palace. Peace be with those ancient mariners! They have gone the way of all the earth, and are asleep with their fathers,— wherever that may be.

CHAPTER IV

Voyage from Hilo to Honolulu — An Arid and Volcanic Country — Difficult Irrigation — An Adventurous Playmate — The Royal Chapel at Honolulu — Preaching to Three Thousand People — Native Princes and Princesses — The Return to Hilo — Education Begun in Earnest — The Beach for a Play Ground — An Important Episode — Commodore Wilkes and his Exploring Expedition — An Observatory on the Beach — The Ascent of Mauna Loa — A Scientific Enthusiast in the Crater of the Volcano — Dinner on Shipboard — A Memorable Event — Beginnings of Civilization among the Natives.

THE removal of my father's school was scarcely completed, when, early in the Summer of 1840, the mission families embarked once more for the voyage to Honolulu. To avoid the foul air of the cabin, my mother was provided with a wide settee, firmly lashed to the rail of the quarter-deck, and covered with a tarpaulin awning. We were conveyed in a small row-boat to the schooner that lay at its anchorage, bobbing up and down on the little waves. The deck was covered with native passengers, squatting on their mats in preparation for an amphibious voyage, as there was no room for their accommodation below, nor would they have desired it if offered. Night was approaching, and the captain grew impatient to sail; but Mr. Coan, economical of time as usual, still tarried on shore. At the last moment, he appeared, beaming

and bland; and soon we were skimming before a favorable breeze, and were experiencing the first qualms of sea-sickness. Next morning, fortunately, the sea was very quiet, so that Munson and I were permitted to scramble about on deck. What transcendent joy to stand with our little arms just reaching above the low rail, watching the sunlight as it danced on the waves, and ever and anon trying to catch the end of a long rope which had been left swinging loose from an upper spar.

On the afternoon of the next day we arrived in sight of Honolulu. According to the custom of the time, a white flag was displayed at the fore-topmast head, as a signal that missionaries were on board. We were met on the wharf by Mr. Chamberlain, the storekeeper and secular agent of the mission, who carried us in his wagon to his house, while Mr. Coan's family was accommodated elsewhere among the friends with whom they had voyaged from America. The sun was setting as we unpacked our trunks and arranged all things for the night in a little cottage that stood among the trees in the garden. Here we abode during the month of General Meeting, though we had our meals with the families that were crowded into the larger house, the permanent dwelling of our host.

I was dismally impressed by the aridity of the country. The mission-houses formed a group by themselves, a little way from the town, on a barren plain between a lofty eminence, known as Punch-bowl Hill, and the seashore. The Punch-bowl was an extinct volcanic crater, quite circular, and deeply

hollowed at the centre; hence the resemblance which had suggested the name to the early navigators who poured out their libations at its foot, in the good old days of heathenism, before the missionaries had made an end of all that life was worth living for. The rim of this crater was surmounted on its seaward side by a number of heavy cannon, and by a tall flagstaff from which on gala days floated the banner of Hawaii. Behind this imposing natural fortification the land rose rapidly, sloping upwards into the central range of mountains that formed the back-bone of the island. This lofty crest had been deeply scarred by the lapse of time, so that it now consisted of alternate ridges and deep broad valleys through which coursed the streams formed by the rainfall from the clouds that rested upon the highest peaks. At the end of the white sand-beach, five or six miles southeast of the town, another huge volcanic crater, long since extinct, stood forth some seven hundred and fifty feet above the waves that rolled and foamed at its base when the strong trade-wind made music in the vast cocoanut grove that fringed the coast. Away in the distance, on the opposite side of the town, twenty miles across the plains of Ewa, beyond the broad lagoon of Pearl River Harbor, the blue mountains of Waianæ slept in the sunshine along the western horizon. In every direction the outlines of the scenery were exceedingly picturesque; but for me, who had been always accustomed to the perennial verdure of Hilo, the aridity of the landscape was almost painful. The plain that skirted the shore was bare of vegetation, excepting an occasional prickly-pear tree, or a bunch

of caltrops or of Mexican thistles. The mission-houses, built of dry, hard coral rock, or of sunburned bricks — the *adobe* of the Californians — were surrounded by walls of the same material. Within these gloomy enclosures, the effort to keep alive a few flowers and a bit of shrubbery was difficult enough. Rain seldom fell, except in the inland valleys and upon the distant mountains; so that the only source of water-supply was found in the brackish wells that were sunk in the yards of the houses. One of my principal amusements consisted in watching the operations of a servant who irrigated the desiccated garden. First, a pail of water had to be poured down the throat of the antiquated pump to make it suck. Then, a number of extraordinarily vigorous strokes with the long wooden pump-handle were needed to start the flow. Finally, as the water rose to the surface, it was guided through a series of wooden spouts and aqueducts to the principal trees and plants, until the well ran dry. Even so, vegetation did not flourish; the water was too unfruitfully impregnated with lime and salt from the underlying coral rock. Only the hibiscus trees, indigenous to such soil, and a splendid night-blooming cereus that covered with blossoms the entire garden wall upon one side of the arid little paradise, could thrive under such trying conditions,— typical, indeed, of the mental and moral limitations within which the insular population was confined.

But there were hours when all this aridity of earth and sky was glorious indeed. In the calm and cloudless air of the morning, as the dawn lighted up the

mountains and drove the shadows out of the valleys, the level plains displayed a desert beauty that was all their own. The purity and brightness of the atmosphere revealed every detail, from the clearly outlined leaves of the humble plants rooted in the thirsty soil, to the sharply defined tips of the peaks looking down from a height of four thousand feet above the sea.

Occasionally, under the wing of my mother, I was allowed to enter the Depository, as we called the storehouse in which were deposited the supplies that arrived each year from Boston for the use of the missionaries. These visits afforded much pleasure, though not unmingled with awe and apprehension lest I might unawares touch and injure something in that precious collection. The place was usually left to the care of Asa, a tall young fellow of thirteen years, the eldest son of Father Thurston, the missionary pioneer. There was a door that opened directly out of the second story into the air; and over it, from a protruding beam, hung a rope and pulleys with which heavy freight was hoisted into the building. One day, Hiram B., a boy of twelve, came bustling among the stores in the upper loft, and presently declared his intention of lowering himself by the tackle to the earth below. Asa refused permission; but Hiram was only the more determined to carry out his design. Setting his feet on the lower pulley, he swung himself out of the door. The unchecked rope, of course, ran down at a furious rate, violently landing the heedless boy on the ground, and hurting him considerably. Jumping to his feet, however, he limped

away with a parting volley of reproaches for Asa, who merely looked down from above with a grin of silent derision. What surprises me as I recall this incident is the utter lack of emotion with which I viewed the transaction, as if it were something for which I could entertain only a spectacular interest, devoid of indignation or fear or sympathy, — a mental attitude very like the indifference we feel regarding the historical events of remote antiquity.

One drowsy afternoon I was taken to the great Hawaiian church, the Royal Chapel, where Father Bingham held forth in the presence of the king and his chiefs and a vast concourse of the common people. The edifice was an enormous structure, erected in the year 1829, during the first access of Christian fervor after the conversion of the people. It was a hundred and ninety-six feet long and sixty-three feet wide, and was thatched all over with grass, so that it looked like a monstrous haystack. The pulpit was placed on one side, midway of the building; and the congregation, some three thousand in number, squatted, native fashion, on the floor. Dogs swarmed everywhere, in spite of strenuous efforts on the part of numerous door-keepers to keep them out of the sanctuary. Father Bingham was gifted in prayer, having on one occasion publicly addressed the throne of grace for an hour and a half without intermission. This time he prayed only forty minutes by my father's watch. How long he preached, I know not; for my sleep was profound and refreshing. I am confident, however, that we got home before nightfall.

Before leaving Honolulu, we dined one day at the Royal School, with Mr. and Mrs. Amos Cooke, to whom had been recently confided the education of the young princes and princesses of the royal family. The school buildings were arranged in Spanish fashion around a central courtyard in which was a well that yielded water for a few exotic plants. There were fifteen or twenty of the young nobility there, from four to ten years old; and they received me with great affability. One impetuous youth, Alexander Liholiho by name,—in after years known as the Exalted and Puissant Sovereign of Hawaii,—introduced me to his rocking-horse, a magnificent Bucephalus, which he rode furiously for my edification. Enraptured by this truly royal splendor, I secretly resolved that certain persons of my acquaintance should have no peace until my play-room was equally well equipped. It required numerous dissertations on the difference between kings and common people, before my vaulting ambition could be laid to rest.

General Meeting having been successfully ended, we all returned to Hilo, very much as we came. Touching at various stations along the coast, to leave the different families at their homes, I remember several landings and re-embarkations before the completion of the voyage. In this way we visited, for a day, the open roadstead of Hana, at the east end of Maui, where the new mission-house and church towered above the huts of the people in the shadow of a black-looking hill. A more lonely and uninviting place for the home of such an accomplished lady as the missionary's wife

could not have been found. She did, in fact, subsequently come near dying of heart-sickness; and the family had to be removed to a more congenial environment, where some trace of civilization might be discovered.

At Lahaina, our party was delayed for two or three days. My parents improved the time by renewing acquaintance with the families at the station, while I enjoyed infinite pleasure in sliding down hill on the smooth inclined surface of a wooden hatch that covered the outside steps leading down into the cellar of Mr. Richards's house. So great was the enthusiasm with which I engaged in this novel sport, that on revisiting the place six years later one of my first inquiries was for that enchanting slide. I could hardly believe my senses when I found that it would not accommodate a boy of my size, and that one source of pleasure, at least, had been outgrown.

One of our evenings at Lahaina was spent in the home of the Rev. E. W. Clark. His dwelling was at the Seminary, on the hill above the town. I had a splendid frolic, for there were four children in the family, — Alvah, a big boy, eight years old; Ann Eliza, a smiling maiden of six; Carrie, who was about my own age; and another dear little girl in her third Summer, Sarah, who in a white frock with low neck and short sleeves was running round the tea-table and creating in my mind considerable alarm lest she should cause an avalanche of dishes upon the floor.

Our last stop before reaching home was at Mahukona, an unprotected anchorage at the north point of

the Island of Hawaii. The schooner furled her sails in the twilight, and we were rowed ashore to pass the night in a large native house, only a few yards from the water's edge. Such repose came as a great boon to the seasick women of the party. Early in the morning I hurried out where the receding tide had bared the sand, revealing among the stones at the rude landing-place numerous shining pools in which the clear water rose and fell with the wash of the waves outside. Busying myself with this exploration, there came to me, running out of the house where we had slept, a bewitching three-year-old toddler, dressed in white, with curling locks all over her head, tripping across the pebbly beach, and dipping her hand in the salt water where strange shell-fish clung to the rocks and shiny seaweeds grew. My heart was fast slipping from my control, when a matronly voice sounded, commanding my charmer's return to her place under the wing of maternal affection. She vanished into the darkness within, and I never saw her again.

The arrival at home marked an epoch of considerable importance in my life. With a perfectly healthy little body and a mind enlarged by foreign travel, my education now began in earnest. My parents, having passed the period of experimentation, now proceeded to impart instruction and discipline with an even hand. The family life was thoroughly methodical, and everything moved like clock-work, as it must in the household of a school-teacher. So much improvement of my mother's health had accrued from a daily morning drive at Honolulu, that she decided to continue the

THE LYMAN HOME AT HILO

practice of early exercise. With that end in view, we rose at daylight, and whenever the weather was pleasant we would sally forth for a walk before breakfast. In those primitive days there was but one available road —the path from the mission-houses to the seashore. The other avenues of communication were mere foot-paths through the grass, which at that hour was always drenched with dew or rain. But the beach at low tide presented a beautiful expanse of hard black sand, forming an unbroken curve a mile in length along the southern shore of the bay. The western extremity of the beach was cut off by a ledge of black rocks, where the lava from Mauna Loa had in former ages been piled up against the base of Mauna Kea, which here touched the sea. At the eastern end of the curve, an equally ancient flow had pushed far out into the waves, forming a long, low, rocky point, which created and protected the harbor. For a number of years, that mile of sand-beach was our principal playground and place for athletic sport. My mother went no more to General Meeting, but devoted herself to the care of her children, whose constant companion and instructor she remained so long as we tarried in the nest at home.

But before we were fairly launched upon this course of systematic training, our little community was stirred to its foundation by an event of supreme interest to us in our remote and tranquil sphere. One dark and showery day in November, 1840, a rakish little fore-and-after came gliding into the harbor, and cast her anchor under the shelter of Cocoanut Island, on the

eastern side of the bay. She flew the American flag, and was evidently a craft of a character very different from that of the wretched schooners that plied between the island ports. After careful comparison with a picture in one of my "Peter Parley" books, I pronounced her a Baltimore clipper. It was presently announced that she was the schooner *Flying Fish*, attached to the United States Exploring Expedition then circumnavigating the globe, under the command of Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, U. S. N. Commodore Wilkes, as he was usually called, was at Honolulu with the *Vincennes* and other vessels connected with the expedition; while the *Flying Fish* had been sent in advance with the naturalists belonging to the party. These gentlemen had landed on the opposite side of the island, and they were now coming over on foot, to rejoin the tender which awaited them in our harbor. In a day or two they arrived, foot-sore and weary,— Mr. Couthouy the conchologist, Mr. Pickering the ethnologist, and Mr. J. D. Dana the geologist. They had visited the volcano, and were full of enthusiasm and excitement over what they had seen. Mr. Dana passed an evening at our house before embarking on the schooner. He was a slender, active young gentleman, completely absorbed in the accumulation of that vast store of information which in after years made him so famous in the scientific world. I listened with rapt attention while he described the volcano of Kilauea, over which from our windows was nightly visible an enormous cloud of steam, illuminated like a pillar of fire by the incandescent gases and molten lava

in the crater beneath. He also told us wonderful tales of the icebergs and islands in the Antarctic Ocean, and of the cannibals at the Fijis, where he had seen a ferocious savage, in a canoe, calmly lunching off the arm of a fellow-being, and quietly regarding the great ships of the Papalangi, apparently considering how most advantageously to replenish his larder from the human livestock on board.

In the early morning, before the dawn of day, these delightful voyagers sailed away, and we saw them no more; but Munson and I were consoled by the announcement that in a few days Mr. Wilkes would visit Hilo, and would remain for several weeks, surveying the harbor and the volcano, and measuring the altitude of the mountains, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. For us, this was joyous news; and we daily scanned the horizon in search of the promised squadron. It was not, however, until December, that one morning, as we were scampering at my mother's side, half-way to the shore, for our usual run upon the beach, we spied far out at sea a large full-rigged ship, evidently making for the port. In a few minutes the whole village was alive, and every tall tree bore on its topmost branch a copper-colored youth, shouting "Sail-ho!" as loud as he could bawl. As the sun rose, the ship flung out the glorious flag of America; and before noon she was safely anchored in the very centre of the harbor. We were soon informed that Commodore Wilkes had arrived, in the *Vincennes*, but that the remainder of his squadron had been sent to explore the northwest coast of America and the mouth of the

Columbia River. There, in fact, the *Peacock*, the companion ship of the *Vincennes*, was shortly after wrecked in the attempt to enter the river of Oregon.

Lieutenant Wilkes was a man of tireless energy, and thoroughly devoted to his work; consequently we saw very little of him. He was of small stature, with brown hair, and a ruddy English complexion. He was the naval officer who, twenty-one years later, during the Civil War, became so famous and popular as the captor of Mason and Slidell. In the year 1840, however, he was chiefly known as a superior mathematician, and one of the best executive officers in the service. He seems also to have been endowed with remarkable creative powers; having but recently, with a single stroke of a pen upon his chart, called into existence an entire Antarctic continent. After an exploit like that, the ordinary difficulties of an exploring expedition must have seemed insignificant trifles.

In a very few days, a number of temporary houses and tents were erected near the beach, and a full corps of observers was at work with divers instruments of precision, to determine the solution of the different problems in hand. After a time it was discovered that the oscillations of the pendulum were disturbed by the rolling of the surf; so one day a long line of seamen and native laborers filed past our house, transporting on their shoulders everything connected with the observatory, which was then reconstructed on an eminence about a mile from the shore, very near the site of the present Hilo Boarding School. An expedition was also organized for the ascent of Mauna

IN THE CRATER OF KILAUEA

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH

Loa, the necessary instruments being conveyed by native carriers, of whom about four hundred were employed. Mr. Coan reported that at one time nearly every adult male in his congregation was in the service of the explorers. The supervision of this company was largely in the hands of Dr. Judd, who had been the missionary physician in Honolulu, but had gradually risen to be the recognized friend and counsellor of the king and court. I was present when, having just returned from the volcano, the Doctor showed his blistered hands and arms, and related to my father the story of his narrow escape from death in the crater of Kilauea. He had descended into a hollow about ten feet deep, to collect a quantity of the capillary glass that is spun by the wind when the melted lava is blown into the air. Working his way along under the bank, he suddenly heard a crackling sound among the rocks, that made him think it about time to get out of the pit; but first he must gather a particularly tempting bunch of the "hair" that lay within reach. While thus occupied, there came a roar of escaping gases, and a jet of melted lava flew up into the air far above his head. The Doctor tried in vain to climb the overhanging bank, but it was too high for him to reach its shelving top. The native attendants took fright, and were fleeing with all possible haste from the scene of danger. Shouting lustily for help, the Doctor finally succeeded in recalling one of his servants, who flung himself on his face, and, reaching his arm over the edge of the precipice, was able to grasp his master's hand and to drag him up to the margin of the pit,

just as the molten lava rose under his feet. The little crater was immediately filled with fire, and began to overflow in every direction. With characteristic *sang-froid*, Dr. Judd did not leave the spot until he had obtained a frying-pan, with which he dipped up several ladlesful of the white-hot liquid mineral. These specimens are still preserved at Washington, in the Museum of the United States Government.

On one occasion, the ward-room officers of the *Vincennes* invited the mission families to dine on board their ship. The day happened to be disagreeable on the water, so the ladies remained at home; but Mr. Coan and my father, accompanied by Munson and myself, were paddled off in a double canoe to the ship. No two young New Zealanders could have more thoroughly enjoyed the exploration of Captain Cook's barque, the *Resolution*, than we did on that our first visit to a man-of-war. The *Vincennes* was a corvette of about five hundred tons burden; but nearly all of her guns had been removed to make room for the explorers. Enough, however, of the pomp and circumstance of war remained to make her exceedingly interesting. In one of the state-rooms we found Mr. Drayton, the artist, sketching a little silvery fish that lay on a sheet of white paper before him. The accuracy of the likeness struck us dumb with astonishment. We were also permitted to look upon Vendovi, the cannibal chief from the Fiji Islands, where he had been arrested and made over to Commodore Wilkes, who was conveying him under guard to Washington, to answer for the murder of some

American sailors. He was a brawny giant, whose sullen countenance clearly revealed the misery of his punishment. He did not live to return home, dying either before, or soon after, the arrival of the expedition at Hampton Roads.

At dinner on this memorable day, we two little boys received the lion's share of attention. The table was spread beneath the open hatchway, and a pendent wind-sail diffused delicious coolness throughout the ward-room. The table furniture was wonderful; never before had such magnificence greeted our eyes, for there was a silver soup-tureen, and the spoons and forks were also of silver. The cooking was excellent, and the service surpassed all our previous experiences. Water was furnished in crystal carafes, and in the decanters a beautiful ruby-colored liquid aroused my curiosity. "What is that?" I inquired of the affable chaplain. "Why, that is port wine," he replied; "won't you have some?" at the same time pouring out a small quantity into an exquisitely shaped glass which he placed beside my plate. But from the opposite side of the board my father sent a warning glance and a shake of his head, so I had to leave the wine-glass untouched, and lost the first opportunity I had ever known for becoming acquainted with the juice of the generous grape.

One of the great disappointments of my life must be recorded in connection with the visit of the expedition. My imagination had been excited by descriptions of the marvellous apparatus in the observatory. Among other things there was said to be a telescope with which

it was possible to behold the moon as if it were a neighboring object. This fired my curiosity, and I longed for a peep through that miraculous tube. I learned one day that all the grown people of our foreign community were invited to visit the observatory, and to view the moon through the telescope, some pleasant evening when that satellite would be placed on exhibition. But, alas! the invitation included no little folks. I shed many bitter tears over this scandalous neglect of my qualifications as an astronomical observer; nor was I comforted on being told that Munson did actually accompany his mother without an invitation, but that, neglecting his precious opportunity, he had slept all the evening, and never saw the moon at all.

It may be truthfully said that the coming of the Wilkes expedition marked the beginning of modern life among the native inhabitants of Hilo. For the first time they witnessed civilized action on a large scale, and became acquainted with the use of specie as money. Instead of the old system of exclusive barter, silver coins now began to circulate, and it was possible to carry on a better trade than the mere exchange of native bark-cloth and dried fish for American cottons valued at three yards for a dollar. Better still, the natives had a practical exhibition of the fact that white men were not all either missionaries or beach-combers, and that there was, indeed, a vast circle of cosmopolitan interests in which they had hitherto taken no part.

CHAPTER V

Splendors of Dawn in the Tropics — Hilo Village at Daylight — A Country of Perpetual Spring — Hawaiian Table-fare — Tropical Fruits — Diversions in Rainy Weather — Building a New Church Edifice — Open-air Services for Five Thousand People — Some Old-time Acquaintances — A "Store" on the Island — The First Hawaiian Sugar-mill — Some Queer Specimens of Humanity — Material and Spiritual Foes.

AFTER the departure of Commodore Wilkes and his hard-worked assistants, a great calm descended upon the bay of Hilo; and for the next two years the people had little but the salvation of their souls to occupy them. The regular routine of missionary work went on, however, without the slightest interruption. Every morning, unless rain prevented, we rose at five o'clock and started for the beach, while my father led forth his Hawaiian pupils to their labor on the farm. How many beautiful things we learned to see by the light of early dawn! As we traversed the village, we could hear from the different houses the voices of the natives at their family prayers, which were apt to be voluble and noisy. Sometimes there would be an audible attempt at singing a hymn, but such efforts usually illustrated piety rather than melody. The splendor of the stars in the perfectly transparent atmosphere of that tropical sky was a revelation that is utterly impossible under the murky air which veils

the continental areas of the globe; and we soon were acquainted with Sirius and Aldebaran and Arcturus, the Polar Bears, and all the other ornaments and captains of the Heavenly Host. My mother had a celestial atlas, from which we learned the position of the constellations, so that when night came it was easy to identify the different stars. The warm and even temperature of the climate made star-gazing a very agreeable pastime,—quite another thing from what I have found it in less favored lands.

We usually reached the shore when the brief tropical dawn arose over the sea. Then, as the stars paled and vanished from sight, a world of terrestrial glory stood revealed. The cool land-breeze ruffled the surface of the broad bay, and blew the crests of the wavelets along the line of surf that whitened the beach. Rare sport we barefooted boys enjoyed, as we chased the crabs to their holes in the firm black sand, or ran after the retreating breakers, to gather the beautiful shells that were sometimes washed ashore. As the morning advanced, the snowy peaks of the mountains in the west were tinged a faint purple flush, that deepened and widened and descended, until the whole range glowed red with the first rays of the rising sun. Till then, we could frolic all over the beach; but with the coming of sunshine we must hasten home to breakfast and the duties of the day.

The morning meal and family prayers were finished by eight o'clock; then my mother, aided by her little sons, washed the dishes and put the house in order. By this time, in fair weather, a dark line became visible

far out upon the horizon, rapidly widening toward the shore, till the entire surface of the deep blue ocean was rippled and dimpled by the cool sea-breeze, diffusing everywhere such an atmosphere of comfort that we never knew the torrid heats which shrivel the majority of mankind in Summer. With us, it was a perpetual Spring,—the most delicious climate in the world.

At nine o'clock our study hours began, and the hour of noon marked the close of our school-day. Having kept a watchful eye upon the kettles and saucepans while we read and recited, it was no difficult thing for our teacher to complete the preparations for dinner; so, as soon as my father came from his schoolhouse, we sat down to the frugal meal. There was plenty of excellent bread,—my mother would have that, though I have seen the day when not five pounds of flour remained in all Hilo. We had the boiled or roasted roots of *taro* (*Caladium esculentum*) instead of potatoes; and *poi*, a paste that was prepared by pounding the boiled taro and allowing it to ferment for twenty-four hours. Then there was fish and beef, either dried or salted; only when some ship lay in the harbor could fresh beef be procured. A number of years passed before it became possible to raise chickens, it being difficult to protect them from nocturnal destruction by the dogs which abounded in every native habitation. For fruit, we had bananas and guavas, and occasionally a pineapple or a watermelon. Our parents improved every opportunity to procure seeds from foreign lands, and in this way, after I had finally left home, Hilo became well supplied with a considerable variety of

tropical fruit. Next to bananas and guavas, sugar-cane was our principal resource, and we spent no little time in chewing and sucking the sacchariferous stalks.

After dinner, there was a whole afternoon for play. Munson and I spent it together, alternating between the houses of our parents, or sometimes visiting the beach, if the morning had been rainy, or if anything else had interfered with early exercise. When we did not go abroad, much of the time was passed among the branches of the trees in Mr. Coan's garden, as the trees at our house were too young to be climbed. Mr. Goodrich had planted coffee-plants and guavas without number; and in one corner of the yard he had raised a large tamarind-tree, with a dome-like mango-tree near it. There had been grapes and oranges and lemons; but the climate was too rainy, and they did not flourish. Close to the house, almost overshadowing its eaves, grew a stately bread-fruit tree, which in its season was loaded with spherical fruit, each a globe as large as a child's head. In all these trees we were perfectly at home. Our parents wisely allowed us the utmost freedom in this particular, and no pair of monkeys could swarm over an orchard more fearlessly than we. The tough branches of the guavas we rode as if they were rocking-horses, and after one of our raids little fruit was left for the birds. That the mango yielded nothing, was a great disappointment; so that after a delay of several years, the discovery of a few blossoms on its terminal boughs was an event of no small importance. Never was green fruit elsewhere so assiduously watched; and when at last the

GROUP OF HAWAIIAN PALMS

fully ripened drupe fell from its stalk, we were there to lift it from the ground and bear it joyously to Mrs. Coan. This solitary specimen formed the entire crop that year, but it proved to be of an excellent variety. With great satisfaction we ate it, divided among many mouths; and its huge hairy seed was immediately restored to the earth in the garden, where it became the progenitor of innumerable mango-trees all over the island. In like manner, for a long period of time a large peach-tree was every year radiant with flowers, giving promise of abundant crops that never matured, and supplying Mr. Coan with a convenient illustrative parallel to the scriptural fig-tree that bore no fruit. But in later years the peach-tree yielded beautiful returns without any difficulty whatever. I presume that in the meantime some polleniferous insect had reached our shores, and had made provision for fertilizing our barren trees; indeed, it was worthy of note that for want of bees and such like creatures our pumpkins and squashes remained unfruitful unless artificially aided by human intervention.

But of such things we comprehended nothing in those innocent days. We only knew that fruit of any kind was a rarity, and we were on the alert to secure anything of the sort that might come within reach. Often we explored the banana groves, in search of the honey that fills the nectary of the blossom; this was one of the luxuries that took the place of the candy and sweetmeats of which we had read but which we had never seen. Occasionally, some traveller from the volcano would bring a few quarts of rank wild

strawberries, or a dish of enormous red raspberries, which, however, were so bitter that they must be soaked in water for many hours before they could be eaten. Only two other indigenous fruits do I remember,—the melon-like *papaya*, and the fragrant *ohia*, or jambo-apple, of which a few samples were sometimes brought to the door by an avaricious kanaka, who generally filled us with grief by demanding a price so utterly prohibitory that purchase was out of the question.

Thus we passed many a happy hour. But the sun did not always shine in Hilo. The harbor lay on the windward side of the island, and day by day the trade-wind piled up the clouds against the mountains so that their heights were seldom visible after nine o'clock in the morning. One of the most glorious acts in the drama of evening was the rolling away of the vaporous masses that veiled the inland peaks. As the sun went down, the sea-breeze fell, the land-breeze raised the mists that hung over the forest, and Mauna Kea stood forth, majestic in the last ray of twilight. All this in fair weather; but the orderly succession of atmospheric changes was often broken up by the annual variation of the seasons, and then the clouds over our heads were dissolved in a deluge of rain. Severe storms were unusual; but for long-continued, steady, straight-down, pouring rain, I have never seen the like in any place. Still, we were very little annoyed by those Noachian floods. Whenever an opportunity was afforded, out we went into the warm showers that never chilled; and many a time the adventure was repaid by a flash of sunshine, painting

the arc of a perfect rainbow in the sky. Often, after long confinement by reason of the wet weather, our mothers would dress us in old clothes and let us play in the rain. Then was the time for damming the brook that flowed through the yard, so that we could sail our fleet of boats in the ponds thus called into existence; and there was no end to the amusement derived from wading in every ditch that could be found. When a little older, we sometimes walked out to see the freshets in the Wailuku, a mountain stream which flowed in a deep rocky gorge on the north side of the town, about a quarter of a mile from the mission-houses. In fine weather, this was hardly more than a rivulet, spanned by an ordinary plank; but after a long storm it became a raging torrent, many fathoms in width and depth, roaring and dashing over the rocks and ledges, and plunging furiously downward, defiling the salt sea-water of the bay with mud and drift from the flanks of the mountains between which it had flowed.

When thus shut up by the rain, after my lessons had been finished for the day, I so often managed to escape from home, taking refuge with Munson, that my mother sometimes laughingly said that she would give me away to Mrs. Coan, and let me stay there all the time. The parsonage did, indeed, have for me a threefold attraction,—in the benignant cordiality with which I was always greeted by Papa Coan; in the music of the rain-drops pattering on the zinc roof,—a sound that could not be evoked from the thatch-work on our house-top,—and, above all, in the weird and wonderful garret

that lay over the whole of the building. How often I lamented the fact that there was no such retreat above the attic chambers in our house! While the rain flooded the garden, and every leaflet dripped like a miniature Niagara, we burrowed in safety among the boxes and barrels in the loft, and carefully scrutinized the strings of antediluvian dried apples from America that hung in the roof, if perchance some tiny fragment might be found soft enough to be devoured. A few relics of the Goodrich period we brought to light,—old shoe-buckles, brass nails, bits of leather, scraps of colored cloth, torn papers, fragmentary volumes, and, queerest of all, a pair of English pattens, said to have been left by the Rev. William Ellis, the distinguished author and missionary to the Society Islanders. Then there was the dread pleasure of hunting the rats that infested the place. In and out among the rubbish and lumber we pursued our game, but with very indifferent success. After many ineffectual attempts on the part of our fathers to construct a "figure-four" trap, Dr. Andrews came to the rescue and whittled out one that would work. Baited with cheese, it was irresistible; and we massacred the foe until not one was left to lament the extinction of his tribe.

When these simple excitements palled upon the appetite, we had recourse to the books in the paternal libraries. Many an hour we spent, prone upon the bare floor, conning the pages of John Williams's "Voyages in the South Pacific," or poring over the chapters in Ellis's "Polynesian Researches." We especially doted on everything that contained pictures,

and much comfort for us lay between the covers of "The Youth's Companion." There was also a large volume of "Selections from the British Poets," in which we read with delight Parnell's story of Reynard the Fox, who carried off Chanticleer from the perch where he roosted beside Dame Partlett his wife. We understood all about that, for the unconverted dogs of our Hawaiian neighbors often made similar havoc among the roosters and gobblers upon whom our affections were set.

One morning, after a night of heavy rain, I was standing in our front door-way, when a tremendous crash arrested my attention. I looked in the direction of the sound, and, behold, the huge church edifice, built by the natives on the first arrival of their missionary teachers, had fallen in ruin upon the ground. Constructed in Hawaiian fashion, its posts had rotted in the earth where they stood, and were no longer able to sustain the weight of the rain-soaked roof. This catastrophe had been foreseen, and for a long time the native worshippers had devoted a great deal of time and physical energy to the work of collecting materials for a more substantial building. It was decided to have a solid stone foundation for the new church, so that there could be no more rotting of pillars planted in the earth. Since there was neither cart nor wheelbarrow, nor any beast of burden, in the place, everything had to be carried by hand or on the backs of men. In this way a large pile of basaltic lava was accumulated, and then the fishermen went in their canoes to the reef outside of

the harbor and dived for coral which they brought up from a depth of eighteen or twenty feet. This was burned to lime to make mortar for the walls of the foundation. Then the people went to the forest, a few miles distant on the mountain-side, and cut down tall trees to serve as pillars and posts and rafters for the superstructure. These huge logs were dragged through the jungle to the site of the temple, long teams of men pulling lustily at the cables which were fastened to each timber. Such labor was considered no hardship, for the natives had always been accustomed to this mode of transportation for their canoes and other weighty objects. A day in the woods after a big log was regarded as a picnic rather than a laborious task. Many a time in the gloaming did we hear the cheerful songs of parties thus returning home with the trunk of a mighty tree gliding like a monstrous serpent in the grass behind them. In this way provision was made for the framework of the church; and then the native carpenters with their adzes, and one or two white men who knew something about the use of edge-tools, hewed the timber into shape, and fashioned the sills and the uprights and the plates of the great structure. No metal whatever was incorporated with the work; every part was joined by mortise and tenon, and all was held in place by wooden pins driven into auger-holes bored for the purpose. Laboring under such difficulties, a number of years passed away before the enormous building was finally thatched and ready for occupation. In 1842, Mr. Coan saw the ripened fruit of his labors, and consecrated his cathedral

with all the pomp and circumstance of which the occasion, and the poverty of the people, would admit.

During the interval of time between the fall of the old building and the completion of the new, the congregation was broken up into a number of smaller bodies, meeting wherever they could find a large schoolhouse or habitation of more than usual capacity. Once every three months, however, Mr. Coan reunited them all in an open-air meeting, for the celebration of the Holy Communion. One such occasion I remember, — a glorious Sunday morning without a cloud in the sky. The vast assembly, about five thousand in number, sat on the grass under the shade of a cocoanut grove between the shore and a lagoon of fresh water that lay behind the beach. Father Coan occupied an extemporized pulpit, while the other foreign worthies sat on chairs near by. Before us rolled the ocean, blue, unfathomable, mysterious, eternal. Behind us, in unclouded magnificence, towered the mountains, rising above a world of verdure where silvery streams and foaming cascades glittered and sparkled in the sunshine,—fit dwelling-place for these joyous children of the sea and the sky. The call of the leader rang out like a clarion over the congregation, and their singing was as the roar of many waters. Then, while the wind murmured sweet symphonies among the leaves in the tops of the cocoanut-trees, every head was bowed, and the still small voice of prayer went up to heaven from that host. The communion service was celebrated with wonderful simplicity and fervor, and after prayer and benediction the

multitude was dismissed for the day. Many noble churches and lordly fanes have I entered since that hour, and in many a splendid ceremonial have I shared; but never have I witnessed anything to compare with the sublimity of that morning communion on Hawaii.

It was about this time that I made two very interesting acquaintances. My father, when walking abroad for exercise or on business, frequently encouraged me to trot along by his side. One day we turned out from the road to the sea, and tried a new path that led towards the Wailuku River. Presently we came to a neat thatched house, surrounded and half hidden by a dense shrubbery of coffee plants in full bloom. The cottage, —for such it was,—unlike the ordinary native houses, was provided with a floor and with glass windows. An agreeably furnished reception-room opened on one side into an airy bedroom, and on another into a large apartment, crossed by a wooden counter, and surrounded by shelves on which were piles of cotton cloth and all manner of curious articles, for the most part quite beyond my knowledge. Here we were welcomed by a short, stout, gray-headed old gentleman, whose kindly features were handsomely set off by an elegant pair of white mutton-chop whiskers. This was Mr. Benjamin P., formerly a resident of Boston, who, years before, left his home to seek a fortune among the merchants of Canton. For some reason, after a time he ceased writing to his family; and his wife, naturally growing anxious, sent their only son, Benjamin, Jr., to find out

what had become of his father. Arrived in the Orient, he learned that his parent had gone to the Sandwich Islands; and accordingly he followed him thither. There he discovered the old gentleman, but was unable to dislodge him from the tropical paradise in which he was established. The young man, being only nineteen or twenty years old, also soon yielded to the charm of the place, forgetting the maternal home, and marrying a handsome young Hawaiian princess, who made for him an excellent wife and mother of his children. The father and son, not long before the visit of Commodore Wilkes, opened a little shop for the sale of general merchandise; and having the whole field to themselves, were very successful in trade. The senior member of the firm lived eight or ten years after my introduction to him, and was highly esteemed by every one with whom he came in contact. His son grew very wealthy, and was for a number of years the most prominent citizen in Hilo. His wife presided with dignity over the little court that grew up around her, receiving a vast amount of respectful attention from naval officers and travellers who visited the port in later days. Though understanding the spoken language, she never would speak English, being too proud to attempt anything that she could not do well; but in other respects she was always an accomplished and estimable lady.

On this occasion of my first introduction to a "store," I was treated with much consideration, being permitted to explore the depths of a barrel of dried apples, and to experiment upon the contents of an ancient box of

raisins. When at last my father drew me away from the contemplation of a conical loaf of white sugar, the shop-keeper cordially invoked my speedy return, and presented me with a small circular mirror, about three inches in diameter—a gift as gratifying to me as it could have been to any one of the little savages for whom it was originally designed. From that date our occasional visits to the store were reckoned among the rare privileges of existence. To our unsophisticated vision, that emporium was a museum of wonders like those of which we had read, but nowhere else in our tiny world could find.

On another day, walking a little farther, we found the new road extended beyond a dense grove of bread-fruit trees to a considerable enclosure where a number of thatched houses had been recently erected. Two or three almond-eyed gentlemen, with long braids of hair coiled about their heads, were persuading a yoke of half-tamed oxen to walk in a circle, dragging after them a beam that rotated three vertical wooden rollers, between which a native boy was insinuating slender stalks of sugar-cane drawn from a pile by his side. A rivulet of juice was pouring into a wooden gutter that penetrated the side of an adjacent building, from which a cloud of steam continually escaped. One of the Chinamen laid down his goad, unrolled his queue, and led us into the boiling-house, where three large try-pots, evidently after long service in the extraction of oil from the blubber of the sperm-whale, were set in solid masonry over a fire that was fed with the dried stalks of cane from which the sap had been previously

pressed. Into these cauldrons the juice flowed from the mill, and in them it was bubbling and steaming at a furious rate. The pig-tailed gentleman courteously explained to us, in choice Cantonese English, how to know when the process had been carried far enough; and then he showed us the syrup, ladled hot from the kettles, and set aside to crystallize in queer conical jars of porous Chinese earthenware, which finally were placed in rows, to drain away the molasses that trickled into sundry rude wooden canoes, wherein floated dead flies, cockroaches, and adventurous mice without number. This was the first sugar-mill established on the Island of Hawaii. When we visited the place, next year, the old bullock-mill had given way to a larger system of horizontal rollers, connected with a fine overshot wheel turned by a dashing stream of water diverted from its original course to the sea, and now compelled for the first time in its existence to work for a living.

Besides these industrious Orientals, our village was the abode of a small contingent of Occidentals, who, in point of morality, did not compare very favorably with the despised Asiatics. They were for the most part ancient mariners who in some way had parted company with the ships that bore them to our shore. One of them was a dark-skinned fellow from the Iberian peninsula, who was unknown by any other appellation than that of "John the Portugee." Always an object of suspicion, he finally, when the New Bedford whalers began to gather at our island, threw off all reserve, and placed over his door a board on which were rudely painted the suggestive symbols, a bottle and a glass.

This overt act aroused the guardians of public morality, and after a long struggle the obnoxious sign was relegated to the interior of its owner's abode; but the actual bottle and its accompanying glass, I fear, were irrepressible.

Quite conspicuous in the little gang of beach-combers was a jovial young Englishman with blue eyes and chestnut curls, whose battered nose proclaimed him a hero in many a fistic encounter. He was really a good sailor, and was stirred with ambition to become the pilot of the harbor. Unfortunately, when ships came in sight it was too often the case that poor Christopher had to lie long under the pump before he could be made presentable as the Palinurus of our port; so he gradually sank into oblivion.

Another Englishman also dwelt near us, — one of the lowest and stupidest of his kind. He lived like a pig, in a miserable hovel with a slatternly native woman for a wife; and, professing to have been a carpenter's mate on the ship from which his residence had been — accidentally, of course — transferred to the shore, he occasionally earned a few honest dollars with the help of sundry borrowed tools that were not always returned until replevined by the lender. After such wearisome labor he would remain in the seclusion of his stye, until all supplies were exhausted, when with the regularity of the sun he would sally forth and levy the contribution of a meal whenever he found a family that could tolerate his demands. While yet a very small boy, I once fearfully enraged him by calling him a beggar as he sat at our door munching

the breakfast which my mother was daily providing at the expense of her entire stock of patience. He came no more; but it was merely a shift of the pain, for he immediately installed himself as a beneficiary of the Coans. It was a real relief when he went the way of all the earth.

Far off by himself, alone on the north point near the entrance of the bay, dwelt a red-faced, gray-haired Welshman, commonly called "John the Pilot," to distinguish him from that other John, the Lusitanian vendor of contraband spirits. On the appearance of ships heading toward the harbor, the veteran was wont to sally forth in a canoe, paddled by his half-caste children and retainers, offering service as a qualified guide to the port. In after years, when the shipping became more abundant, and another pilot was seeking to obtain a share in the emoluments of the business, the old man purchased a whale-boat, in which, while his rival was puffing a fragrant Manila cigar, and basking in the midst of his family at home, he would lie, far out at sea, waiting for the prey. Great was the expenditure of profanity over the frequent success of the nautical manœuvre!

There was also a debauched little fellow, known by the name of a very aristocratic English family, who wore a black skull-cap to conceal the disgraceful scars on his bald head. He claimed to be the possessor of a medical education, though he never prescribed, unless for the members of his own congenial set. He affected literary tastes, and was an avowed admirer of Voltaire and Thomas Paine; consequently, in the estimation

of our parents he was scarcely a shade better than the Evil One himself.

Of contemporaneous American seamen in retirement, I remember only two or three specimens. They dwelt apart from the British, — for the animosities of the War of 1812 had not yet died out; and when liquor was scarce, they made some pretence of a decent life, assuming an aspect of mournful resignation, like decayed gentlemen under the stress of inevitable misfortune. The preponderance of the Anglican party, and its peculiar degradation, were due to the fact that for many years Hawaii was a haven of refuge for convicts, who, from the reservoir in Botany Bay, were continually escaping and filtering through the sands all over the broad Pacific Ocean.

Such were some of the ornaments of the beach, who in that remote period, outside of the storekeepers and the missionary circles, were the sole exemplars of the white man's glorious civilization. But with the gradual increase of foreign trade, other more respectable settlers came among us, and were not without influence in favor of righteousness. There was a period, however, about the time the New Bedford and Nantucket harpooners, fresh from pursuit of the Alaskan whale, were beginning to winter in the Hawaiian harbors, when our houses were for several months at the mercy of a band of desperadoes who deserted their ships, concealing themselves in the fern-woods until the departure of the fleet. When they then came forth from their hiding, they were at once captured by the native police, and in obedience to the law were incontinently

clapped into jail. But this little ceremony did not in the least interfere with their pleasures. The jail was simply a large native house where malefactors were invited to reside at the expense of the government while under sentence of imprisonment. Our jolly jack-tars accepted the hospitality of the jailor at meal-time, or when it rained; but the balance of their time was joyously occupied with the society of their numerous friends whenever and wherever they willed. They sometimes, as a concession to uncharitable public opinion, allowed a native policeman to guide them in their walks abroad; but if not sufficiently complaisant, he was soon clubbed into submission. Finally, the troop,—some thirty-five or forty strong,—became so audacious as to raise the piratical flag, and, armed with bludgeons, they marched around the town, roaring ribald songs and shouting defiance as they went. So dilatory were the official communications with the capital, that the lapse of three or four months and the opportune arrival of a ship of war were necessary before our community could be relieved of this incubus and we could safely resume our exercise abroad.

Besides these enemies of good order, there was another foe whom our parents dreaded more than all the rest. Walking with my father one evening, we saw through the dusky twilight a strange figure drawing near under the protection of a shovel-hat and a black frock that reached to its feet. Staring blankly through a pair of spectacles into space, it made the sign of the cross and uttered a deprecatory ejaculation as it hurried past. I instinctively shrank behind my

father, and, anxiously inquiring the significance of an apparition so uncanny, was informed that it was the Roman Catholic priest who had recently descended upon our fold. Ah! I knew what that meant, because as far back as I could remember "Fox's Book of Martyrs" was one of our chief sources of Sunday recreation and joy. A few weeks later, Munson and I discovered a lonely native building, newly erected in an unfrequented part of the town, and open to the winds of heaven. A rude cross surmounted the ridge-pole, and a few tawdry colored prints looked down upon a floor of dried grass. A sort of wooden cupboard standing at the end opposite the door, and a gourd-shell of holy water fixed on the door-post, made up the entire furniture. Informed that this was the Roman Catholic chapel, we were stricken with terror, and fled for our lives, lest we too might somehow get burned at the stake like poor John Huss, or John Rodgers and his wife with her "nine children in arms with one at the breast," whose martyrdom, depicted in certain popular volumes, made our tender flesh creep with horror as we read. I do not know the name of the priest who ministered to the few waifs and strays who then formed the shabby island following of the Holy See, but when, at the age of sixteen or seventeen years, I made the acquaintance of Father Charles Pougot, the refined and delicate-looking Frenchman who cared for the parish of Hilo, I found him a very saintly seeming personage. His flock, however, consisted for the most part of the devotees of tobacco and other loose livers whom Mr. Coan

would not tolerate within his church on any consideration whatever. No matter how upright and virtuous their lives, men and women who would not forsake the pipe were bundled out of the congregation of true-believers and handed over to the tender mercies of Satan and his host. All such hardened sinners were joyfully welcomed, as brands rescued from the burning, by the proselyters of the True Church, so that in a short time the papal emissaries laid claim to the souls of all who were not actually enrolled on the books of the American mission. This was naturally very galling to an imperious spirit like that of the Protestant pastor, who ruled his numerous people after the manner of the great bishop that, in all but the title, he really was, and who could not brook the presence of a rival near the throne of grace. But this fact only added to the sympathy with which many of our foreign visitors regarded the efforts of the inoffensive little clerk who struggled so bravely against such tremendous odds; and it was annoying enough to see occasionally in the Honolulu papers a long list of gifts from Irish and French and Portuguese mariners who had sought absolution at the hands of Father Charles. Then Father Coan would thunder from his pulpit against the "woman in purple and scarlet," sitting "upon a scarlet-colored beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns, . . . and upon her forehead a name written *Mystery, Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth,*" until the thatch fairly bristled on the roof of our sanctuary. What a comfort it was to us to read, a little

farther down the page, that a mighty angel came "down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lightened with his glory. And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. . . . And in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth. . . . And her smoke rose up for ever and ever,"—just like the smoke of our own volcano, Kilauea!

So these good men anathematized each other, and stood asunder as long as they lived. But with their antagonisms I meddled not; and when I left home for the last time, the kindly Father gave me a little French dictionary that still stands in my library. Thirty years later, when his eyesight grew dim, I sent him a mass-book, printed in the largest and clearest type that could be procured; and he responded with a cordial letter of thanks, written only a short time before his death.

CHAPTER VI

Road-making in the Island — Family Equestrianism — Excursions to the Interior — Visit to the Volcano Kilauea — Wonders of a Tropical Forest — A Night of Terror — Beside a Lake of Fire — Descent into the Crater — In the Inferno — Back to Safety — The Rainbow Falls of Hawaii — Cocoanut Island — Learning to be Amphibious — Dinner by the Sea — An Elevated Play Ground — Whale-fishers in the Harbor — Remnants of a Vanished Industry.

ON the completion of the new church, it was evident that it should be made accessible; hence a considerable interest in the subject of road-making began to show itself at this time. From the most distant ages the inhabitants of the island had walked over the same beaten tracks, which in the course of the centuries had become actual trenches, just wide enough for a procession in single file. If the road crossed one of the deep gorges through which flowed the impetuous mountain streams, instead of descending and ascending by easy gradients, it plunged straight down on one side and as straight up on the other. The common people helped themselves over these difficulties, nimbly clutching at solid tufts of grass and the elastic branches of the luxuriant shrubbery that bordered the path; but when a chief made the ascent, — and he seldom weighed less than three hundred and fifty or four hundred pounds,—his retainers pushed

him from behind and from below, and thus was the elevation of the nobility made easy. No four-footed animal larger than a pig or a dog could travel in such ruts; but now, with the growth of modern ideas, it seemed desirable to lay out new roads through the town, and to improve the highways into the country so that the outlying suburbs and rural districts might profit by the enlargement of spiritual privileges in the metropolis.

Like every one else, we enjoyed the benefit of this enlightened public policy. Pack-bullocks, ridden by ambitious scions of the first families, donkeys, and even horses, began to appear; and one sunny morning my father rode up to the door on a fine mule, fully caparisoned with elegant head-gear and an English saddle, all creaking and new, in use for the first time. The animal, unlike the majority of its kind, was graceful as a deer, with a gait that was declared by a visiting English nobleman to be "as easy as a rocking-chair." Thus mounted, my father galloped up and down the road before his admiring family, and then bade me put my foot on his toe in the stirrup and give him my hand so that he could swing me up before him and thus take me for a ride. How I longed to make the trial, and how I strove to overcome the dread that made me shake with fear and recoil from the attempt! But it was of no use; so my younger brother was given the chance. He did as he was told, and bounded without difficulty to the pommel of the saddle. After watching for awhile his evident enjoyment, I mustered sufficient courage to be lifted ingloriously to a place on the

crupper; and thus I took my first excursion on horseback. There was also a companion mule,—a staid and respectable black,—which had no tricks, and was invaluable for family use, but cantered with a thumping gait that was almost intolerable. This useful pair were tethered in the yard, and when the weather was good they gave the whole family opportunities for exercise on a wider scale than ever before. Mr. Coan soon purchased a horse for his wife; but never, until far advanced in years, would he himself descend to the weakness of riding abroad. When about nine years old, Munson and I were fitted out with a pair of obdurate little burros, and then our caravan only needed the addition of a camel to complete the procession when the forces of the two households were united for an expedition through space.

Thus provided with the means of locomotion, my father decided to take us and the native pupils in his school to the volcano, Kilauea, thirty miles distant, at an elevation of four thousand feet, on the eastern slope of Mauna Loa. Early one Monday morning we were all astir, and soon after nine o'clock were filing out of town by way of the volcano-road. The schoolboys trooped along at the head of the line, each one carrying a light bundle of warm clothing, native-cloth wraps for the night, and a few rations of food. They were followed by a number of professional carriers, powerful men, laden with bedding and provisions for the family. Then came my mother, borne in a *manele*, or Hawaiian palanquin. Behind this vehicle, though their burdens were not heavy, walked with

leisurely steps our mules and Mrs. Coan's horse. I rode one of the mules, while Munson and Frederic travelled on pillions, clinging to my father and to the groom, who formed the rear-guard of the procession. David, the youngest, being only two years old, was left at home in the care of Mrs. Coan.

We soon cleared the outskirts of the village, and were tramping through the brakes that thinly covered the rugged field of lava between the shore and the forest that lay three or four miles southeast from the bay. This portion of the journey was rather monotonous, though we boys derived no little satisfaction from crossing the broad fish-ponds at Waiakea, and from wading the numerous pools of stagnant water left by the rain in the hollows of the road. Shortly before noon the path entered the forest — a spur from the vast belt of woodland that covered the side of the mountain. The rough way had been smoothed and corduroyed with the trunks of tree-ferns, making an easy and elastic footing for the mules, so that we rode with much comfort, enjoying for the first time the sight of a tropical forest. Owing to the rocky character of the soil, there was little of that frightful luxuriance which chokes the jungles of South America and India; nor any insects, reptiles, or venomous snakes, to be feared. It was simply a gorgeous growth of evergreen trees and ferns, shading a mass of verdant shrubbery and trailing vines which closely bordered the path without overwhelming everything by an oppressive density of foliage. The trees were either the tall *ohia*, rich with clustering crimson flowers, attracting flocks of tiny red and green

honey-sucking birds, or they were the wide-branching *koa*, rustling their vertically-placed leathery leaf-blades that cast no shadow at noon. Beside these hoary trunks were shrubs innumerable,—a continual joy to the botanical collector, for many of them were peculiar to the Hawaiian Islands, and unknown elsewhere. High on the mouldering limbs of the oldest trees grew the bright-green clustering leaves of the bird's-nest fern; and in the little hollows, wherever the soil was rich and deep, rose the tall stems of huge tree-ferns, uncurling their manifold, compound, pinnatifid fronds. Many of the loftiest trees were slowly strangling in the coil of the *ie* (*Freycinetia scandens*), a pandanaceous vine with tufts of spiny leaves and splendid terminal spikes of odoriferous flowers flaming red and brown among the tree-tops that sheltered the shrill-screaming *oo*, a blackbird that yielded from under each wing a single yellow feather, monopolized by royal use for the fabrication of the priceless feather cloaks in which the ancient Hawaiian kings arrayed themselves on ceremonial occasions.

The refreshing coolness of the woodland shade, the vivid beauty of the colors in which we bathed our eyes, the strange novelty and wildness of everything, completely intoxicated me. It was a scene of enchantment which I was sorry to leave, when, about one o'clock, we emerged from the wood and halted in a little cocoanut grove, near a small native house screened from the road by a few jambo-apple trees, loaded with ripe fruit. Here the cooks, sent on in advance, were ready to serve a bountiful dinner; so

here we feasted and rested for an hour before resuming the line of march.

All the afternoon we plodded through the sunshine across a wide prairie that was verdant with tall grass and the broad-leaved *dracæna*. The plain sloped gently upward, so that we were almost imperceptibly ascending; the forest was on our right, and a line of low hills — extinct volcanic craters — distant ten or twelve miles on the horizon at our left. Shortly before sunset we reached a little village in the border of the wood, where our family was made welcome in the house of the head-man of the district, while the schoolboys were accommodated in the other houses and in a large shed, or wigwam built of boughs. The dwelling in which we were entertained was new and neat; the floor was spread with fresh grass, and the mats were delightfully clean. We supped by the light of candlenut torches, my father held evening prayers with his pupils, and soon after dark every one was abed.

All were awake at dawn of day, and the usual round of breakfast and prayers was hastily finished, since the route that day was to be longer and more difficult than the preceding stage of our journey. The road was a mere trace over the smooth hard lava that lay in swelling knolls, as if it were an ocean of billows that had been instantaneously congealed by frost. The natives shod themselves with sandals, braided out of the dried and twisted fibres of the *dracæna* leaf; and thus protected, they trampled fearlessly upon the vitreous crystals that strewed the path, while our four-footed animals picked their way over the slippery

rocks with the surety and skill for which the mule is so worthy of praise. The sky was clouded, and the mountain air was so invigorating that my mother and the little boys walked long distances over the uneven roadway, gathering and eating the sweet *ohelo*-berries as they went. At noon we dined beside a considerable pool of clear water, replenished doubtless by the frequent rains, since we could find no trace of a spring or other source to account for its existence. Here the boys were instructed to fill their gourds, for this was the last place where water would be found in abundance. We then marched on, over a track that led through brakes and bushes and among queer-looking trees, under a sky that lowered and finally poured out a dense fog upon the earth. Waiting for stragglers, our progress was necessarily slow; but at last, shortly before sunset, we entered upon a field of scoria covered with a scanty growth of wild rough plants and coriaceous shrubs. A low cliff loomed up through the clouds on our right; the path crossed on a natural bridge over a tremendous chasm in the earth; the ground began to decend before us, and then it suddenly disappeared in a gloomy abyss that was filled with whirling mist and all-pervading vapor; the guide stopped, and silently pointed with his finger into this realm of chaos and old night. We had arrived at Kilauea.

Since nothing could be seen, we immediately turned our attention to getting quarters for the night. A few yards back from the brink of the precipice stood a temporary shelter, built of boughs, surrounding two

sides of an oblong space about a hundred feet in length. This was soon carpeted with green brakes and fresh mountain grass, upon which were laid saddle-cloths and mats, making a comfortable rustic couch. Several fires were built in front of this shed, and we proceeded to have supper and prayers, just as we did the evening before. But there was none of the joyous gaiety which marked our feelings at that time. All things combined to inspire us with dread. Old stories of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and the destruction of great cities, from the days of Herculaneum to the present time, came to remind us of danger. Finally, my little brother could bear it no longer, and began to cry with fright, and had to be hushed to sleep like a baby. Munson rolled himself in a blanket, and slept the sleep of innocence and fatigue; but I lay awake, shivering over the possibilities of a disruption of the earth beneath us, and of the engulfment of our whole company, after the manner in which Korah and Dathan and Abiram, with their crew, went down to death in the days of Moses and the Children of Israel. The prospect of such a cataclysm seemed more and more probable, and I was heartily wishing myself out of this inferno, when some one lifted his head and exclaimed, "There's the fire!" Sure enough, at a distance of two miles, there it was. The sky had cleared, and the mists were condensed by the cold mountain air, so that the heavens were bright with stars, and in the depths below the awful lake of fire was distinctly visible. The light did not uniformly glow upon its entire surface, but seemed to come from

ERUPTION IN THE CRATER OF MAUNA LOA

MAUNA LOA AND THE CRATER OF KILAUEA

FROM PAINTINGS BY MISS C. F. GORDON CUMMING

isolated points with varying intensity and changeable position. High overhead was a luminous cloud of vapor, reflecting the light from the pit, rising like a pillar of fire, that could be seen from our home in Hilo and from passing ships far out at sea. Arranging my pillow so that I could lie and look into this mouth of hell, I gazed and gazed till my eyes could see no more, and I slept a dreamless sleep.

The following morning was sunny and clear, revealing in one view the gulf before us. The crater was an immense solfatara, nine miles in circumference and about a thousand feet deep. An enormous promontory, covered with forest trees, jutted out into the depths on our left; on the opposite side was a plain of scoria, fissured and seamed with crevices from which steam issued in clouds that were blown over the border of the cliff into the abyss below. Behind us lay a mound of steaming earth, shrouded in vapor and riddled with openings in which an abundant deposit of sparkling sulphur-crystals glittered yellow in the sunlight. Still farther away, beyond the limits of the crater, was the stupendous dome of Mauna Loa, its nearer outlines clearly defined in the morning air above us, but sinking and fading from view in the distance toward the southern capes of the island. The keen wind from the snowy peak "bit shrewdly" as we turned out from our warm beds; it was almost cold enough to freeze, and the dew-drops were rolling off the feathery panicles and blades of the mountain grass like shining jewels that had been forgotten by the fairies when daylight scared them away. The

glory of the sun, the brightness of the sky, and the exhilarating temperature of the air, restored confidence to us all; and we ran without fear to the edge of the bluff, where we could look down upon the sunken plain at its foot. In the immediate foreground, the approach to the crater was formed by a succession of depressions, each shelf lower than the preceding, so that it was more like an irregular slope than a perpendicular descent. Elsewhere, however, the wall fell sheer in one straight line of eight hundred feet to the black ledge-projecting base of lava that encircled the cavity of the pit and represented the remains of its original floor. This ledge was about a thousand feet wide, from the outer bank to the inner crag formed by the abrupt downfall of the central portion of the area which before that event was the bottom of the entire crater. The level of this lowest circle was about a hundred feet below its rim; and so precipitous was the line of its fracture that in one place only was it possible to descend to the lake of fire.

After a hastily eaten breakfast, the boys filled their calabashes with pure cold water, condensed by night upon the shrubs and grass that fringed the steam-holes near our camp, forming a process of natural distillation upon which we were dependent for all the drinking water that we used. Several pairs of sandals were given to each one of the natives, and all were provided with Alpine staffs with which to sound the hollow lava and to feel the way over dangerous places where the crust was liable to break and to let one down into a fiery furnace below. We slowly lowered ourselves

over the face of the bluff, carefully placing our feet upon the rude steps dug out of the crumbling rock, until we reached the sunken plain that sloped toward the pit, leading downward to a long inclining ridge of scoria, on which, trailing our alpenstocks behind us, and leaning backward so as to throw our weight upon the hands that grasped them, we ran rapidly down the final descent that brought us out upon the black ledge. This broad shelf, which from above had appeared so level and smooth, proved to be exceedingly rough with broken lava, crossed in every direction by fissures, of which some were too wide to be jumped, and some were filled with steam and sulphurous vapor, evidence of fusion near by. Not far off stood an immense black cone, puffing steam from its red-hot chimney, like some gigantic locomotive engine getting under way. Leaving the dangerous region, we tramped over the vitreous lava until we reached the place of descent into the inner crater. At this point a halt was called, and my father issued instructions to his brigade. There must be no straggling; every one must go to the windward of steam-holes and sulphur-breathing fumaroles; and thirst was to be prevented by keeping the mouth closed, and by drinking infrequently and very little at a time.

We now began the final stage of the descent. It was not long — only about a hundred feet; but it was altogether the most difficult and dangerous portion of the way. My younger brother rode on the shoulders of his bearer, and two strong men assisted my

mother, so that we all safely reached the lowest depth. Over the recently hardened lava we travelled nearly half a mile, coming suddenly upon the level margin of the lake of fire. This was a circular pool, fully a thousand feet in diameter, surrounded by a wall of rock, so that as we stood upon the brink the melted lava was fifteen or twenty feet below us. Its whole mass was in motion, furiously bubbling and boiling and dashing up waves of red-hot foam and spray. Sometimes there would be a partial calm, as of the sea after a storm; a considerable portion of the surface would freeze over with smooth hard lava, such as we had underfoot; but in a few minutes there would be a violent outbreak, and the broad field would split open across its whole extent, allowing the melted rock to rise through the crevices like water coming up over the ice on a river during a freshet in the Spring of the year. Huge flat cakes of solid lava would tilt up on end, slowly turning over, and finally disappearing in a tremendous whirlpool of fiery surf thrown up from below. This exhibition was being continually renewed all over the lake, while we stood chained to the spot, and lost in admiration of the awful spectacle, till an unusually vigorous outburst, surging forth from under the bank, warned us that we were upon an overhanging table-rock which might be hurled at any moment into the sea of fire. Quickly we drew back to what was deemed a safer point of observation; and there we remained, watching the jets of molten metal as they flew into the air, chasing one another like genuine fire-fiends in a wild dance all

over the glowing space, until the heat and the fumes of burning sulphur became quite intolerable. Thus warned, we began to retrace our steps over the brittle lava toward the ascent out of the pit. Having climbed the black ledge, we sat down upon the rocks and refreshed ourselves with copious draughts from the flask-shaped calabashes in which the supply of water was carried. Then we addressed ourselves to the final scramble out of hell,—a long and laborious ascent. Successfully reaching the top without fall or accident of any kind, as evening approached we gathered round the camp-fire with the appetites of tigers, and dined off a turkey, which, wrapped in the fragrant leaves of the *dracæna*, had steamed all day in the earth near a large fumarole in the sulphur-bank behind our shelter. With hunger for a sauce, it seemed the tenderest and juiciest and sweetest meat we ever ate; and no weary mortals ever slept longer or more soundly than we, that glorious night. Before morning, the lake boiled over, sending out a river of fire along the path which we had travelled through the pit of the crater. By similar eruptions during the next thirty years, the whole gulf was filled above the level of the black ledge, and an enormous cone, hundreds of feet in height, was raised over the place where a sea of fire once rolled its burning waves.

During the next ten years, I visited Kilauea as many as a dozen times. While noting the fact that the outlines of the vast crater remained without change, it was interesting to remark the continual modification of the position, size, and elevation of the

central lake of fire. With my mother and younger brothers, I once spent a night of terror in the "volcano house," a comfortable native building that succeeded our camp as a place of entertainment for travellers. About nine o'clock in the evening, the volcano, usually remarkable for its silence, began to roar like a thousand steamboats letting off steam, and these dreadful blasts were repeated every few minutes through the night. Travel in the dark among the steam-cracks was too dangerous to be thought of; so we could do nothing but lie still and await whatever catastrophe might be imminent. Sleep under such conditions was impossible; and as soon as it was daylight we saddled our mules and fled in the direction of home. On another occasion, visiting the place with friends, the full moon at night illuminated the sky with a light so brilliant that we descended into the crater and passed an hour beside the fiery lake. What we then saw differed from my first view only in the greater apparent brightness of the glow as compared with its lesser intensity by daylight.

The success of our expedition to the volcano encouraged my father to organize various minor excursions to different points of interest in the vicinity. In this way, when the uncommonly showery weather for which Hilo is famed would permit, many joyous Saturday afternoons were filled with pleasure and profit for all of us. At a distance of a mile and a half from our house there was a beautiful fall of water in the river Wailuku, a mountain torrent that flowed in the seam formed by the infolding of the lava from Mauna

LAVA CHIMNEYS IN KILAUEA

RIVERS OF MOLTEN ROCK IN KILAUEA

FROM PAINTINGS BY MISS C. F. GORDON CUMMING

Loa where it touched the base of Mauna Kea. As there was no road to the spot, we found, soon after leaving the cultivated school-land, that it would be necessary to break a path through the jungle of bushes that covered the country. So the schoolboys were ordered to advance in column, pushing aside and breaking down the tall ferns and shrubs that opposed our progress; and thus we finally reached the brink of a ravine out of which the roar of the waterfall and a thin cloud of white spray were ascending. The view was screened by the extraordinary luxuriance of the vegetation that buried everything; so that, not daring to venture out upon the precipitous verge where alone the fall could be seen, my first impressions were rather disappointing. After recovering our breath, we pushed along down-stream till we came to a place where a descent of natural steps led over the brow of the bluff into a canon which may once have been the bed of the river, but was now filled with candle-nut trees, huge ferns, and climbing vines. Growing in the shade of the high rocks, and continually watered with drifting mist from the cataract, the foliage was dense and verdant beyond description. Through this barrier, dark and damp and fragrant with wild-ginger and the blossoms of flowering *iponæa*, we slowly worked our way behind the native boys, who were pressing on, eager for a bath in the stream below the fall, until suddenly the thicket came to an end, and we found ourselves on a rough platform of basaltic columns, right in front of one of the most beautiful objects in nature — the Cascade of the Rainbow.

We were standing on a rocky shelf, about twenty feet above the water; and over the opposite cliff, just a hundred feet down into a broad pool that lay in a circular hollow, evidently the ancient crater of a long extinct volcano, the river poured its unbroken volume. Behind the fall the entrance of a gloomy cavern formed a lofty arch, spanning the chasm, yet receding so that the entire body of water descended through the shining air in a beautifully symmetrical mass of rainbow-tinted foam. From the margin of the crest of the encircling wall, the perpendicular face of the river-bank was covered with delicate ferns and creepers, swinging and waving in the breeze, and giving life and animation to a scene that was now supremely vivified by the troop of naked native boys who were plunging and diving in every direction through the perfectly transparent water. Some of them climbed the slippery rocks where they could slide down again; some leaped from the ledge where we stood, shooting far out beneath the slippery surface till we could see their heels gleaming green as they turned and came up, gliding feet foremost through the depths. Some, more adventurous, breasted the waves that surged out from the foot of the fall; and one or two were successful in swimming into the cave, rivalling the exploit of a former queen of Hawaii, who was said to have once performed that feat; but no one attempted the twenty-fathom leap from the top of the crag,—the crowning achievement of Keoui Ii, the favorite of old Kamehameha.

Many a time afterwards we visited the beautiful cascade. A passable track was beaten through the

brush, and the place became widely known as one of the most attractive resorts in Hilo. Naval officers, world-rovers, and visiting strangers of every degree, were duly guided to the spot; and there was no one who failed to admire. A supper on the basaltic rocks, or a picnic under the candle-nut trees in the glen below the fall, formed one of the principal recreations of our little world.

Another charming resort was Cocoanut Island, a mound of black lava, only a few acres in extent, lying at the tip of the long point that forms the east side of the harbor. Viewed from land or from sea, the tiny islet was made conspicuous by a grove of lofty cocoanut trees that covered nearly the whole of its surface. The irregular coast-line was indented with little inlets and miniature bays with beaches of white sand, forming delightful basins for every variety of bathing. There were shallows in which the youngest toddler could splash without fear; high rocks from which strong swimmers could plunge right out into deep water; and funnel-shaped crevices through which the incoming billows flew up and fell back in splendid showers. At low-water mark, the solid lava was fringed with seaweeds, washing in and out of sheltered coves where limpets and periwinkles encrusted the stones and bright polypes unfolded their petal-like rays; while on the sand we often found delicate sea-mosses and shells from the submerged reefs where flourished the branching corals which our amphibious natives delighted in bringing to the surface. Then there were spotted cowries and spiral volutes, black

star-fishes, live crabs, skeletons of sea-horses, sea-eggs, sea-urchins, sea-fans, and queer-looking sea things without number, so that a day on the island overflowed with novel experience and exciting discovery. How joyfully we burrowed in the clean white sand, sitting intrepid like king Canute of old, awaiting the onset of the rising tide! Who can describe the joy with which we tested the salt sea waves as they tumbled us over in the surf! In that buoyant water we learned to swim, to paddle, and to row, till we were as safe therein as on dry land. Sea and sky were alike of that balmy temperature in which was neither heat nor cold,— only a uniform golden mean that rendered the simplest existence a dream of continual pleasure. After a long frolic on the shore, when the mid-day sun declined toward the cloud-capped peaks of Mauna Kea, our mother would call us back to clothing and civilization, summoning us to the shade of the tall palms where there was cool cocoanut milk to drink, and where fresh fish, tied up in bundles of *ki*-leaves, were roasting on the fire, and a carpet of green fronds strewed over the earth received the gourd-shell dishes and the strange delicacies of a Hawaiian dinner by the sea. We were never ready to start for home; and at night, when the sunburned little backs, duly oiled, had ceased to smart, our dreams were only of the day when we might return to Mokuola, the enchanting Cocoanut Island.

Less than half a mile in the rear of our house stood an extinct volcanic cone, deeply hollowed out in its centre,— the nearest one of three similar hillocks that

rose behind each other along an ancient fissure of eruption. The rim of the old crater was about four hundred feet above the level of the sea,—quite the highest ground within many miles. During the lapse of ages, the stony surface had mouldered into a fertile soil, yielding a perennial crop of grass that induced Mr. Goodrich to carry a trench around the base of the hill, enclosing it as a pasture for the two or three lonely cows that yielded the scanty and uncertain supply of milk furnished to the mission families. After several years of natural multiplication, the difficulty of keeping the herd within its enclosure led to the removal of the cattle to wider fields of usefulness, leaving us a playground on which to expend our energy. From the hilltop the eye could reach at least thirty miles in every direction, including the ocean outside of the harbor, the whole coast from the northern entrance of the bay to the eastern cape of the island, the vast wilderness of forest, and the central mountains of the interior. Moderate though it was, the elevation perceptibly cooled the air, rendering it more exhilarating than upon the beach, so that my mother began to prefer a holiday on the hill to an excursion along the shore or a trip to Cocoanut Island. We boys were nothing loath, for the prospect was always pleasing, and we soon became skilled in a new mode of amusement,—sliding down the grassy slope on flat wooden sleds that ran over the smooth turf, just as in northern climes a toboggan-sledge slips over the snow. On this eminence, in the year 1845, my father erected a small thatched house, at an expense of six dollars,

for protection against the sudden showers that were so frequent; and under its shelter we passed many happy hours, reading, studying a little, striving occasionally, under the guidance of Mrs. Andrews, to sketch the beautiful landscape, and sliding down-hill as often as possible.

One pleasant Autumn day, while thus enjoying ourselves, a sail appeared on the eastern horizon; then another, and another, and still another, till not less than fifteen ships were visible,—all steering for the harbor. It was the most remarkable nautical display that we had ever seen; all Hilo was aroused to watch the white-winged procession following the pilot to the anchorage, forming the vanguard of the New Bedford whaling-fleet, coming southward from the Alaskan waters in which it had passed the Summer. Disappointed by failure to obtain the provisions and the license which they desired, the majority of these visitors soon sailed away to the Leeward Islands; but from that day till the ruin of the whale-fishery by the discovery of oil under the hills of Pennsylvania, there was not wanting a contingent of captains who preferred the tranquillity of Hilo to the more questionable allurements of other seaport towns.

CHAPTER VII

A Strange Craft in our Harbor — Arrival of a U. S. Frigate — Social Visits — On Board a Forty-four-gun Man-of-war — The Smell of Powder — Distinguished Strangers in Port — The King of the Islands and his Court — Primitive Medical Practice — The Tragedy of Death — Progress in Studies — Beginning English Literature — Reading under Difficulties.

WHILE the days were thus slipping quietly away in our secluded nook, stirring events disturbed the atmosphere of the external world; yet only their belated reverberations arrested our childish attention. One day in 1843, the lofty spars and well-squared sails of a stately ship became visible in the offing. Beyond doubt it was a man-of-war, but of what sort? Was it one of those French corvettes whose pertinacious advocacy of free-trade in brandy and Popish missionaries had so profoundly agitated the royal court at Honolulu? Or,— more likely thought,— was it an English bulldog, one of the pack that was rending the sovereignty of the islands, and snatching them from the hand of their king, Kamehameha the Third? The wind was light, and the afternoon was far advanced before our anxieties were relieved by the sight of an American flag at the mast-head of the slowly approaching stranger. As the sea-breeze fell, the huge ship swung round the point of the coral reef and dropped anchor within the harbor. Then, while the

yards simultaneously descended upon the caps of their masts, the rigging swarmed with blue-jackets, and in a trice every sail was furled out of sight. Never before had so large a vessel been seen in our waters. Two tiers of port-holes, a band of white paint encircling the hull, and the Union Jack at the fore, proclaimed her a forty-four-gun frigate, flying the broad pennant of a commodore. With the going down of the sun, a cannon saluted the descent of the flag; and for the first time in my life I heard the stirring notes of a full brass band, pouring forth a flood of martial music that awakened melodious echoes around the spellbound bay.

At ten o'clock the next morning, a large boat, with the Stars and Stripes gaily floating in the air astern, pushed off from the frigate, and was rapidly rowed to the beach in front of the mission-houses. Out of this barge came an old gentleman in full naval uniform, followed by a number of officers dressed in white trousers and blue coats all glorious with gilt buttons and shining epaulets, and well girded with swords at their sides. It was Commodore Catesby ap Catesby R. Jones, Commander-in-chief of the Pacific Squadron of the United States Navy, sailing in the frigate *United States*, — a ship of great renown in the War of 1812 with England.

This brilliant company advanced leisurely up the road to Mr. Coan's residence, where they were most cordially welcomed. Presently they again appeared, this time on the road to our house. The flower-garden was in full bloom, and we children were arrayed

in our newest clothes. The naval gentlemen made themselves exceedingly agreeable. After inspecting the schoolhouse, and listening to a bit of vocal music from the pupils, the visitors returned to their ship, having arranged to send their boats for the mission families so that they might see the frigate and return the Commodore's call.

On the following afternoon, accordingly, we gathered at Mr. Coan's house. Munson and I were radiant with joyful anticipation, and the delay seemed long before the arrival of a handsome young officer, his cap and jacket a glitter of gold, who escorted us down to his boat, which was clinging to the rocky landing at the mouth of the river Wailuku. With some difficulty the ladies were handed into the restless craft; the crew held their oars upright till the little midshipman cried "Let fall," when they began to pull vigorously through the waves that were lazily breaking on the bar. We soon rounded the stern of the frigate; the men tossed in their oars; the bowman stood up with his hook, and drew the boat to the foot of the stairs that ascended the side. A tall gentleman in epaulets, who stood on the landing-stage, swung us up out of the boat and helped our mothers to climb the steps. On either side of the gangway, upon the muzzle of the nearest gun, stood a barefooted young "powder-monkey," dressed in white; the sentinel presented arms; the Commodore and his suite, in full uniform, received us as we stepped on deck. Never before had we beheld such a magnificent parade. I was entranced by the wonderful spectacle of the long

rows of cannon grinning through the open port-holes on the spacious deck, under the tall spars that towered above our heads and seemed to pierce the sky, as we looked aloft from the protecting rail where the white hammocks of the seamen were bleaching in the warm sunshine.

The officers took us all over the vessel, exhibiting the big guns, heaps of cannon balls, muskets, swords, boarding pikes, and all the paraphernalia of war that filled this floating arsenal. The ship was a late survival of the celebrated group that were such famous sea-fighters during the early years of the nineteenth century; but she was now getting old-fashioned and out of date. The space between her decks was scarcely over six feet, so that her captain, a gigantic mariner named Armstrong, was compelled to stoop as he walked the main-deck; and he gave us ocular demonstration of the fact that only under a skylight or a deadlight was it possible for him to stand erect, — a disproportion which, he laughingly assured us little boys, was due to being of Kentucky stock, half man, half horse, and half alligator.

When the inspection of the ship was finished, the Commodore regaled us with light refreshments in his cabin, while the band discoursed sweet music on the spar-deck till the boats were called and we returned to the shore as we came. So great was the enthusiasm excited by the band, that Mr. Coan opened his big church, and the Commodore came on shore with his musicians and treated the assembled population to the first concert ever given by a complete orchestra in

Hawaii. Then, in the early morning, when the land-breeze blew, the noble frigate spread her sails and squared away for Honolulu, where her commander was under orders from the President of the United States to give the Hawaiian king encouragement and counsel in his difficulties with Great Britain,—difficulties which, fortunately, were for the most part already amicably adjusted by the English Admiral Thomas, before the arrival of the American representative.

This visit was the beginning of considerable naval display in our usually tranquil harbor. A few weeks later we enjoyed a call from Commodore Kearney, in his flagship the *Constellation*, a stout little frigate dating back to the early days of the American navy. Commodore Kearney was on his way home from Chinese waters, and merely looked in to see how we tolerated British aggression. He was an elderly gentleman, confined to his chair by an attack of gout; but he invited us all on board the ship, and treated us with much consideration. Finding my father interested in scientific subjects, he sent him a large bundle of books, among which were parts of the "Bridgewater Treatises"— Buckland's Geology, Sir Charles Bell on the Hand, etc. Munson and I spent many a rainy afternoon over these learned tomes, which no doubt exercised a potent influence upon our mental growth.

In the early Spring of the next year (1844), Admiral Thomas, still engaged with political affairs at the capital, sent his flagship, the frigate *Dublin*, to lie for several weeks at Hilo. We saw nothing of the officers, who seemed disinclined to associate with

Americans; but there was an old quartermaster, a very religious man, who occasionally spent a day with my parents. He gave me an interesting relic, a copper finger-ring, such as sailors wear, made out of a nail from the hull of the *Royal George*, a famous old line-of-battle ship that, in the last century, while lying at anchor in one of the English naval harbors, sank with hundreds of men and women on board. In order to stop a leak, they had careened the ship; but leaning over too far, the water rushed in through her open port-holes, and down she went to the bottom of the sea before any one could escape on deck.

One day, while engaged upon our morning lessons, we were startled by the report of a heavy cannon, soon followed by a whole salvo of marine artillery. The crew of the *Dublin* were shooting at a target,—an empty cask placed on the outer reef. A tremendous cloud of smoke concealed the ship; but beyond the anchorage was a beautiful display created by the tall columns of spray that leaped into the air as the cannon balls, flying wide of the mark, skipped on the water. This was before the days of rifled cannon, and a position in front of a gun was scarcely more dangerous than one behind it. A good deal of powder was thus burned, to the immense gratification of Munson and myself, who looked on and listened to the roar of the cannon, all the while trying to fancy ourselves with Collingwood and Nelson at Trafalgar and the battle of the Nile. We became so curious regarding explosive compounds, that Mrs. Coan procured from Mr. P. a small quantity of rifle-powder, which she exhibited

to us at school. After we had sufficiently admired the little black grains, she placed the charge in an iron pot over the kitchen fire. Munson intrenched himself behind the door, where he could peep through the crack, while I stood entirely outside. Presently there was a flash and a puff of smoke, but no loud report; for which omission we took our teacher to task, compelling her to explain why we were not treated to an ear-splitting concussion like that produced by the guns of the *Dublin*.

Our games thenceforth took on a new complexion. We busied ourselves about the building of earth forts, the construction of clay cannon, and the creation of mud soldiers without number. We rigged little ships after the model of the man-of-war, and we made blow-guns, like pea-shooters, out of hollow bamboo stalks, using the spherical seeds of the Indian-shot (*Canna indica*) for ammunition. A few years later, under the instruction of the versatile Dr. Andrews, we learned how to make real powder, and did actually produce an ungranulated explosive very like what is employed in the manufacture of Chinese fire-crackers.

In the month of September, 1844, the *Dublin* was followed by the *Carysport*, commanded by Lord George Paulet, the redoubtable captain who harried King Kamehameha and took away his crown before the arrival of Admiral Thomas. He was a pleasant-looking young man, with a fresh complexion, blue eyes, and short chestnut hair curling all over his head; very affable withal, calling upon the missionaries just like an American officer, and fairly compelling my

mother to lend him her favorite mule for a ride to the volcano. When he sailed, the poor creature came home with a lame foot, a sore back, and a Spanish doubloon in a neat little note filled with eulogy as a plaster for the wound; supremely provoking my father, who turned over the gold-piece to the treasurer of the American Missionary Board.

The English officers at this date must have been under orders to treat the Hawaiian missionaries with special civility; for in the month of June, 1845, we were cordially greeted by the commander of Her Britannic Majesty's brig *Talbot*, Sir Thomas Thompson, Bart., a short, stout, red-faced, good-humored Briton, with closely clipped side-whiskers, and a few wisps of iron-gray hair judiciously brushed upward in search of the sagittal line on the crown of his shining pate. This gentleman was a very entertaining companion, and with his officers called frequently upon the American families. My mother, one evening, invited the whole party to a genuine New England supper; the jovial baronet, at her right hand, ate with a magnificent appetite, perspiring at every pore as he swallowed cup after cup of hot tea, and lauded the bread and butter to the skies. Those were days of uncommon interest in the cause of total abstinence from alcoholic beverages; and before the evening was over, Sir Thomas began rallying my mother about her cold-water notions. She gave him as good as he sent, and there was a battle-royal of repartee and fun, till the valiant captain, bubbling and chuckling all over, took snuff, and gleefully promised to join the

first temperance society that would allow him a glass of port wine after each meal.

The youthful surgeon of the brig, Dr. Scott, was a typical example of the well-bred and attractive young Englishman. The *Talbot* was an old-fashioned craft, of a pattern now utterly obsolete, but of high repute in the days when such pugnacious little bulldogs were accustomed, in the smoke of naval battle, to sail in under the bow or the stern of a towering three-decker, where with their short carronades they worked terrible execution upon the water-line of the enemy's hull. The genial Doctor showed us his quarters, including the sick-bay and the cock-pit, where he was expected to officiate in time of battle; and entertained us with several stray numbers of "Punch," a comic weekly periodical then only recently launched. After a jolly good dinner, he carried us home in a trim little cutter, which, to my delight and to the amusement of the jack-tars who pulled at the oars, he permitted me to steer for a considerable part of the way to the shore.

The conflict between the United States and Mexico, subsequent to the year 1844, brought to our island a number of American men-of-war. In August, 1845, we saw Commander Montgomery, in the sloop *Portsmouth;* also Commodore Sloat, fresh from the coast of California, with the sixty-gun frigate *Savannah*, a ship of newer pattern and larger build than the antiquated *United States*. The old Commodore was a very unpretending and sociable gentleman, who bewailed the impending ruin of the navy by the "new-fangled tea-kettles," as he called them, that were

coming into use as motors on ships of war. Notwithstanding these gloomy vaticinations, he often enjoyed substantial present comfort on our veranda, consuming the delicious pineapples that just then were ripe in the garden. He was much interested in the native school, and took all the boys aboard his ship, where they were ranged on the poop-deck and sang hymns and choruses for his special delectation. Noting the avidity with which they fell upon the sailors' hard-tack, he sent them a number of sacks filled with broken biscuits,—the sweepings of the bread-bin, he called them,—and this very acceptable gift afforded many a toothsome luncheon for the young people. He also had the ship's tailor fit me out with a much-needed little suit of blue-jacket and trousers, and a midshipman's cap that showed a gilt navy button above each ear. This improvement seemed to give him considerable satisfaction; and he presented the new garments to my mother with many apologies for the tarnished appearance of his own attire, protesting vehemently that when ordered to the command of the Pacific Squadron he never dreamed of the possibility of needing a new uniform, but now he wanted one every day of his life.

The splendor of gold-lace and bullion epaulets was not wholly monopolized by these foreign visitors. Soon after the restoration of the islands by the British government, the rehabilitated sovereign made a royal progress throughout his ancestral dominions. It was some time in the year 1844 that the court reached Hilo. Every day there was a public reception, to

which the native people flocked from every part of the country, and my father took us all to the royal house. On one side of a wide hall the king stood, with his chiefs in a line on either hand. They were all uncommonly tall and corpulent men, wearing with great dignity their rich uniforms, resplendent with jewels and gold embroidery, after the fashion of European emperors and Napoleonic marshals. Entering the hall at one end, we bowed profoundly to His Majesty, who returned the salutation with a smile and a kindly nod as we passed out through the opposite door. The natives who followed us appeared utterly overwhelmed by "the divinity that doth hedge a king," for they grovelled in the dust, and some of the people actually crept on all-fours in the presence of the monarch. In ancient times, when regal authority equalled that of the gods, common people were made to lie on the ground whenever the ruler came forth; and the freedom that grew out of Christianity had not yet delivered them from the awe with which they approached their sovereign lord.

Very little of our time, however, was occupied with these birds of bright plumage; and when they came it was not always with light hearts that they were received. On one occasion, in the year 1844, my mother was seriously ill, with no physician but her inexperienced husband. He was anxiously conning the well-worn pages of Eberle's "Practice of Medicine," and with many misgivings was laboriously striving to carry out the directions of the book, when an American man-of-war sailed into the harbor. Her commander

immediately sent his two surgeons to attend the case; and I well remember the contrast between the splendor of their uniforms and the severe simplicity of the sick-room. The doctors pronounced it an attack of pleurisy, and soon relieved their patient, freeing my father from a load of care that was well nigh insupportable. On another day, in the course of conversation at our house, a Nantucket sea-captain remarked that he wished there was a doctor in the place, for one of his crew was very ill and they could do nothing to help him. The sympathies of my parents were at once aroused; my father boarded the whaler, and brought the sick man ashore on a litter. Such a wretched victim of disease I had never seen. The poor creature was in the last stage of pulmonary consumption; his clothes, unchanged since he became incapable of leaving his bunk, were actually rotting on his emaciated limbs, and the cadavoric stench from his neglected person was utterly intolerable. Nothing daunted, my father and mother with their own hands cleansed the miserable sufferer, dressed him in clean garments, and laid him on a comfortable bed in an upper room overlooking the garden with its green trees and bright blossoms. Day and night they nursed the dying man, never leaving him alone. From the first moment, I was stricken with terror at the sight of those wasted features, on which the ghastly pallor of the skin was heightened by the contrast with the raven locks that fell over a forehead where the damps of death were already gathering; and when, on the third morning, they told me that, with a whisper

of gratitude on his lips, he had ceased to breathe, I could not muster courage sufficient to enter the room where the body lay.

The dead man's shipmates bore his coffin from the house, and I went with my father to the grave, but dared not look in; and I wondered how the people could have the heart to crowd so near the brink. Death! O Death! What was this awful shade that for the first time thus darkened our little home? It was long before the gloom dispersed.

These childlike griefs were not permitted to interfere with my studies. Besides acquiring proficience in all the ordinary subjects of an English common-school course, I learned with my mother the rudiments of the Linnæan system of botany; and together we performed a number of the simpler experiments described in Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Chemistry." The geography of the heavens was no more difficult than that of the earth; and my progress up the hill of science was quite self-satisfying, till one day in my ninth year Munson startled me with the information that he was studying Latin. I felt slightly piqued by this discovery that my junior had stolen a march on me, and I made haste to lay the matter before the authorities at home. My father looked grave, and decided that it was indeed time for me to begin the dead languages; so a venerable copy of Adams's Latin Grammar, printed at Edinburgh in the year 1800, was resurrected from its sepulchre, and put to such vigorous use that I was soon familiar with *Penna, pennæ, pennæ, pennam; hic, hæc, hoc; amo, amas, amat.*

These earlier exercises were interesting and amusing, but oh, the weariness of flesh and heart and soul that overcame me when we reached the irregular verbs and the rules of syntax! However, I was compelled to plod along, enlivened occasionally by a cuff on the ear when memory was particularly treacherous, till finally the reading-lessons from Æsop's Fables and other easy-going Roman authors were quite enjoyable.

With English literature I also began to make acquaintance. My mother was fond of hearing me read aloud from Milton's "Paradise Lost," and she tried to interest me in Pollok's "Course of Time"; but the infinite gloom of that sombre epic was simply intolerable. There was a large volume of "Selections from the British Poets" that gave me much delight; and on Sunday there was liberty to roam with Bunyan's pilgrims on the road to the Celestial City. Times without number that enchanting story was read, till I knew it all by heart, and felt as familiar with the Wicket Gate, the Hill Difficulty, the Palace Beautiful, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the Castle of Giant Despair, and the Golden City beyond the Dark River, as with the beach in front of my father's house. When about five years old I came upon a book entitled "The Narrative of Sir Edward Seaward," a romance by Miss Jane Porter, describing the adventures of a young Englishman who with his wife was cast away upon a little island in the Caribbean Sea, where they, the sole survivors of the gale, unloaded the wreck, and made for themselves a lovely home, etc. This volume, just published when my mother

embarked at New Bedford, was presented to her by some one who deemed it appropriate reading for the long voyage in distant seas; but inasmuch as it was a fictitious story, it was placed upon the list of proscribed works, and its introductory pages were obliterated by pasting them over with pictures for the edification of my infant brothers. Having learned to read, I became interested in the pages that were yet legible, and was making some progress when the book suddenly disappeared. My regret was not in the least diminished by the assurance that such reading was not profitable for small boys; and great was my joy, some few years later, on finding the long-lost volume while wickedly foraging one day upon the top shelf of a lofty cupboard. I hastily descended with my prize, and was deep in its fascinating pages when my mother unexpectedly entered the room. Under a pillow went the book, and I strove to look innocently unconcerned, but in vain. I was compelled to confess and to surrender. Some time after this, however, my mother relented, and we boys were permitted to finish the simple tale. When ten or eleven years old, we discovered in Father Coan's garret an outcast copy of "The Talisman," which we read with perfect rapture; and not long after, a visiting traveller left us two volumes of Washington Irving's works, containing the "Tales of a Traveller," "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of the Alhambra," and "The Conquest of Granada,"— all of which, in the famished condition of our youthful minds, were as cold water to a dying pilgrim on the sands of Arabia.

CHAPTER VIII

More Visitors at Hilo — The Native Nobility of the Islands — Advent of an Important Personage — Father Dole and his Punahou School — Another Voyage to Honolulu — Scenes and Incidents at Sea — Honolulu in 1846 — An Uninviting City — Old Scenes Revisited.

THE year 1846 proved to be one of the most eventful in my life. Looking out upon the ocean one sunny morning in early Spring, I saw, through the tall bread-fruit trees that partially obstructed our view of the bay, the white sails of a large clipper-built schooner, gliding toward the harbor under every stitch of canvas that her tapering spars could spread. As she came to anchor, though the American colors flew at her masthead, we were perplexed by the sight of six brass cannon peering through the port-holes in the white streak that encircled her black hull; for there was no such war-ship on the list of the Pacific Naval Squadron. The water-line was marked by a narrow stripe of gilding; the cut-water and figure-head on the prow were equally radiant; everything indicated an opulent outfit hitherto quite unusual in Hawaiian waters. With an excellent ship's telescope, recently presented by a friendly sea-captain, I ascertained the absence of naval uniforms among the officers and crew; and the boat-load of people who soon landed were evidently plain folks like ourselves. They came

straight to our door, and made themselves known as a mission family from the Island of Oahu,—the Reverend Peter Gulick and his three eldest sons—Oramel, a young man of sixteen; John, fourteen years of age; and Charles, a boy about two years older than myself. They were enjoying a holiday excursion from Honolulu on the yacht *Kamehameha III.*, newly arrived from Boston, whence she came around Cape Horn with the hope of finding a purchaser at the royal court of Hawaii. Though considerably my seniors, the young men were not too far above me; and I enjoyed a delightfully novel experience in making acquaintance with these singularly intelligent and well-trained youths, so different from the wild cabin-boys and untamed powder-monkeys who occasionally found their way to my playground.

From these interesting visitors I learned many new things, and my imagination was fired by their description of a school which they attended at Punahou, in the suburbs of Honolulu. When they sailed again on the homeward voyage, Hilo seemed less attractive than before. But in a few weeks our solitude was enlivened by the return of the *Kamehameha*,—this time the royal yacht indeed, with the ensign of Hawaii proudly waving from her flagstaff above the crown that replaced the American escutcheon. With my spy-glass I could see that the quarter-deck was crowded with well-dressed women and personages in uniform. The whole party, consisting of sixteen or eighteen children of the high chiefs, members of the royal school, soon disembarked under the direction of

their tutor, aided by the court physician, an Englishman, whose wife, a native princess, filled the office of chaperon.

The arrival of this distinguished company caused much excitement among our people. The young nobles with their numerous attendants formed a brilliant cavalcade, glorious with gilt buttons, blue broadcloth, and bright ribbons, as they rode away on horseback next morning to visit the volcano. Only their teacher and the doctor appeared in sombre black, soberly jogging along at the rear of a troop led by the new commander of the royal yacht, the Hawaiian Lord High Admiral John Hall, in full panoply of war, with the longest sword and the biggest epaulets that could be found in Hawaii. Alas, "How are the mighty fallen!" Poor Captain Hall ran the yacht ashore, and was ignominiously dismissed from the service because of incorrigible fondness for the "strong-water" of the foreign seamen. Of that vivacious group, four grew up to succeed one another as kings of Hawaii, and two became queens; but all too soon they finished their meteoric flight, and are "gone down to the pit with their weapons of war, and they have laid their swords under their heads."

A few weeks after the passage of this aristocratic swarm, there came to our house a middle-aged gentleman, tall and slender, with a dark complexion setting off his grave but kindly features. This was the Reverend Daniel Dole, principal of the school recently established at Punahou for the education of the mission children, — the school which the young

MISSION SEMINARY AT LAHAINALUNA

FROM AN OLD WOODCUT

Gulicks had described. As it was vacation-time in all the schools, my father persuaded Mr. Dole to remain with us a few weeks. A good classical scholar, fond of books and agreeable in conversation, he soon convinced my parents that it was time to send me to his school. I did not fully realize the probable consequences of this decision; but the thought of rejoining my young friends, the Gulicks, and of finding other similar companions, quite reconciled me to the idea of leaving home. So one chilly evening in July, 1846, as the sun went down, my mother kissed me good-bye, and my father took me in a canoe to a little brigantine of forty tons, the *Clarion*, that lay at anchor, crowded with native passengers, waiting for the night-wind to set sail for Honolulu. Safely placed on deck, my father commended me to the guardianship of the captain, and returned to the shore as the brief twilight faded into tropical night. The natives swarmed all over the deck, talking, laughing, eating, spreading their mats, and preparing to spend the night in the open air, for the space under the deck would have been intolerable if shared with such a crowd. Being the only white person on board, the cabin with its pair of narrow berths was all my own, and, despite the heat and the vermin and the dreadful smell of bilge-water, I slept till late in the morning.

When I went on deck we were gliding along the north-east coast of Hawaii. Under cover of night we had passed one by one the forty-nine cascades of Hilo, where the torrents that furrow the flank of Mauna Kea leap over the rock-built coast wall into the sea.

Soon the land-breeze fell calm, leaving us to roll and toss upon the huge billows, with a rattle and clatter of rigging whipping the canvas. Presently, however, the sea-breeze began to ruffle the water on the horizon, raising a ripple that advanced over the waves, sending out little cat's-paws as it approached, and finally filling our sails. Blown before the wind across the deck, the boom of the mainsail got adrift, swinging far out till it brought up against the shrouds. As it crossed the quarter-deck, two sailors seized the spar and strove to hold it; but it was too much for their strength, and they were dragged out over the water, hanging for a moment with slippery hands, which soon gave way, leaving them to fall among the tumbling waves. A tremendous shout went up from the multitude on deck, and there was immense confusion among the crew, until the vessel hove to and ceased to move. The men overboard struck out fearlessly, swimming like fish, and soon climbed joyously over the low railing of the schooner, amid roars of laughter from their amphibious countrymen, to whom the adventure seemed anything rather than a dangerous accident.

The strong trade-wind hurried us past the precipitous shore of Hamakua, and by noon we could see the vast canons of Waipio and Waimanu, where the waterfalls, descending in streams of mist like bridal veils from the brow of the cliff, plunged straight down two thousand feet into the abyss below. And now the mountains of Hawaii began to fade in the distance, as the enormous volcanic dome of Maui loomed among the clouds before us. We were in the stormy

channel between the two islands, where the rolling waves are never still. Our deck was inundated with flying spray, and the native passengers shielded themselves as best they could behind their mats. I sat under the lee of the weather quarter-rail, on a wooden bucket turned upside down,—the only available seat; and the whole magnificent scene lay open before me. The wind blew fair and strong, and the ocean was alive with white-caps as the billows foamed and roared around and under and ahead of our little craft, shouldering each other and rushing headlong in their furious procession until it seemed as if old Neptune and all the sea-gods from the realm of Varuna, with their attendant mermaids and tritons, had really come back to earth again. At the helm was a jovial young roisterer named Napoleona,—one of the heroes of the involuntary morning bath, a prime favorite among the native belles on deck. There was perfect freedom of conversation with "the man at the wheel"; they made him the butt of continual chaff, which he glibly returned amid peals of laughter all around. Then, watching his opportunity, he would deftly shift the rudder so as to throw up a flood of foam that poured over the bows and drenched his gentle friends all over the deck, glorifying everything with rainbow-tinted showers irradiated by the splendid sunshine that filled the luminous day.

As evening approached, we passed the promontory of Hana; but with nightfall the wind and the sea went down, leaving us almost becalmed under the eastern slope of Haleakala. Presently the land-breeze came

down from the peak, wafting us gently on our course. There was no moon, but the stars gave a light so brilliant that the outlines of the land were clearly discernible. Watching the undulation of the water, my attention was arrested by an appearance as of sparks flashing faintly beneath the surface. At first I deemed it merely a reflection of the stars; but after repeated observation of the same appearance in the eddies formed by the movements of the rudder where reflection could not occur, and especially in the wake of large fish as they passed, I concluded that it must be an exhibition of marine phosphorescence, which, though often read of, I had never seen before.

We reached Lahaina shortly after breakfast the next day. The *Clarion* was to lie overnight in that port; so the Captain took me ashore and directed me to the mission-houses, where I was welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, former fellow-voyagers with my parents from New Bedford. Their eldest son was two years my senior; but he cheerfully devoted himself to my entertainment, proposing a walk up the hill to the home of the family of Mr. Alexander, another offshoot of the *Averick* band who now presided over the native college at Lahainaluna, where the Clarks were living at the time of my visit in 1840, before their removal to a station on the other side of the island. Mr. Alexander was a Kentuckian, tall and thin like Abraham Lincoln, with a merry twinkle in the eye; a fine scholar withal, and an excellent guide for the young collegians under his care. His two oldest sons were already at Punahou, consequently I was left to the

hospitality of the third son, a cheerful bullet-headed little chap, with the mirthful blue eyes of his father, and an abundant crop of flaxen hair curling in ringlets all over his head. This vivacious youth, after a brief acquaintance, gaily proposed that we should butt our heads together, to find out which was the harder; an offer that was declined with considerable alarm. He then took me to the college laboratory, where I saw many curious things, and was treated to a moderate shock from a galvanic pile, which was afterwards intensified by the paternal hand for my companion's benefit, until his wrists were convulsed and he shouted with pain.

The college was situated upon a bleak hillside, several hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the view was magnificent. Below us was the anchorage and the vine-covered village of Lahaina; before us, the ocean extended illimitably beyond the horizon; to the right were the lofty hills of Lanai and Molokai, bordering the channel through which boisterous winds blew foam from the surf all the way towards Honolulu; on our left, the deep bay of Maalea washed the southern shore of Haleakala, and opened out upon the distant sea, where, in fair weather, the mountains of Hawaii sometimes could be seen far away beyond the low-lying islet of Kahoolaue. After a dinner, served with Attic salt, and seasoned by our host with spicy wit, I returned for the night to the Forbes home. The roof of their house was completely covered by a grape-vine, which also shaded a broad trellis, creating a delightful arbor in the place of a veranda. The

delicious grapes were ripening, and their purple clusters, hanging from the trellis-work, filled the air with fragrance; no vintage of Eschol or Andalusia could have been finer. Shading the front yard was an immense *kou* tree with orange-colored blossoms and large heart-shaped leaves that gave forth a pleasant sound as they rustled in the soft sea-breeze.

Toward evening the next day, the oldest son of my host, deciding to rejoin his schoolmates at Punahou, accompanied me to the *Clarion*. With leisurely stroke of oar, our little boat moved easily through the rippling water, past the side of a trim-looking schooner with raking masts and clipper-built hull, the former royal yacht, and under the bow of a saucy brigantine that once in six months served as the regular means of communication between our islands and the coast where Acapulco and Mazatlan and Monterey were slumbering in the sunshine of Mexico and California. Soon after our arrival, the anchor was raised, and through the night we were driven rapidly before the north-east trade-wind. As the sun rose next morning, we rounded Diamond Head, an extinct volcanic cone that juts out five or six miles east of Honolulu, and soon were threading the narrow channel through the coral reef into the harbor. The *Clarion* went straight to the wharf, and we stepped ashore as the half-wakened people were opening their doors, July 25, 1846.

The landing-place at Honolulu presented no attraction for passengers from the sea; a slaughter-house and meat-market projected over the muddy water of the harbor, while on the opposite side of the way a

long row of filthy shanties defiled the air with odors of decaying vegetables and dead fish. No one yet dreamed of the fine stone buildings that were to rise around the port; the majority of the dwellings were grass huts reared by the aborigines, or structures of *adobe*, put up by natives and foreigners who brought their model from the Mexican coast. The narrow crooked streets were deep with dust, and few trees but the scrubby hibiscus and an occasional algaroba could maintain life in that thirsty soil, where all the water was pumped by hand or by windmill from shallow wells sunk in the coral rock. Here and there, belonging to the "quality," was a wooden house of two stories, surmounted by an odd-looking platform, a "lookout," copied from the perch of some retired sea-captain in Nantucket, where one must betake himself to the housetop in order to get sight of the sea and the ships laden with oil, coming on "camels" over the bar in the palmy days of whale-fishery. A large part of the sea-front was obstructed by the fort, a square enclosure surrounded by high walls of coral rock on which were mounted a number of wheezy old cannon, some of them ancient brass-pieces bearing inscriptions in strange tongues, sold to the savages years ago for ten times their weight in sandal-wood. The only place where prosperity seemed to abide was a stone building, a little apart from the street, approached through an arched gateway over which glittered a crown like that over the stern of the royal yacht. This was the new Post-office, Custom-house, Treasury, and Government offices, all in one. Farther east, toward the mission premises, was the Palace, a

large stone mansion shaded with wide verandas, and surrounded by an enclosure filled with trees, above which floated the gorgeous royal banner of Hawaii. But the unlighted streets of the city were destitute of pavement and sidewalks; the shops were low, dark, and repulsive. An attractive retail store, a hotel, or any place of refreshment better than a grog-shop for drunken sailors, did not exist.

Such was Honolulu in the year 1846; one of the least inviting spots on the face of the earth.

With young A. for my guide, I reached the home of our friends, the Chamberlains, where a number of changes were apparent. The "depository," removed from their upper rooms, was now installed in a queerly shaped edifice near the schoolhouse, so that the family enjoyed more ample accommodation than formerly; and — luxury hitherto unknown within missionary circles — in the little parlor a Chickering piano yielded harmonious music that was wholly novel to my delighted ear. The great stone church also was completed, but everything else remained as in the year 1840.

During the afternoon we crossed the open plain to our destination, where I was kindly received by Mr. Dole and his new wife, married since visiting Hilo. I was turned over to Alvah C., a youth of sixteen, whose roommate I was to be. He good-naturedly helped me with my little trunk, and showed me how to arrange my scanty possessions.

The school building consisted of a low whitewashed *adobe* structure, thatched with grass, encompassing two adjacent courts and forming a ground-plan that

1. KAWAIAHAO CHURCH
2. PUNAHOU SCHOOL
3. HILO BOARDING-SCHOOL

FROM CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPHS

resembled the outline of a capital letter E. A veranda, floored with square brick tiles, provided a sort of arcade around the inhabited sides of the courtyards, which were bordered with flowers and sodded with Bermuda grass. The schoolroom and the refectory were placed in the middle wing. The east and west wings contained eight rooms, to each one of which two boys were assigned, numbering sixteen in all. Besides these boarding-scholars, there came from the mission families in Honolulu a number of day scholars, who energetically walked across the plain every morning before nine o'clock, going home again between four and five in the afternoon. These Honolulu children, as we called them, did not share our meals, and we saw them only in the schoolrooms or on the playground at recess.

Punahou derived its name — New Spring — from a copious fountain of clear water gushing from under the rocks at the foot of a craggy hill that half closed the entrance to a deep valley called Manoa. Behind the school premises were the mountains of Oahu, while before us the broad plain of Waikiki extended to the beach. This valuable property was the gift of an autocratic queen, who, at an early day, in token of her good will, gave it to the Reverend Hiram Bingham, a leader among the pioneer missionaries. Recognizing the value of this donation, Mr. Bingham enclosed a large tract of land around the spring, and dedicated it to the establishment of a school for the children of the missionaries among the Hawaiians, an institution that has since grown into a full-fledged college — Oahu College.

Owing to the difficulties attendant upon inter-island communication, the arrival of pupils from distant stations was often delayed till after the beginning of the school year. It was now nearly three weeks since the commencement of the term, and I was consequently three weeks behindhand with my lessons. Mr. Dole chose to consider me farther advanced with my studies than the other children of my age; and not finding it convenient to start a special course for my benefit, hè crowded me ahead among boys and girls who were several years older than myself. When, on the first day, at the recitation in natural philosophy, I was called up from my little desk and made to stand between the two tallest young people in the school, an audible titter travelled round the room, bringing hot blood to my cheek. However, I was fond of such studies, and found no difficulty with the resolution of forces, or with angles of incidence and reflexion; I could hold my own in grammar and history, and in spelling and arithmetic, — in all the subjects, in fact, that did not require from the student any very close application. But, thrust into a class of big boys who were reading Cæsar, and were already for three weeks at close quarters with Helvetii and other Celts or Teutons, I tasted the concentrated gall of bitterness in the endeavor to comprehend that "all Gaul is divided into three parts." Salt tears of mortification sterilized my blushes during those early recitations; but one of my schoolmates, who was remarkable as a linguist, and subsequently was salutatorian at Yale, cheered me on, and lent a helping hand till I "got the hang" of the lessons, and there was no more trouble.

CHAPTER IX

School-days at Punahou — An Old-fashioned Scholar and Teacher — The Schoolroom and the Farm — Daily Routine of Work and Play — By the Evening Lamp — Holiday Excursions — Mountain-climbing — Sights and Incidents in Honolulu — Sunday Experiences — Services at Bethel Chapel — Notables among the Congregation — The Welcome School-vacation — Voyage Back to Hilo — Some Difficult Navigation — Becalmed at Sea — A Tempestuous Night — Home Again.

FATHER DOLE was an excellent scholar of the good old-fashioned type, — fond of books, and reclusive in his tastes. A vein of shyness in his nature kept him in the background among men, but to his friends he revealed a fund of quiet humor, enjoying with them a hearty laugh as much as any one. For willing students he was an excellent teacher, especially gifted in pointing out the literary beauties of the different authors — Latin, Greek, French, German, and English — that were under consideration. During the course of my preparation for college we read together the whole of Virgil, and it was a pleasure to note the enjoyment that he derived from this literary exercise. In the same way he took us through the course in Olmstead's "Natural Philosophy," illustrating the lessons with a quantity of apparatus newly received from Boston for our enlightenment. But when compelled to deal with listless and backward scholars, he never appeared to advantage,—perhaps through want

of experience, for the children from the missionary families were generally so quick-witted that they seldom gave their teachers any trouble.

Father Rice was an active, energetic business man, who presided over the farm and the out-door life of the institution. Brusque and stirring, he made every one move; yet there was about him so much good-nature and hearty sympathy with boy life that we all liked him in spite of the strictness of his rule. Under his direction, we rose at daybreak, and were marshalled into the corn-field, each one armed with a hoe to be used for the extermination of the weeds and Bermuda grass that were such pests in our plantation. At seven o'clock the bell recalled us to our rooms, where we changed our clothes and made preparation for breakfast. At the conclusion of this meal we assembled in the prayer-room for morning prayers, after which ceremony we tidied our rooms, and made ready for the opening of school at nine o'clock. With the end of the first hour we were allowed a "short recess" of ten minutes,—a joyous interval that was occupied with games of ball and foot-races on the playground in front of the schoolhouse. Released from toil by the coming of noon, we hastened to the bathing-pond, an artificial pool filled with living water from the spring. Here we enjoyed fifteen or twenty minutes of delight, splashing, swimming, and diving like porpoises, while our guardian teacher stood on the top of the *adobe* wall that screened us from public view, beaming with satisfaction, and enjoying the fun as much as the bathers themselves.

Dinner was always served at half-past twelve; consequently, no unnecessary time could be wasted in making one's toilet. Sometimes an unfortunate youth, belated by too much enthusiasm for the bath, would endeavor to rescue a reputation for punctuality by rushing to the table with uncombed locks streaming, Medusa-like, around his face. Long hair being then in fashion, such apparitions were rather startling, but were seldom repeated, for Miss S., who presided in the dining-room, never failed to remand such unkempt urchins to the solitude of their rooms. After dinner there was a period of play-time until half-past one, when the bell again called us together for an afternoon session that lasted till half-past four. The Honolulu children then trudged homeward across the arid plain, while the rest of us devoured a hasty supper, and were hurried into the corn-field, where we practised the use of hoe and spade till it was dark enough to see two stars. This was the signal for knocking off work — thanks to the brevity of the tropical twilight — soon after six o'clock. It was then necessary to visit the spring, pail in hand, to procure the daily supply of water for our rooms; after which we resumed our "good clothes," and gathered round the long dining-table, with our books, for an hour of evening study.

From this drudgery, however, the older boys were excused, and were allowed to pass the evening in Miss S.'s sitting-room, an apartment that was brilliantly illuminated by a wonderful Argand burner with a bronzed tin shade,—a luminary that far outshone the little whale-oil lamps which twinkled in the darkness

everywhere else. Our energetic housekeeper busily plied her needle while exercising us in turn at reading aloud from Prescott's fascinating histories. Wrestling thus with old Aztec names, Quetzalcoatl, Ilxklilxochitl, Popocatepetl, and Huitzilopotchli, we enjoyed many a profitable hour, learning the art of intelligent speech, and acquiring a love of books that never could be taken from us. At half-past eight the bell announced the close of study hours, and by nine o'clock we were all in bed.

Saturday was a holiday, — that is, there were no school sessions. During the forenoon hours we weeded and watered the little garden strip that bordered the verandas in the quadrangular courts. This task completed, we were allowed to pass the rest of the day with our young friends in Honolulu, or in rambling among the hills behind the schoolhouse. Many an excursion was thus performed, when the weather was dry and the sky was clear of clouds. Sometimes we struck out boldly over the smooth grassy slope of Round Top, slowly climbing the steep ascent in the blazing sunshine, until, drenched with perspiration, we reached the cool shade of the forest that clothed the sides of Mt. Tantalus, as we called the loftiest of the accessible summits. From this peak, which, however, was not the highest point of the range, one could overlook the whole southern slope of the island and a vast expanse of ocean rising like a wall of blue to meet the azure dome of the sky above. Sometimes the more adventurous of us pushed through the wilderness of upland trees and

shrubs, in the endeavor to reach the distant peak of Konahuanui, the terminal point of the mountain; but the way was too long and difficult to be overcome in the space of a single afternoon, so we were fain to gratify ourselves by clambering over the precipitous sides of the vast amphitheatral valley of Manoa, or along the easier ascents of Makiki and Pauoa.

One afternoon, thus descending from Tantalus, we came unexpectedly upon a lonely garden between the hills, in which were grape-vines, olive trees, oranges, mangoes, and guavas, galore. Hungry for the fruit, that in those days was such a rarity on the Islands, we plucked and ate a number of guavas, and two half-ripe oranges were made to exhibit the imprint of juvenile teeth. A few days later we learned that a complaint was lodged against us by the descendants of one Don Francisco de Paula Marin, an ancient mariner of Spanish extraction, ennobled, no doubt, by long residence near the royal court in Honolulu, whose zeal for the introduction of fruits from his native land had created the little Eden into which we so diabolically intruded. Our teachers appeared to sympathize with our sacred hunger, for their chiding was very gentle, and Miss S. explained that according to the law of Moses, as set down in Holy Writ, it was right to eat fruit while passing through an orchard, though none might be carried lawfully away by the visitor.

Having taken our fill of mountaineering, we generally wandered away in search of acquaintances among the mission families in Honolulu. That dry and dusty

city in those days contained little of interest beyond a very limited number of houses. An old-fashioned quadrangular fort occupied the east front of the harbor, where a number of rusty cannon were mounted upon a shaky wall that surrounded the Governor's house and the jail. Near the outer gate of this stronghold, across the street, stood a low building of *adobe*, wide and deep, with but scanty provision of windows for illumination. In this structure were piled boxes and barrels and bales of goods for trade with the Indians along the northwest coast of America; it was the warehouse of the Hudson Bay Company. A little farther up-town was a large two-story building of rough-hewn stone, upon which appeared the sign of "C. Brewer and Co.," Boston ship-chandlers, who dealt with such whalers as chanced to float that way. Not far off, in a grove of algaroba trees, out of sight of the grog-shops on the main street, was a pleasant mansion, the home of Dr. Wood, the American consular surgeon, where, entering uninvited one quiet afternoon, I saw the Doctor slice open the hand of a sailor and draw forth a needle that had burrowed in his flesh for many weeks while at sea. Around the corner, in a lovely shaded garden, was the cottage of the genial Seamen's Chaplain, where we boys were always welcome among the books and tracts in all the languages of seafaring Europe that were piled upon the floor of the reception-room. Beyond this cheerful "snug harbor" was the house of the French Consul, a building upon which we looked with fear and trembling, for in those days the minions of France were the principal disturbers of the peaceful

relations of our island kingdom. The Royal Palace stood in vast seclusion in the eastern quarter of the town, and near it were the residences of sundry chieftains, survivors of the ancient *régime*, together with the houses occupied by the Royal School under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Cooke. Then came the buildings of the American mission, the depository, the printing-house, and the book-bindery, forming a nucleus around which stood the homes of Mr. Dimond the binder, Mr. Rogers the printer, Mr. Castle, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Hall, the secular agents of the mission, and Mr. Armstrong, the indefatigable pastor of the huge stone church across the street. Beyond these edifices lay a waste of ruinous *adobe* walls and straw huts, with here and there the more civilized homes of a few foreign residents encamped upon this distant shore. Overlooking the whole settlement rose the steep sides of Punchbowl Hill, crowned with a flagstaff and a diadem of rusty old cannon used for saluting the men-of-war that occasionally entered the port.

Dust, heat, and squalor made the Honolulu of that day one of the most uninviting spots that I have ever seen. During the shipping season, it is true, the harbor overflowed with boisterous life. The New Bedford whalers made it their winter station for refreshment between their annual voyages among the ice-floes of the Arctic Ocean, and their crews formed a numerous, though not wholly desirable, addition to the native community. But when Summer lured forth the sailor in search of whales, the town was dull enough. Once

or twice a year we saw the blood-red flag of England displayed from the mast-head of the barque *Cowlitz*, as she voyaged to and from the factories of the Hudson Bay Fur Company on the shores of Vancouver's Island. Almost as infrequently, also, came wandering ships on the way from Boston to the coast of California, dropping fragments of cargo for the benefit of the few traders upon our islands; and occasionally the whole population was aroused by the advent of some huge ship of war, carrying the flag of America or England or France. Brigs and corvettes could enter the little haven, but frigates and line-of-battle ships were compelled to roll at anchor far out on the open sea toward Waikiki. Great was our delight when one day an American naval officer found his way to the school at Punahou, and invited us all on board his ship, where we took in our fill of wonder at the overpowering display of the enginery of war.

Sunday was for us a day of perspiration and piety. At ten o'clock, arrayed in go-to-meeting clothes, we were despatched on foot, a distance of two miles and a half across the plain, to the Bethel Chapel in Honolulu. Our teachers, and such of their children as could be depended on for quiet during the hours of service, rode in state upon a pair of queer two-seated carts, of which the like are seldom visible beyond the limits of Cape Cod. In this fashion we advanced upon the sanctuary. Long and dusty though the walk might be, it was not without its compensations, for that day Honolulu was adorned with the colors of the rainbow. Above the palace waved the gorgeous royal banner of

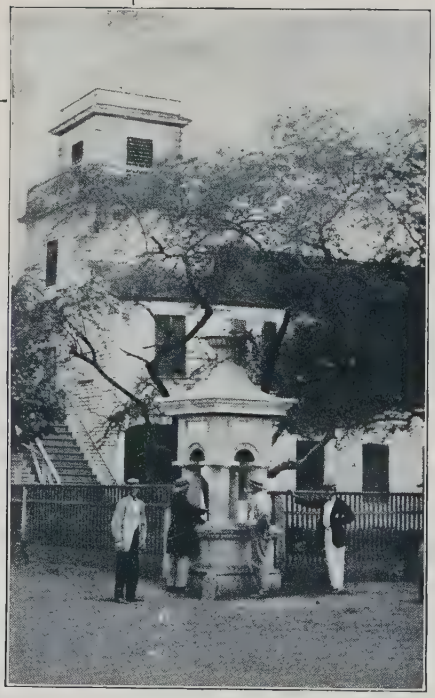
Hawaii, while the flagstaffs of the numerous foreign consulates and the masts of the ships in the harbor were decorated with the ensigns of their respective nations. In those days everybody went to church, and the King's Chapel at Kawaiahao was crowded with exalted personages in military uniform and common people in gaily colored attire, while at the other end of the town an immense thatched roof sheltered a throng of natives under the ministration of the Rev. Lowell Smith. For the Roman Catholic population there was a cathedral edifice of stone, at which we boys looked askance with holy horror as we hurried past, for it was currently reported that beneath the high altar were certain gloomy vaults that only awaited the establishment of French ascendency to be fully equipped and put to use after the manner of the terrible Spanish Inquisition.

Nearer the water's edge, in the lower part of the town, was the Seamen's Bethel,—a two-story building, of which the upper portion, reached by an outside stairway, was occupied as a chapel. Arrived here, after much perspiration, we boys were ranged in two pews on the north side of the single aisle. Taught to be always punctual, we were usually the first occupants of the church, and it was for us a delectable spectacle that was furnished by the incoming congregation. The assembly, especially in summer-time when the seamen were absent, was not large, but it was select. There was the local representative of "C. Brewer and Co.," in all his immaculate commercial dignity. Dr. and Mrs. Wood invariably appeared just in the nick of

time to avoid being late. Mrs. J., wife of the always-absent editor of a forlorn little weekly newspaper called "The Polynesian," and Mrs. H., a stalwart personage from Cape Cod or thereabouts, who feared neither God nor clergyman when the propriety of dancing was called in question, were pictorially delightful in their airy costumes, with bewitching bonnets of such scandalously diminutive proportions that the tips of their pretty noses and chins were actually visible on a side-view as they passed the seats of the elders in the congregation. Then there was a devoutly mysterious couple who were always present,—Mistress Hannah J., said to be the relict of a former American consul, and her luxuriantly beautiful half-white daughter. The official representative of the United States of America occasionally made his appearance, modestly arrayed in a blue dress-coat with brass buttons and white duck trousers; but he was quite thrown in the shade by Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General and Minister Plenipotentiary, a testy old gentleman who was credited with great renown as a general in numerous long-forgotten South American wars. We, irreverent boys, derived much amusement from the air of intrepidity with which this masterful Briton charged up the aisle, whispering into the crown of his hat as he settled down upon the cushion in his pew, and pulled out a voluminous bandanna handkerchief with which to drive away the exasperating flies. When, at precisely eleven o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. John Ladd, rotund and joyous, walked arm in arm to their chairs behind the little seraphine—the only instrument of

FATHER DAMON

"THE SEAMEN'S CHAPLAIN"



BETHEL CHAPEL

FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1865

the kind upon the islands,—we composed ourselves with a hush of expectancy, for we knew that they would be followed at once by Father and Mrs. Damon, promenading the aisle in the full glory of youthful vigor and beauty, as Mr. Ladd evoked from his music-box the harmonious notes that announced the beginning of divine service.

Never shall I forget the rapture with which, one day, we watched the holy man's ascent of the pulpit stairs, bearing a crown of glory in the form of a neatly folded handkerchief that remained upon his head as he removed his hat at the chapel door. Father Dole, who was fond of a laugh, bit his lip and became suddenly lost in contemplation of numerous fissures in the plaster that adorned the ceiling; but Miss S. was equal to the occasion. Resolutely glaring, and waving her fan in a terribly suggestive manner, she repressed an imminent outbreak of impiety; but it was difficult that day to remember the sermon. It must be confessed that as a general rule our enjoyment of preaching was not very intense; but we felt it was the right thing, and that our prospect of heavenly bliss must be assuredly enhanced by the discomfort of another hot and tedious walk across the plain,—a monotonous exercise varied only by the occasional incident of a storm during the months when the dust of summer was transformed into the mud of winter, and the mountain valleys were filled with driving clouds and hissing showers of rain. On such days, in harmony with the universal gloom, we pulled off our shoes,—stockings we never wore,—and strode manfully over the carpet of tender grass

that sprang out of the mire, reaching home in a state of more or less complete saturation, but with excellent appetites for the frugal luncheon with which we always solemnized the day.

The afternoon hours were devoted to sleep, to reading, or to writing letters for the dear ones at home; the only requirements were perfect quiet and seclusion in our rooms. After supper, the usual evening hour of study was occupied by Miss S., who ranged us round the dining-table and made us recite the catechism and repeat all we could remember of the sermon which we were supposed to have heard at the Bethel Chapel. This dreary performance was the most dreadful experience of the entire week. With astonishing patience, the good lady strove to refresh our memories, and to evolve something out of nothing, while we fought the mosquitoes and watched the slow-paced movement of the hands upon the dial of the clock, or gave way to violent fits of extemporized coughing, that drove us into the open air of the quadrangles,—anything, in short, to kill time and keep one awake until the welcome termination of the hour that dismissed us for the night.

Such was the weekly routine of our life; but occasionally its monotony was interrupted by some trivial incident that loomed large among our juvenile ideas. Every afternoon, about five o'clock, two notable horsemen, mounted on a pair of milk-white steeds, might be seen, amicably jogging side by side across the plain. They were John Ricord, the Attorney General, a tall, good-looking Yankee lawyer, and

Robert Crichton Wylie, formerly a thriving surgeon in the land beyond the Tweed, but now Minister of Foreign Affairs, and proprietor of the most truculent pair of whiskers and mustachios in the Hawaiian kingdom. Sometimes these gentlemen left the beaten track, and invaded our solitude, where they discussed with Father Dole the merits of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the superior quality of Scottish morals, while some favored pupil guarded the flower-beds against the teeth of the magnificently caparisoned horses. Sometimes we were gratified by a livelier incursion in the form of a cavalcade from the Royal School, under the safe-conduct of their faithful preceptor. The vivacious young chieftains, resplendent in blue broadcloth and gilt buttons, always made a profound impression on our barefooted squad; but it was a considerable consolation to find that we could easily hold our own in the wrestling matches and running races that were soon organized on every such occasion.

Thus trained into habits of orderly life we passed the days and weeks until the month of May brought round the long vacation and scattered us to our homes all over the Islands. Fortunately for me, Captain Hoyer, the newly appointed Hilo pilot, was in Honolulu, and, having hired a little schooner to carry him, was quite willing to take me as a passenger. The captain laughed at the methods of the native skippers, who hugged the shore and strove with the trade-wind in the narrow channels between the islands; so he started out from Honolulu on a long stretch to the north, quite out of sight of land, with the intention

of getting so far to windward that when he should tack the schooner he could steer southeast, straight into the bay of Hilo, where he promised to arrive in three days, instead of the ten days or fortnight usually required for the voyage. The east wind blew strong, and wafted us under full sail till we reached the turning-point, a hundred miles north of Molokai; then we tacked ship and sailed southeast, sighting the bald headlands of the islands, as we passed. But on the morning of the third day, instead of carrying us into port, the trade-wind, which in that latitude rarely fails to blow, utterly died away, and left us becalmed in full view of the northeastern slopes of Haleakala. There we lay during the whole of four days, tossed up and down and rolled hither and thither by the oily waves that shimmered in the burning sunshine under a cloudless sky. Occasionally a lonely shark looked up at us as he rubbed his nose against our planks, leaving us only when the captain launched after him an old harpoon that fell short of the mark. One day two brightly-colored dolphins made a similar visit, briefly enlivening our dejected spirits; but for the greater part of the time we seemed utterly deserted, even by the sea-gulls. We had neither books nor papers to read; there was nothing to do but to gaze at the distant columns of smoke that lazily ascended into the air from numerous clearings on the mountain-side, hoping to discover by their deflection the approach of a breeze. The sailors whistled until their cheeks seemed ready to burst; but nothing availed, and we had to accept the inevitable. At night we slept on

the bare planks of the deck,—for the heat of the cabin was insupportable,—and there was comfort in the cool night-air, lying flat on one's back and watching the zig-zag course of the tapering top-mast as it swung to and fro among the glittering stars. Thus enjoying the moonlight, I was once rudely interrupted by an old salt who covered my face with a blanket, insisting upon the danger of facial palsy incurred by all who lay uncovered in the rays of the moon, and quoting for my admonition the experience of a hideous old sea-dog, well-known on the islands, whose mouth was said to have been drawn round under his ear by reason of a nap in the light of a full moon.

But all things must change; so on the evening of the fourth day of calm, with a rush and a roar of foaming billows, the wind suddenly came down upon us out of a cloudless sky. For a few minutes the shouts of the sailors vied with the blasts of the gale, as they braced the yards and reefed the mainsail; but soon everything was made fast, and heeling over, with the lee-rail flat upon the water, we stormed along all night in a smother of foam. When I came on deck in the morning, we were near the cliffs of Kohala, with the mission-houses in full view. Our captain sent a boat ashore for provisions, while we hovered in the offing till about noon, when the adventurers returned with a load of deliciously fragrant grass, newly mown for our live-stock. With considerable difficulty, the boat and its cargo were hauled on board, and we began the tedious task of beating against the wind along the

eastern shore of Hawaii. Our schooner could fly like a bird before the gale, but against a head-wind her progress was very slow; and we lost three whole days in covering the seventy miles between Kohala Point and Hilo Bay.

Far more agreeable was a homeward voyage over the same course, a few years later, sailing in the beautiful *Kaluna*, a clipper-built fore-and-after, once a New York pilot-boat from the ship-yard of the celebrated George Steers, builder of the famous yacht *America*. She was altogether the fleetest and most manageable craft that ever sailed among the islands, responsive to the slightest motion of the helm, bending her course hither and thither as easily as a canoe on a fish-pond. The voyage of which I speak was a steady beat to windward, a distance of two hundred miles from Honolulu to Hilo; but it was finished in three days, instead of the week or more required by the ordinary packets. Well do I remember that glorious Sunday when we tacked along the northeast coast of Hawaii, making seaward legs of five or six miles, and then standing in as near to the land as possible in order to get the help of a favoring current that swept the outer margin of the reef. From the little rustic churches that dotted the grassy slope of the island came forth swarms of gaily dressed natives, brilliant as butterflies in their brightly colored scarfs and shawls, clustering on the brink of the precipitous coast, high above our masts, where they could witness our fairy-dance upon the water. Flying under full sail, and rushing straight after the wild waves that dashed up

and fell back in torrents of spray along the craggy shore, it was like running into certain death; yet, on we went. No one moved, no one spoke; not a sound could be heard above the whistle of the wind and the roar of the sea. The captain, a quiet native sailor whose voice was seldom heard, crouched in a blanket under the weather rail, where, between the main shrouds, he could look out over the rocks and the waves. One more heave of the billows would have thrown us into the surf, had he not silently raised his hand, when down went the helm, instantly whirling the obedient craft round on her heel, and away we flew over the opposite tack, far out to sea.

But this time no such glorious yachting was possible. Though our galliot wrestled laboriously with every opposing wave, and buried herself in foam, a long tack into the offing and back again often carried us no farther than the headland from which we started. Ten days wore away at sea, before we could round the north point of the bay and glide into the tranquil waters of our desired haven. At last the anchor dropped in sight of the parental nest, and I was ashore, almost running up the road to the house. The quiet village seemed asleep in the morning sunshine; no one was to be seen till the garden gate was reached, when forth to meet me among the flowers came father, mother, and a troop of little ones, laughing and shouting their welcome home. My joy was too great for anything but tears; I could only clasp my mother's neck, and weep like an infant in her arms.

CHAPTER X

Arrival of Notable Visitors to the Islands — A Berserk Explorer — A Distinguished Naval Officer — On Board a U. S. Sloop-of-war — Voyage back to Honolulu — A Glorious Spectacle — The Summit of Mauna Kea from the Sea — School-days Again — A Vacation-trip among the Islands — An Experience with Sharks — A Whaleboat Excursion — A Stormy Passage — Making the Shelter of a Coral Reef — A Canoe Voyage — New Arrivals from Boston — Close of School — A Lovely Apparition — General Meeting at Honolulu — News from the Outer World.

DURING the month of July in that year, Hilo received a number of notable visitors. The Attorney-General, Mr. John Ricord, one of the two horsemen whom we used to see on the plain near Punahou, now making a tour of inspection among the lower courts of the Islands, arrived at my father's house on his way back to Honolulu. Hotels and other appliances of civilization being unknown, such occasional travellers as were above the social level of a beach-comber sought shelter in the mission-houses, where they were gladly entertained for the sake of the pleasure afforded by conversation with persons of education and refinement superior to that of our ordinary environment. In this way our parents formed the acquaintance of several gifted men and women, with whom a life-long friendship was thus established. Such were Douglas the botanist, Professors J. D.

Dana and Chester S. Lyman of Yale College, Richard H. Dana, Jr., Henry T. Cheever, Miss Isabella Bird, Miss Gordon Cumming, Lady Franklin, Mrs. Brassey, and others.

One day a magnificent giant, with a chestnut-brown beard that reached to his waist, came stalking out of the forest into Mr. Coan's little sitting-room, where he introduced himself as Major Low, of the British army in India, on leave of absence, engaged in circumnavigating the globe for his own amusement, and now on his way back to Calcutta, at which place he proposed to arrive after journeying in disguise across the empire of China, then closed to outside barbarians. The Major was a most imperious and domineering person, utterly indefatigable in his questions and in his power of locomotion. Before many hours were passed, he had pumped Mr. Coan dry, visited everything of interest,— taking my father's school and the big church as merely trivial items during a morning walk to the Rainbow Falls,— and was off to the volcano. Striding over the lava at a pace that outstripped all his pack-men, he examined the crater, and was ready for another island before we could fairly awake to the measure of such Berserk energy. Two or three years later, Mr. Coan received from him a letter announcing his safe arrival in Calcutta, after a most difficult and hazardous journey through the heart of the Chinese empire.

In the latter part of July, our harbor was visited by the U. S. sloop-of-war *Cyane*, under the command of Captain Dupont, subsequently hero of the

bombardment of Beaufort, S. C. The *Cyane* had been captured from the British by the famous frigate *Constitution* during the War of 1812, and was consequently, to us boys, a very interesting specimen of naval architecture. Captain Dupont was a distinguished officer, descended from an old French family long renowned in the annals of Delaware, tall in figure and dignified in bearing, with a character in every respect so far above the ordinary level that his life on shipboard was necessarily lonely and reclusive. He soon made his way to the mission-houses, where he was quite captivated by Mr. Coan's enthusiastic nature; and before his departure the two gentlemen had cemented a friendship that was sustained by correspondence through the remainder of their lives. Desiring to visit the volcano, the Captain made up a party that included two or three vivacious young lieutenants and past midshipmen, with Mr. Coan for guide and companion; while Munson and myself, mounted on our obdurate little burros, acted the part of supernumerary outriders. At the volcano, a comfortable native house now replaced the rustic shed under which we boys had experienced such imperfect shelter three or four years before; and every one so heartily enjoyed the excursion that our distinguished commander, who had previously made great profession of dyspepsia, returned to his ship full of confidence in his ability to digest anything and everything that the steward might see fit to place before him.

Learning that my vacation was drawing to its close, and that there was no assured means of voyaging to

Honolulu, Captain Dupont invited Mr. Ricord and myself to take passage with him. We gladly accepted this invitation; and again, in the dusk of evening, I bade the household good-bye, and was sent aboard ship in the double canoe that belonged to the station. During the night the *Cyane* weighed anchor, but so light and baffling was the wind that we made very little progress. All day long, and through the next night, we floated round the entrance of the harbor, trimming the sails this way and that, to catch the ineffectual zephyrs which blew from land or sea. I was miserably seasick, and homesick enough to die. During the afternoon of the second day, the big canoe paddled out from shore, bringing me a note from home, and a basket of fruit with a bottle of milk for the Captain. Passionately fond of these delicacies, he sat down by the cabin table with Mr. Ricord, and, aided by the steward, began to prepare a plateful of guavas, to be eaten with sugar and cream. Languidly reclining upon a huge Chinese bamboo chair, I soon perceived that the unsophisticated trio were ignorant of the method by which to obtain the full flavor of such fruit, and I finally asked permission to prepare it for them according to my mother's receipt. This offer was gladly accepted; and having furnished each of my seniors with a delicious dish, I ventured upon one for myself, and was thus fully cured of sea-sickness. After this, I visited my friends in the ward-room, where the surgeon, Dr. Wm. Maxwell Wood, presented me with a brilliantly colored picture of Vesuvius in eruption, which he had picked up in Naples when

sailing with the Mediterranean Squadron. The purser, Mr. Price, was in high glee over his success at dominoes, having by superior skill and good luck transferred to himself the right and title to every pineapple in the ward-room.

Several days were thus consumed, as we slowly crawled away from the land. At last, one evening as the sun went down, the clouds dissolved, and far away to the southwest, covering a space of ninety miles along the horizon, towering fourteen thousand feet into the upper air, the magnificent dome of Hawaii was revealed in the brilliant twilight. The world affords few such glorious visions, for many of the loftiest mountains of the earth are dwarfed in the eyes of the spectator by the fact that their full altitude from coast-line to terminal point is seldom visible, and the majority of them stand in clustering groups where each peak in some measure detracts from the splendor of its fellows. But, viewed as we saw it, the summit of Mauna Kea stands without a rival, the monarch of the Pacific.

This sublime spectacle was followed by the return of fine weather, and all the next day we careened before a favorable breeze that bore us rapidly to the harbor of Honolulu. There Mr. Ricord and I bade farewell to our munificent host, and went our several ways, — Captain Dupont to become a famous admiral in the Civil War; Mr. Ricord, after a brief additional tenure of office, to wander among the gold mines of California; and I to plod the dreary plain between Honolulu and my school at Punahou.

Once more within the enclosure of the school

grounds, I was consoled by finding all my old companions, and several new boys besides. Mr. Rice's corner of the west quadrangle had been pulled down, and was now replaced by a large two-story structure of stone. The rooms on the first floor were occupied by his growing family, and the upper story was left open for a school-room which gave us far better accommodation than the old quarters between the two courts. The weeks passed quickly away; and when the winter vacation of a fortnight came round, I was invited to spend it with the Hitchcocks, at their home on the island of Molokai. With a number of other boys, we took passage on the royal yacht, which now made regular weekly trips between Honolulu and Lahaina, carrying passengers and freight like a common plebeian packet. Leaving port in the late afternoon, the next morning found us becalmed near the western point of Molokai. The sea was a mirror, and through the transparent water the white sandy bottom was plainly visible. A school of fish, that appeared no larger than mullet, was moving leisurely through the depths; but as we drifted across their field they rose toward the surface, and our vessel was presently surrounded by a host of full-grown sharks, eight or ten feet long. The cook baited a large hook with several pounds of salt pork, which hardly touched the water before it was seized by one of the greedy monsters. It required the united strength of the whole crew, with help from several of the passengers, to haul the struggling giant on board. He leaped and splashed and tore at the hook in a perfect fury of despair, till, drawn out of the

water within reach from the deck, he was speedily killed.

Having thus gratified the vindictive spite with which sailors always regard a shark, we began to whistle for a breeze. Toward evening it came in puffs from the east, that blew stronger till we were tacking against half a gale of wind at the entrance of Lahaina Channel. The night was clear, the moon was full, and the sea was white with foam. Back and forth we zigzagged, between the islands of Molokai and Lanai; but our progress was slow. The yacht, despite her beauty and speed, had one fatal defect,—she was liable to miss stays when tacking in a strong wind. Our captain did his best, and some of his passengers helped with excellent advice, but in vain; at the critical moment, instead of coming round on the other tack, the beautiful creature would stand for a minute shivering and bowing to the waves, then would falter and fall off, rendering it necessary to wear ship, a manœuvre that always sacrifices a portion of what has been gained on the previous run. All this, however, only added to the excitement of the voyage; and the glorious night was far spent before we could consent to lie down and sleep in the cabin below. Awaking in the morning, Lahaina was in sight, and our clipper was waiting in a calm for the sea-breeze to waft us to the anchorage.

During the afternoon, the Hitchcock boys found a native boatman who agreed to carry our party across the channel between Maui and Molokai. He instructed us to meet him at the landing immediately after breakfast the next morning. Rallied at the trysting-place,

we found the old man, with four stalwart sons, launching a whaleboat in which they were accustomed to voyage between the islands. The little craft was rigged with two masts and a jib-boom, and carried three sails, like a regular fore-and-after. There were four of us white passengers, besides the five men of the crew; so that the boat was filled when all were embarked. Being under the lee of the lofty island, the air was calm; but the native seamen put out their oars, and rowed leisurely in the hot sunshine toward the Black Rock, a bold promontory at the end of the beach, five miles west of Lahaina. As we approached this landmark, the channel opened out to view, nine miles wide between the islands. From the way the white-caps covered the sea, it was evident that we should have no lack of wind after passing the rock. The pilot ordered his sons to reef the sails, which were flapping idly in the breathless air; but they only made fun of their parent, declaring that they had perspired for an hour, and a full breeze would be the most grateful thing in the world. "Very well," replied the old man, "you shall have all you wish, and we will see what we shall see."

A few minutes later, as we glided out of quiet water into the boisterous channel, a gale from the north struck us full abeam. The boys unshipped their oars, and roared at the old man to take in sail. "Too late," was the only reply that the grim patriarch would vouchsafe, as he swept the white-caps with his mighty steering oar, and headed out into the open sea. We were instantly wet to the bone, as we huddled together in

the bottom of the boat, where two of the men bailed with all their might, while the others watched the straining sails and kept a lookout ahead. The breakers dashed all over us, and nearly filled the boat; yet on we flew. Fear was impossible in such a turmoil of excitement,—one could only laugh with the wind, and dance with the waves that leaped upon us; but soon the sun disappeared in a bank of storm-clouds, and the land was obscured from view by a pall of driving spray, as the raging billows grew larger and longer in their sweep. Our course was at right angles with the wind, placing us continually in the trough of the sea,—the most uncomfortable and dangerous situation that could be conceived. After a time, we caught a glimpse of the cloud-capped hills of Molokai, and could make out the line of tremendous surf that was breaking upon the reef along the entire length of the coast. We fortunately were a little to windward of the inlet through which alone it was possible to enter the lagoon within the coral wall. Our pilot scanned the waves with eager eye. Was it here? Was it there? I could see nothing save a wild tumult of flying foam; but with quick decision he slacked the sheets and headed off the boat before the wind. We were now upon the backs of the waves, rushing headlong before the furious gale, like an arrow let loose from the bowstring. On our left was the roaring ocean, to the right the leaping surf thundered our requiem; all eyes were fixed upon a narrow strip of comparatively smooth water between two walls of foam. The old man, with vigorous strokes of his oar, wheeled the boat again into the

trough of the sea; for a minute, as we shot across the reef, we knew not whether we were in the boat or out of it; but we kept afloat, and in another minute were safely gliding through the sheltered lagoon, beaching our craft on the sand right in front of the mission station. For three days longer the tempest raved, cutting off all passage between the different islands; and then during the rest of vacation-time fair weather prevailed.

Having climbed the hills from which we could look down into what afterward became that horrible inferno, the Hawaiian leper prison; having bathed in the transparent waters of the lagoon till we were tired, and having eaten all the ripe grapes in the little vineyard, it was decided that our return to school must be protected from the dangers by sea which had attended our coming; so a commodious old-fashioned double-canoe was made ready, with an outfit sufficient for a voyage to Tahiti. We boys squatted among blankets and cushions high on the broad platform between the two canoes, while a company of veterans from Father Hitchcock's church wielded the paddles, and two full-fledged deacons steered. There was very little wind abroad that day; not a white-cap was visible, and our progress depended wholly upon muscular power. With steady stroke, our experienced crew kept perfect time, ever and anon clapping their paddles in unison against the ribs of the canoes as they changed hands from side to side in obedience to a signal from the steersmen. Thus propelled, we reached Lahaina in great comfort, and there found the royal yacht ready to carry us joyously back to school.

The ensuing winter months slipped away without notable incident; but in the early Spring a little barque entered the deserted harbor. It proved to be one of our occasional visitors from Boston, this time bringing a number of passengers, besides a cargo of lumber and general merchandise. Among these voyagers were the Rev. Mr. Atkinson and his wife, destined to a station among the Indians of Oregon; and the Rev. Mr. Kinney, who with his wife was to join the Hawaiian mission. At the Bethel Chapel, next Sunday morning, we saw these new arrivals, and studied them with childish curiosity as they quietly sat through the service and sermon. Mr. Atkinson was a fine manly young fellow, just out of the seminary, an excellent singer, whose acquaintance as our music-teacher at Punahou we made during the time of waiting for the slow-moving barque that annually voyaged between Honolulu and the Columbia River. But Mrs. Kinney, tastefully dressed in a gown of changeable silk, the like of which we had never seen before, and radiant with youthful loveliness, captured the hearts of all the boys; and we worshipped her afar off, as a veritable goddess descended from heaven to illumine the earth with beauty.

The close of our year was marked by a public exhibition of the school in the large upper room of Mr. Rice's new house. The day was beautifully bright and cool, and the mission families, assembling from all over the Islands, were gathered in full force to hear us read and sing, and show off our learning in Latin, Greek, and mathematics. One schooner-load arrived

during the performances, so that all day long the excitement of witnessing the entrance of old friends and the introduction of new faces was continued. Everything went off in good style; our teachers received the commendations that on such occasions are usually bestowed, and we passed the hours in a state of delightful effervescence. It was near the middle of the forenoon, when a little ten-year-old girl, in a low-necked white frock, quietly entered the schoolroom and took a seat in the audience. I found myself suddenly sitting up very straight, and eagerly whispering among my companions the inquiry who might be this maiden fair. I learned that she was a sister of my room-mate; but when school was dismissed, she disappeared in the throng, and I saw her no more that day.

The General Meeting of the mission began in Honolulu next day, and my father took me to occupy with him an upper room in the house of our friends, the Chamberlains. The meeting continued for about four weeks; but although there were plenty of children with whom to frolic, the period was not one of unalloyed pleasure. I was not fond of listening to the ponderous debates in the General Meeting house, preferring a game of hide-and-seek among the boxes and barrels in the storehouse to any fine-spun theory about original sin as a factor in Hawaiian morals. I consequently felt no little astonishment when one day my father announced that I should enter a class which Mr. Coan was training among my schoolmates for admission to the church. The idea of being good enough for such promotion was novel to me; but, obedient

to the parental will, I could only comply with its expression. Every morning we passed an hour with our fervent instructor, who never appeared so completely in his element as when talking to children about Jesus and the Heavenly Land. We became as wax in the flame, and at the end of a fortnight he reported our fitness for union with that mysterious association, the Church of God, in which our parents were such illustrious officials. It was the last Sunday afternoon of the General Meeting, when, reverently gathered in the old schoolhouse where their daily sessions were held, the missionary assembly overflowed with solemn joy, as Mr. Coan, with words of genuine emotion, led us into the presence of our white-haired patriarch, the venerable Asa Thurston, who, lifting up his hands and raising toward Heaven his streaming eyes, offered us in prayer before the Lord. Never, after that awe-inspiring ceremony, did the world seem again what it had before; and though the ardor of enthusiasm soon wore away, something inscrutable, intangible, indefinable, indelible, yet remained.

Early one morning, shortly after this solemn celebration, a voice below our window cried the news that during the night some sort of brig or brigantine had brought from the Spanish Main intelligence of the dethronement of Louis Philippe in Paris, and of the discovery of gold near San Francisco in California. We knew it not then; but this was in fact the proclamation of an epoch in the history of the world, — the end of the old *régime*, the beginning of a new era, the dawn of another day upon the shores of Hawaii.

CHAPTER XI

Visitations to Outlying Villages — In Volcano-land — At Home with the Natives — Their Happiness and Contentment — Missionary Work among Them — Religious Rites and Ceremonies — The Pastor and his Flock — Tobogganning on Grassy Slopes — The Goddess of the Volcano — A Pestilence-bringing Ship — Ravages of the Disease — School-life Suspended — Another Excursion to the Interior — A Tropical Storm — Bridging a Torrent with a Rope — A Glorious Memory.

ONCE more at home, Father Coan began one of his regular quarterly visitations to the outlying villages of his parish along the eastern coast of the island. We three older boys of the two mission families accompanied him, manfully trudging on foot behind our indefatigable leader, whose tall Alpine staff served in place of a genuine bishop's crook. At noon of the second day, we turned out of the volcano-road about six miles east of the crater, and made our way among the bushes over a narrow trail that led to the shore at the farthest limit of the diocese. The sky was overcast, and heavy clouds brushed the tree-tops as they bent before the wind from the sea. Several times the path skirted a sunken crater, invisible in the jungle until we were actually upon its verge. In one of these hollows we could see at a vast depth the floor of the pit covered with recently cooled lava, — a reminder of a tremendous eruption in the year 1840,

when a river of fire flowed underground from Kilauea, emerging at intervals in a line of extinct pit-craters between the mountain and the shore, bursting out at last upon the surface of the earth, and rushing headlong down a steep place into the sea, twenty-five miles or more from its fountain-head in the great volcano.

But we could not delay, for our guide was fearful lest the coming of night should find us far from shelter upon the uninhabited uplands of the island. The pathway followed a continual though gradual descent, so that we made rapid progress among the giant ferns and ohia trees that shaded our track. The clouds seemed to rise as we hurried down-hill, and finally a burst of sunshine illumined the sky and lighted up the landscape in every direction. We had come suddenly out of the forest, and, standing upon the edge of a precipice nearly a thousand feet high, were overlooking the lowlands along the shore. Evidently this beetling cliff was the ancient coast of the island; but successive flows of lava had filled the ocean for a mile or more beyond the original line, forming a level plain of inky blackness, upon which we looked from the crest of the bluff. The ocean, flecked with foam by a gale from the east, rose before us till it met the distant horizon; the grassy slopes of Mauna Loa filled the background and dominated the coast-line as far as eye could reach toward the southwest, but the northward outlook was obstructed by projecting headlands that buttressed the immense promontory upon which we stood. We might have gazed for hours without wearying of the magnificent sight; but the

sea-winds sang shrill among the coriaceous leaves of the forest, and the setting sun warned us against delay.

Scrambling over precipitous ledges, we reached the black lava as the twilight faded. Our guide bade us follow close, but though we hurried as fast as possible, it was pitch dark before we reached the little native village on the shore. Our carriers woke the echoes with their piercing calls, and presently a company of dusky Hawaiians came forth with joyous welcome, lighting the way with candle-nut torches, and escorting us to the house selected for our reception. This was the largest dwelling in the village, though it measured only sixteen by twenty feet. It was merely a thatched hut, set on the bare lava by the seashore, without furniture of any kind save a few mats laid over the gravel floor. One corner was partitioned with curtains of native cloth, enclosing a space that was raised about six inches above the general level and covered with clean mats of a finer quality than the rest. This was our sleeping apartment, where we spread our blankets, and where, after a hearty supper, and prayers by Mr. Coan with his disciples, all illuminated by the light of a candle-nut torch, we boys tumbled into bed, thoroughly tired out, and ready for a long night of sleep, no matter how primitive the couch.

Next morning we were awakened by the brilliant sunshine streaming in upon us. Coming forth from our curtained recess, we found Father Coan sitting on the floor in the midst of the people, who thronged the hut and with eager eyes filled every doorway and window through which might be obtained a view of

the white-faced strangers. Our morning meal, of bread and butter with cold meat brought from home, was soon despatched; and then, while the devoted pastor busied himself with his flock, we strolled among the huts, and visited the shore, a low-lying ledge of black lava, just raised above the level of the waves that burst in glittering spray against the rock-bound coast. The inhabitants of this desolate region were chiefly fishermen and gatherers of salt, which they obtained by evaporation from shallow pools into which sea-water was allowed to enter. The drinking-water was brackish to the last degree; and our only resource was a calabash filled with drippings from the roof of a cavern in the bluff that rose behind the village. This delicious draught was always provided for the missionary visitor, but for themselves the natives cared not to undertake so laborious a task. Not a leaf of vegetation was visible near the houses, except a bright-flowering portulacca, and an occasional capparis with pea-green leaves and a large white blossom of great beauty. Wherever the lava could be pounded into scoria, a plantation of sweet-potatoes was laboriously formed by digging among the stones and filling the holes with dried grass brought from the mountain-side. Placed in these nests, the tuberous buds were covered with gravel, and there they grew with astonishing luxuriance, yielding the largest and finest potatoes on the island.

The inhabitants of this most remote corner were but half-clothed, sun-burned, swarthy, and uncivilized,—exhibiting almost unchanged the traits of the

aboriginal savage; yet they were contented with their lot, and did not appear to be unhappy. So long as fish were abundant, and there was plenty of salt, why should they exchange their excellent potatoes for the soggy taro roots of a rainy country! Here was neither mud nor dust, nor anything to interfere with cleanliness in or about the houses, — nothing but clean dry rock everywhere. "Why, then, should we remove to a land where the feet grow soft in the mire, and where your clothes and your mats will not keep dry and sweet?" Despite such primitive tastes, these people were not utterly degraded. Religion had taken possession of their lives; they were provided with Bibles and hymn-books, and in the little public schoolhouse their children were taught to read and write and cipher. It was interesting to see what store they set by the fragments into which the majority of their slates were reduced; and the skill with which they used the chalky spines of the sea-urchin in place of pencils was quite remarkable. The periodical visits of the missionary were the great events of their life, and the day of his coming was marked with a white stone in their calendar. He knew them all by name; he examined the progress of the children in their lessons at school; he prescribed medicine for the sick, even going so far as to enter the realm of minor surgery with his jack-knife. He visited the widows and orphans, counselling them with regard to their welfare in this life as well as the next; he was interested in the output of the salt-pools, and bestowed words of commendation upon the last new canoe or the latest fish-net. With the

elders of the local church, he reviewed the roll of the congregation, marked off the names of the deceased, counted the number of births, ascertained the present abode and occupation of every member of the flock; so far as possible, he made it a point to see and exchange a few cheerful words with every one in the throng. Then, discipline must be maintained; and there was a row of penitent sinners to be investigated by an ecclesiastical tribunal,—hardened old fumers of the herb *nicotiana;* battered relics of heathenism, befuddled with fermented potatoes or other equally primitive intoxicants; gay young bucks, unrighteously proficient in the aleatory art; simpering giglets, lavish of their charms, but sitting now with heads bent low, demurely veiled beneath their garland-scented shawls, —all these offenders must be questioned and heard in their own defense. But repentance was easy, and the judges were lenient,—for who among them was without sin, that he should cast the first stone? So, after a solemn admonition from the pastor, there was a show of hands all round, and the dear brethren and sisters were usually restored to the fold. Poor little children!—their Heavenly Father could not have been more lovingly merciful.

The periodical review being thus complete, the faithful were called together by the sound of a conch-shell trumpet, for the crowning mystery of the day,—the celebration of the Holy Communion. The believers sat in rows upon the matted floor, reverently bowing their heads in prayer, as the rites of baptism and of admission to the church were performed. Then

the dusky deacons carried round to each one a morsel of wheaten bread,—emblem truly sacred, for never elsewhere did they taste such provision,—and a cup that contained molasses and water, representing the wine of the Holy Feast. The good pastor was utterly void of superstition, and these were symbols for him as significant as unleavened wafer or purest juice of Palestinian grape could be. For the child-like converts, it was a day of joy; for now their sins were washed away, and the light of heaven was round about them,—a little while at least. This religion of love, with its simple ceremonial, was a thing so far above anything known in the cruel days of blood and slaughter, infanticide, robbery, and brutality unspeakable, that the poor people enthusiastically followed their spiritual guides, and flocked into the church with one accord.

Having thus assailed this parish, Father Coan took up his staff, and we travelled over the black lava toward the next station, a distance of eight or nine miles along the seacoast. As we progressed eastward, the towering bluffs on our left gradually sank into a gentle slope; the inland forest approached the shore; and the rocky plain became overlaid with vegetable mould that deepened as we advanced, till the whole country was thickly covered with rough grass and coarse shrubs. After a time we could see a grove of cocoanut trees in the distance before us; then a large village of grass houses appeared in their shade; and finally a long procession of well-clad men, women, and children, with banners and flags of strange device, came

to welcome their teacher. It was a Sunday-school celebration that embraced the entire population of the district.

The apostolic visitor knew them all, and greeted them most affectionately; it was a real family reunion. For some time we halted outside the village, until all had shaken hands and cordially saluted the pastor; then the procession was formed again, and we marched gaily through the town to a large native house, built on a wide platform of rounded bowlders from the beach. Here we were cordially received by the local dignitaries, and were informed that this was our home so long as we chose to stay. We boys pulled off our shoes, to rest our weary feet; but the indefatigable pastor, cheerful and radiant as the sunshine, stood without, and reviewed the schools as they marched along. Then came a host of people bringing gifts, — chickens, turkeys, eggs, fish, sweet-potatoes, taro, bananas, breadfruit, native cloth, whatever their industry could produce. These articles were carefully noted and ticketed for early despatch to the market at Hilo, while the local church was credited with the amount as its contribution to the benevolent work of the diocese.

In this way the afternoon was drawn to its close. But not even the darkness of night could extinguish enthusiasm. Huge candle-nut torches were lighted, and the house filled up with eager guests sitting all over its floor. We sat on the bed-place and ate our frugal supper, while our visitors, some of them, attacked the edibles previously devoted to the Lord. But the universal joy was too pervasive to allow fault-

A MISSIONARY ADDRESSING THE NATIVES

A MISSIONARY PAYING PAROCHIAL VISITS

FROM OLD WOODCUTS

finding, and there seemed to be a veritable communion of the saints. Having appeased our physical hunger, a vernacular Bible and hymn-book were placed on a mat in the centre of the crowd, and Father Coan proceeded to read a chapter for evening prayers. How these simple people hung upon his lips, listening with eyes aflame and faces all aglow! It was not a mere prelection, but a volume of exposition, commentary, explanation, and application, that was drawn out by the questions fast falling from that audience. The teacher never wearied nor flagged, but overflowed like a fountain of beneficence till the evening was far spent and our eyes would remain open no longer. Then came the hymn,—a rude though heartfelt attempt at melody,—and finally a prayer by the senior deacon. He, a cheery, vigorous old gentleman, had scarcely opened his mouth when another equally stalwart Christian uplifted his voice to the throne of grace from a remote corner of the house. Then a third and a fourth petitioner joined in, until at least half-a-dozen were praying aloud at once. The missionary let them go on till the storm blew itself out, when one by one, with a hearty shake of the hand, the worshippers bade us good-night and filed away in the darkness to their homes among the cocoanut trees.

The following day was devoted by our leader to the routine work of his apostolic office, while we improved the time by exploring the beach and the adjacent country. The soil, though scanty, was exceedingly fertile, and the groves of cocoanut and breadfruit trees were delightfully alluring. There was a large

fish-pond well stocked with toothsome mullet for the nobility; and in this we paddled and swam to our hearts' content. The country was full of people, and their children followed us in crowds until called into the Sunday-school exhibition at the church, where everything finally culminated, as at the preceding station, in the celebration of the Holy Communion.

In this way, forming a sort of triumphal procession, we moved from station to station. Everywhere was the same cheery welcome, the same abandonment of worldly occupations, the same fervid interest in things spiritual and eternal. For these simple islanders, religion opened their only avenue to literature, poetry, art, morality, and the higher life,—their all in all. The missionary moved among them as the messenger of God, and his remarkable personality rendered his influence irresistible. From dawn of day till late at night, the people thronged around him; and as we walked from station to station, they swarmed out from their little homes along the path, to exchange greetings with the beloved pastor, so that our progress was necessarily very slow. But we found time to visit several interesting places in the district. One day we all went by the light of candle-nut torches to bathe in an underground cavern that contained an Avernian pool of deliciously clear warm water, filtered through the rocks and heated by subterranean fires of volcanic origin. On another occasion we climbed an extinct volcanic cone, grass-covered and shaded with groves of trees, in whose crater slept a little lake of transparent green water. Not far off, another truncated cone,

without any central crater, bore upon its level top a paradise of cocoanut trees that overshadowed the broad flagstones and basaltic altars of a deserted heathen temple. One night, after a refreshing bath in a pond of transparent depth, fed by warm springs that welled up among the lava rocks, we encamped in a large new house, fragrant with the odor of freshly plaited thatch, at the foot of a hill once famous as a sliding-place where the ancient Hawaiians on their toboggan sleds coasted over the grassy slopes. There, upon the crest of the slide, it is recorded that the terrible goddess of the volcano once showed herself in the guise of a human maiden, soliciting the favor of a ride from a youthful chief who was just launching his sled on the track. Lightly spurning her proposals, he threw himself upon the course, and shot forth like an arrow on his downward flight; but, presently overtaken by a roar as of many thunders, looking backward he beheld a torrent of molten lava, and upon the crest of its foremost wave sat the maiden scorned, now revealed as the awful goddess of Kilauea. Then began a race for life; down hillside and across plain flew the enchanted sledge, while ever onward rushed the river of fire, filling valleys, levelling high places, and scorching the earth with the breath of a wrathful divinity. Only when old ocean was reached, and the hero launched forth on the deep, was he saved from the anger of the gods.

Home again, the twelfth of August, 1848, ushered in a season of worldly excitement, for on that day arrived the American frigate *Independence*, bearing

Commodore Shubrick, commander of the Pacific Squadron. The splendid ship was one of the largest in the navy, and her officers formed a brilliant staff for the genial old commodore. The usual round of visits followed between ship and shore; the natives thronged aboard, and the crew were allowed their liberty among the people. Well do I remember the admiration with which I viewed the enormous hull, as we rowed alongside one bright day, and ascended the gangway stairs, to pay our respects to the commander-in-chief. The fleet surgeon and the ship's surgeon, with his assistant surgeon, took us through the sick-bay,—an airy space in the bow, separated by a canvas screen from the gun-deck, where through the open ports a cool sea-breeze blew softly, and lovely glimpses of earth and sea and sky met the wandering eye. So fresh and sweet and clean was everything, that to swing in a hammock under the care of such brilliantly uniformed attendants seemed almost a luxury to be desired.

But a few days later, when the gallant ship had spread its sails and gone its way across the deep, we began to hear of a strange disease among our people. It was the measles,—hitherto unknown in Hawaii; a malady that, we afterward learned, had affected several of the crew during their voyage from the coast of California. Regarding it as an insignificant disorder, the medical officers of the frigate did not think of mentioning the incident till after its epidemic prevalence at the Islands. Like fire in dry grass, the pestilence spread throughout the population until every one had

experience of its direful effects. I remember one day walking with my mother through the deserted streets of the town; not a person was in sight, but from every house could be heard the sound of coughing and the moaning of children in distress. Next day my brothers and I were also stricken down, and were all put together in the same wide bed. For one day we thought this glorious fun; but the second night found us too miserable to discover any pleasure in the situation. The fifty boarding-school boys were all prostrated at the same time, with the exception of one only, who, though covered with the eruption, declared that he did not feel ill, and insisted upon helping to care for his companions. With no other assistance, because none could be obtained, my father medicated and fed the whole troop, while my mother took similar care of her family, without a single fatal result in either group. But among the natives outside, the disease raged all over the Islands, and destroyed a tenth of the population. The eruptive period was not marked by unusual severity, but the ignorant sufferers rushed into the water to cool their fever, and fell victims to pneumonia and dysentery, thus superinduced.

As a consequence of this epidemic, I did not return to school the following year, but recited my lessons at home; and a royal time I had, picnicking with my playmates on the beach, and swimming or canoeing in the waters of the bay and its tributaries. During the early Summer of 1849, Mr. Coan took us with him on one of his missionary tours through the district of Hilo. So far as concerned his episcopal work,

this was conducted precisely as in the tour through Puna; but the territorial conditions were entirely different. Instead of arid plains of naked rock, spread out by recent volcanic action, the country was a verdant lawn, gently sloping toward the ocean from the inland forest that covered the flank of Mauna Kea. Watered by frequent showers, and irrigated by numerous mountain streams, the fertile soil yielded abundantly, covering the earth with verdure and tropical luxuriance. The watercourses, — narrow gorges filled with foam and deeply furrowed through the solid rock that lay beneath the turf, — discharged their torrents over the wall of the precipitous coast, forming a continuous succession of beautiful cascades from one end of the district to the other. Occasionally one of these canons would open outward into a lovely vale, inhabited by the aboriginal people, who built their houses and tilled their little gardens beside the smoothly flowing current that crossed the level floor of the glen. There were no bridges, nor any roads but the primitive trails that led straight up and down the steep banks; sometimes it was possible to cross the streamlets by leaping from rock to rock amid the foam, but the water was often so deep and broad that it could be forded only by wading or swimming.

One morning, after a rainy night, as we sat on the border of a little brook waiting for our guardian, who was delayed by a throng of people, we were startled by a distant roar that seemed to sweep the side of the mountain, where dark clouds, loaded with vapor from the ocean, were careening among the hills and settling

upon the tree-tops in the forest. Before we could collect our wits, or divine the cause of this ever-increasing sound, a column of water, thick with mud and bristling with broken boughs, came out of the woods, rushing furiously down the channel toward us. The narrow stream was instantly transformed into a torrent, across which we saw no way to pass; but when Father Coan arrived, accompanied by a host of disciples flocking from every direction to the scene of action, he at once gave orders to stretch a long rope from bank to bank, — a feat which, after several failures, was successfully accomplished. He then instructed us to wade into the water, pulling ourselves hand-over-hand along the rope, while a stalwart native advanced on either side, ready to catch us if we should slip from our grasp of the cable. In this way, with our feet sometimes placed on solid rock, but more frequently floating in the foam, we ferried ourselves to the opposite shore. Then the good father, thoroughly accustomed to such adventures, plunged in boldly with his long staff; and though the waters did not exactly rise up on either side of him, in a twinkling he was with us on the farther bank. Our calabashes of clothing and provisions were brought over upon the heads of the carriers, and we blithely started for a walk through the mire to the next station, reaching it in a tremendous shower of rain that continued without intermission for three days. Familiar as we were from infancy with such storms, it caused us very little inconvenience, and the apostolic work went on without hindrance; yet we could not but rejoice when, on the last day of

our pilgrimage, as we drew near home, the sun came forth in all its glory, shining through a sky so translucent that the planet Venus was visible before us at noontime. On that day, the giant mountains threw off their fleecy robes, and stood in the silent air unveiled, forming a spectacle of such grandeur that, as we moved our eyes in fruitless efforts at choice between the cloudless blue of the dome above and the splendor of the waveless ocean below, the memory of sunlit Puna, with its clean, dry roads and rustling cocoanut groves, caused us no feeling of regret.

CHAPTER XII

A Newcomer to Honolulu — The U. S. Line-of-battle Ship Ohio — Experiences on Board — Trying to Get Under Way — The Routine of Sailor-life on a Man-of-war — Work, Ceremony, and Grog — Music and Prayers — Unlucky Deserters — A Flogging on Deck — Preparing the Ship for Action — An Impressive Spectacle — Man Overboard and Rescue.

SO great was the disorganization of society during the prevalence of the measles, that very little was accomplished at Punahou that year, 1849. To make up in part for this loss of time, it was decided to open the school earlier than usual; and we were summoned to be present by the first of July. I was no longer to go alone, but was to be accompanied by Munson and my brother Fred, who were both eager for initiation into the untried joys of life away from home. While casting around for means of transportation to Honolulu, about the middle of June, we were all enlivened by the arrival of the U. S. line-of-battle ship *Ohio*. She was the flagship of the squadron; but the commodore, an enthusiastic politician, was too actively occupied in California to think of dalliance in the sunshine of a tropical island, so the commander, Captain Stribling, had the splendid three-decker all to himself. The *Ohio* was one of the largest ships in the service; she was the latest and most perfect specimen of naval architecture that the old wooden flotilla had

exhibited, dwarfing all her predecessors in our port, and surpassing them in the number of guns and solidity of structure. The weather during the whole time of her stay was delightful, and we were kept on the alert, watching the movements of the crew, as, every morning at eight o'clock, they shook out the sails to dry after the heavy dews of night, furling them again in the sunshine at noon. The harbor was alive with traffic canoes, swarming round the huge three-decker like sharks assailing the carcass of a dead cetacean; while cutters and barges from the man-of-war, gaily adorned with awnings and bunting, were continually crossing the bay for the convenience of officers and men who desired to visit the shore,—unrolling before us a nautical panorama that fascinated our unsophisticated vision with its ceaseless variety and excitement.

Learning our desire to reach Honolulu, the captain invited us to sail with him to that port; so one day in the latter part of June we three boys were installed in the spacious state-room of the commander's private secretary, opening into the captain's cabin on the main-deck. The commodore's unoccupied cabin, on the spar-deck, was made over to Mr. and Mrs. P. who were also fellow-voyagers. These apartments, owing to the size of the ship, were roomy and well lighted, opening out upon a gallery that crossed the whole width of the stern. Under this lofty promenade was lashed a large canoe, sixty feet in length, the property of some royal personage who desired its safe conveyance to Honolulu; yet of such insignificant size was it in comparison with the huge bulk of the

ship, that only when attention was specially directed that way was its presence noticeable.

About four o'clock in the morning after embarkation, the anchor was weighed, and the *Ohio* began to move out of the bay. The night was clear, and the land-breeze, upon which the pilot relied, blew cheerfully from the sides of Mauna Kea; but it was insufficient to carry us clear of the reef, and before breakfast-time we again lay snugly at anchor in the middle of the channel. When, toward noon, the sea-breeze set in, we made another trial. All hands swarmed on deck in response to the shrill scream of the boatswain's whistle; the capstan bars were quickly manned, and to the sound of drum and fife the men went merrily round, heaving in the great chain-cable, black and dripping with salt water. When the lieutenant on the forecastle reported the anchor atrip, the commanding officer roared through his silver trumpet an order that was taken up and repeated by the whistles of the boatswain and his mates. Instantly the men left the bars and flew up the shrouds, crowding into the tops and lying out on the yards, till every part of the rigging was filled with white duck uniforms. Then, at a signal from the officer on deck, the sails were all dropped at once, and the heavy yards were hoisted to the tops of the masts by numerous hands below, while the crew aloft slid down the back-stays, clearing out of the top-hamper in less time than is needed to relate their action. The anchor was then quickly raised to the bow, and, paying off before the breeze, as the head

sails filled, the enormous hull began to move slowly through the water. But it was of no use; the light and baffling wind soon became decidedly unfavorable, and we again cast anchor opposite the bluffs north of the Wailuku River. It was provoking enough, soon after everything was made fast, to see the royal yacht leave the anchorage under easy sail, gliding so near our weather broadside that one could almost jump from our perch on the poop into her topmast crosstree. The wind was sufficient for her, and in less than two hours she was out of sight on the way to Honolulu, making the voyage thither and back again before the ponderous *Ohio* could escape from the harbor.

We boys lost nothing by this delay. At least twice every twenty-four hours, the anchor was heaved up out of the sand, and we had all the fun of watching the task of getting a large ship-of-war under way. We spent the greater part of the time on the poop, chatting with such officers as were off duty; peeping through the spy-glasses of the quartermasters, who paced the deck on the lookout for everything that could move on earth and sea or in the sky; and enjoying every moment of the time. We got up at four o'clock in the morning to see the barefooted seamen wash the decks with clear salt-water, rubbing and polishing the planks with holy-stones and prayer-books, as they called the stones of various size with which they made everything clean and bright. Then there were awnings to be spread, hammocks to be stowed, sails to be dried, and rigging to be tightened,—a thousand and one things to be set right for the day; so that the

dog-watches from four till eight were filled with work. At eight o'clock we breakfasted with the captain in the great cabin; after that meal resuming our promenade on the poop, where the officer of the deck had his station, whence everything fore and aft was visible. Eagerly we observed the weather vanes,—feathery streamers fastened to the mizzen rigging,—hoping for indications of a favoring breeze; but when that hope was suppressed for the day, we fell back upon the interesting panorama of the spar-deck before us. Constant noiseless movement seemed to be the rule. Every one had his place, and appeared to be occupied; yet only when getting the ship under way or at the change of the watch, was there any considerable commotion.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the flags were hoisted, the marine guards were mounted, and then followed a quiet forenoon. Every half-hour, a large brass bell on the forecastle was struck; and when noon arrived, the officer of the deck announced to his captain that it was "eight bells." "Make it eight bells," would be the invariable reply, and instantly eight strokes were tolled on the forecastle, the guards were changed, the dinner-flag was displayed at the mizzen-mast head, and the boatswain with his mates, standing in a row, shrilled out from their silver whistles the orders for a change of watches, for dinner, and for the daily grog-ration. Then followed a scene of the liveliest animation,—the new guards relieving the old, the men who had been on deck since eight o'clock hurrying below, the men of the afternoon watch coming up

as slowly as their fear of discipline would permit, and amidships a long line of hardened drunkards filing up to the grog-tub that stood near the mainmast, under the watchful eyes of a quartermaster, a lieutenant, and the marine guard. Each man, as he came forward, received his measure of liquor, which he gulped at a single draught, and then rolled off, wiping his lips with the back of his hand as he disappeared down the hatchway to rejoin his messmates squatting in groups at dinner on the main-deck. Last of all, we descended to the cabin, standing behind our chairs at the table while the captain briefly said grace, and followed it with a bumper of black porter,—probably to get the taste out of his mouth. Then came dinner, a stately feast, and most luxurious in comparison with the light and hasty repasts to which we were accustomed at home and at school.

The afternoon slipped away like the forenoon, till the change of watches came at four o'clock. The band then came forth from its seclusion, and made sweet music on the quarter-deck till it was time for supper. After the sailors had finished their evening meal, they were turned up on the spar-deck for a breath of fresh air, while the cooks tidied everything below. As sunset approached, a quartermaster overhauled the flag halliards, the guard looked to the priming of his musket, and at a signal from the officer in command, down came the flag, bang went the gun, and a burst of patriotic music set the air a-quivering. The boatswain then piped all hands to prayers, and instantly the upper-deck was cleared. Following the captain

down the companion-way, we found the entire crew drawn up in long lines that extended the whole length of the gun-deck, with the officers filling the after-part of the ship. The captain took his place at their front, near the venerable chaplain who stood behind a pile of drums used in place of a reading-desk. Pleyel's Hymn was beautifully rendered by the band, while the latest stragglers quietly hurried to their posts, and then was uttered a short prayer for safety during the approaching night. I could see the drummer-boy stealthily picking up his drum and fingering the sticks as this petition reached its conclusion, so that the final "Amen" was lost in a frightful clatter, as if a whole drum-corps had broken loose. Instantly every one was in motion, and the boatswains' whistles resounded throughout the ship. The hammock nettings were soon cast loose, and every man received the roll that contained his swinging bed, which he immediately suspended from the hooks under the beams on the main and lower decks.

The second dog-watch, from six till eight o'clock in the evening, was devoted to quiet recreation. The sailors gathered between the guns, and listened gleefully to wild yarns spun by old salts out of the memories of their adventures by land or by sea. Occasionally a pair of youngsters would dance a jig upon the forecastle deck. Some mended their clothes while daylight lasted, and many went to sleep. But at eight o'clock eight bells sounded and all skylarking ceased. The watches were set; the roll was called in each division; the inspecting officers went round with their

lanterns; and every man had to be in his appointed place. Even the wide tops, at the mast-heads, were occupied by vigilant guards, each under the command of a midshipman who was compelled to clamber aloft like any common sailor. At the expiration of every half-hour, when the bell announced the time, the officer in command hailed each detachment all over the ship, and woe to the man who was asleep or failed to respond when he was called. All lights, excepting a few privileged luminaries, were extinguished, and we were early in bed, — unless, as happened nearly every night, all hands were called to make sail and try to get out of the bay. Useless effort! The land-breeze blew fresh and sweet, stealing down the slope of the mountains under a cloudless sky that blazed with tropical stars; the royal yacht and other little vessels came and went; yet for more than a week we tried in vain to escape from the port. All hands grew weary of the oft-repeated tasks of getting under way and coming to anchor without result. Sometimes the band was ordered on deck to enliven the men as they strained their muscles at the capstan-bars; there was one particular musical number of such unearthly sweetness that, no matter how laborious the work might be, it always put new life into the sailors and made them run round with redoubled vigor. Strange to say, no one knew the name of this inspiring melody; so, not having courage sufficient to ask the brigand-looking bandmaster, and never hearing it since, I have remained in perfect ignorance regarding its authorship and title.

One morning at breakfast it was whispered that

during the previous night an attempt at desertion had occurred among the crew. Three active young fellows, lured by a bevy of sirens on the bluff above the ship, had started to swim ashore; but finding the distance too great for their strength, they roared lustily for help, and were ignominiously picked up by a boat that was sent to the rescue. They were now lodged in irons, and were said to be under sentence of flogging. Next morning, having as usual failed to clear the harbor, the captain declared that he should remain at anchor all day, and that he would set us, his passengers, on shore till sundown. So after breakfast we were rowed to the beach, and passed a joyous day at home, returning to the ship at nightfall. As our double-canoe approached the lofty hull, not a sound was audible, not a soul save the marine guard and the quartermaster was visible, until a sailor looked out of an open port on the lower gun-deck and made signs for us to keep off and to be quiet, because the crew were at evening prayers. Presently, however, the rattle of drums was heard, and men appeared at every porthole. We climbed in through one of the lower deck ports, before it was closed for the night, and at once resumed our perch among the officers on the poop, where we learned that during our absence the deserters were brought on deck and were publicly flogged in the presence of the whole ship's company, which then went piously to prayers. We felt thankful enough to the considerate captain for our holiday on shore.

After a week of this exciting life, the long looked-for

change of wind took place. As the sea-breeze died away at sunset, the clouds rolled from the slopes of Mauna Loa, and a fresh land-wind sprang up from the southwest. Immediately all hands were piped on deck and the laborious task of getting under way was renewed, this time with complete success. As the ship swung round on her course, and the bubbles began to boil under the bow and break in her wake, the stern visage of the commander relaxed into a smile, and he ordered the setting of every studding-sail that could be made to draw.

When we ascended the deck on the following morning, the trade-wind was flinging white-caps across our track, and the land was far off on the leeward horizon. The day was glorious, and the crew were busily engaged in preparing the ship for exhibition at Lahaina and Honolulu, where a royal visit was expected from the King of the Islands. The evening parade was unusually elaborate,—a display in harmony with the magnificent environment. As the sun approached the waves, the drum beat to quarters; instantly the ship was like an ant-hill disturbed by invasion. There was a hurry and scurry of feet, as the sailors scrambled up from below and rushed to their appointed places beside the open-mouthed cannon that grinned through the long rows of portholes on either side. The gunners marshalled their men, prepared with ramrods and sponges and handspikes, to load and aim and fire at the word of command. Behind the batteries stood the officers in full uniform, flanked by a row of barefooted powder-monkeys

waiting for the signal to bring ammunition from the magazine in the lowest hold. In a very few minutes chaos was reduced to perfect order, every man was at his post, and the ship was ready for action. The division officers saluted the officers of the different decks, who in turn ascended to the quarter-deck, saluting the first lieutenant, and announcing the readiness of their several commands. Advancing, sword in hand, to the edge of the poop-deck, the executive officer then saluted the captain in token of readiness for battle. The commander drew his sword from its gilded sheath, and, returning the salute of his subordinate, began to pace the deck and scan the horizon, while every one stood motionless and silent. Not a sound could be heard, save the wind that hummed in the sails and the water that lapped along the hull, as, sweeping on the wings of imagination, we entered historic scenes of naval combat, bearing down upon hostile lines of battle, intently listening and waiting for the shot that should open the fight. But our gallant chief evidently saw nothing on earth nor in the heavens above to disturb his soul; for after a few turns upon the lofty deck, with a gesture of command he sheathed his sword. Immediately a rattle and clatter of drums proclaimed the release of the spellbound crew; their weapons of war were speedily returned to the racks and lockers in which they were kept; then, while the band breathed forth the sweetly solemn notes of the evening hymn that called us to prayers, the seamen tumbled down the ladders that led below, as rapidly as a few minutes before they had mounted

upward. When we reached the main-deck, there they stood in rows,—five hundred strong,—filling the length and breadth of the ship with their motionless forms till the chaplain's "Amen" restored them to life once more.

Next day we anchored in the roadstead at Lahaina, and saluted the fort with twenty-one guns. This was our first experience of cannon-fire at such close quarters, and we found nothing agreeable in the stunning explosions, or in the stifling cloud of smoke that enveloped the ship. But on shore we received a cordial welcome from a number of our schoolfellows, while the captain and his officers paid their respects to the king and his court who were enjoying a vacation away from the capital. On the following afternoon, the *Ohio* again weighed anchor, and, wafted by gentle sea-breezes, floated majestically out of the quiet roadstead into the boisterous inter-island channel. There we found the wind so strong that orders were given to furl the upper sails and reef the topsails, in order to avoid running past Honolulu in the night. As the men sprang into the rigging, dressed in holiday suits of white duck with straw hats to match, away went their hats flying like sea-gulls before the blast; and with them went one of the sailors, under whose foot a treacherous ratlin gave way in the scramble up the shrouds. Fortunately, he struck the water without harm; and very soon the old quartermaster, who followed every movement with his spy-glass, announced him safely sitting on the float of a life-buoy that was immediately launched overboard after him. The ship

was hove to, and a barge hurried to the rescue, bringing the young fellow aboard, apparently none the worse for his involuntary bath. The boat was then hoisted to its place, and with easy sail aloft we quietly jogged along till daylight overtook us in a calm near Cocoa Head. At breakfast time, however, the trade-wind began again to blow, and we rounded Diamond Head under full sail,—a moving tower of snow-white canvas. It was the Fourth of July; so after casting anchor in the roads outside of Honolulu harbor, the sails were furled, and the ship was dressed from spanker-gaff to main-truck and flying jib-boom with the gaily colored ensigns of all nations, displayed in honor of the day. Captain Stribling good-humoredly bade his passengers farewell, and set us all on land before the hour of noon, when the yards were manned, and the great guns saluted the flags, thus ending in the roar of cannon our experience of life on a man-of-war.

CHAPTER XIII

Changes in Honolulu — The California Gold-fever — Trouble between Hawaii and France — Arrival of French War-vessels — Alarm in the Islands — A Bloodless Victory — Some Strange Phenomena — Days of Darkness — Two More Years of School — Studying the Flora of the Islands — Wrecked on a Coral Reef — Fire on Shipboard — A Choleric British General — An Astonishing Reception to Distinguished Guests — Social Life in Honolulu — Mysteries of the Dance.

ARRIVED at Punahou, we found considerable change in the membership of the school. All the older pupils were leaving, in preparation for removal to America; and we, — the original "small boys," — were now the seniors. In Honolulu also there were numerous migrations. The entire floating population of beach-combers, and many substantial citizens besides, had gone to the newly discovered gold-mines in California; and a brisk trade in provisions, carried by a fleet of clipper-built schooners, was growing up between Honolulu and San Francisco. The Rev. Dr. Armstrong had resigned the pastorate of the great missionary church, and was established in a new home as Minister of Public Instruction in the royal cabinet, leaving his former place to the Rev. E. W. Clark. My quondam fellow-voyager, the Hon. John Ricord, having resigned his official position, was seeking a fortune among the gold-miners, while

his duties were assumed by other functionaries in the reorganized government. Prominent among these newcomers were two young men, cousins, who, voyaging in search of health, had decided to cast in their lot with the Hawaiians. One of them, Charles R. Bishop, was now the collector of customs at the port of Honolulu,—a sober, discreet young gentleman, who, subsequently marrying a beautiful native princess, became very wealthy, and in his later years devoted large sums of money to the promotion of education and civilization among the islanders. The other cousin was William L. Lee, a talented lawyer, who had left his home in the valley of the Mohawk, hoping to find in a voyage round Cape Horn consolation for a grievous disappointment in love. Arrived in Honolulu, these young men were soon invited to enter the government service, one as collector of the port, the other as chief justice of the supreme court. It transpired, however, that the adorable charmer did not remain permanently obdurate; but, considering the error of her way and its sorrowful consequences, had finally acquiesced in the transmission of hopeful messages to the despairing wanderer, inspiring him with courage to renew his suit. Successful this time, it was arranged the lady should take ship with a missionary party that was coming round Cape Horn, joining her lover in Honolulu, where their marriage could be solemnized. One bright morning, therefore, when the Boston packet was signalled in the offing, our new chief justice boarded ship with the pilot, was welcomed on deck by his

beloved, and without delay was married under the flag as they sailed into the harbor.

Mr. Lee was a remarkably gifted man, and he soon became the most influential person in the government. To his guiding skill was largely due the successful settlement of the difficulties long existing between France and Hawaii, and now threatening to culminate in a state of war, with seizure of the Islands. It was not long after our return to school that a large French frigate, *La Poursuivante*, entered the harbor, followed a few days later by a marine monster, the first of its kind that ever appeared in Hawaiian waters,—moving without sails, breathing forth a long train of smoke, and beating the waves with a pair of enormous wheels that projected from its sides. This was a French steam-corvette, bearing the name of *Gassendi*, a distinguished astronomer of whom we boys knew something through our school-books. With this little fleet came an admiral of the navy, charged with an ultimatum from the Parisian government regarding matters long in dispute between it and the island king. All manner of disquieting rumors were current; at one time it was reported that Honolulu would be subjected to bombardment, and that American missionaries with their families were specially designated for slaughter by fire and sword. We were, of course, terribly alarmed, and planned a flight with all our young schoolmates into the mountains, where we hoped to sustain life on such wild fruit as might grow in the forest. But, fortunately, when the dread day arrived without any concession on the part of the

helpless king, the admiral contented himself with marching his men into the fort, where he found only a sturdy old native chief, the commander of the post. A doughty warrior in ancient heathen days, the gray-haired veteran received the Gallic invaders, sitting scornfully alone in his arm-chair at the door of the garrison house, while they hauled down the Hawaiian flag and spiked the cannon on the wall. After wrecking the battery, breaking up all the muskets, and emptying the powder-magazine over the wall into the water, the gallant Frenchmen retired to their ships and set sail for Tahiti and the American coast, carrying with them as a prize of war the royal yacht in which we took such pride. This was the only really serious loss, for everything else could be easily spared. From this date onward, fortunately, the relations of the French with Hawaii have continued without notable disturbance, the Empire and the Republic being apparently satisfied with their colonies among the southern islands of the Pacific.

A few months after this warlike demonstration, a strange event in the natural world caused us several days of apprehension. Without any apparent reason, the wonderfully translucent atmosphere seemed gradually condensed into a yellow haze that darkened the sky and shut out the light, rendering it for a time impossible to see beyond a few rods in any direction. It was like a pall of smoke or fog settling down upon the earth; but there was absolutely no odor of any foreign substance in the air, nor was any dampness perceptible. For two days the darkness slowly

increased, and then as gradually disappeared. As usual in times of trouble, one of our lugubrious friends took occasion to ride out from the city, for conference with our preceptor, suggesting that possibly this might be the twilight of the gods, — the beginning of the day of judgment:

> "Dies iræ, dies illa,
> Teste David cum sybilla,
> Solvit sæclum in favilla."

For a day or two it certainly seemed as if Byron's Dream of Darkness were to be realized; but with the return of sunlight our spirits rose, and the world went on as before, never revealing the secret of the strange adumbration through which we had passed. It was at first attributed to a volcanic outbreak on Hawaii; but this hypothesis was soon overthrown by the receipt of intelligence to the effect that the volcano was perfectly quiescent. Then we guessed it might be the consequence of forest-fires in Oregon. This, however, seemed improbable, in view of the fact that such fires were of annual occurrence, yet never before capable of staining our skies under any condition whatever. So we were compelled to remain in a state of permanent ignorance, though it still seems most likely that the haze was of submarine origin, caused by volcanic emission of dust and steam somewhere in the ocean between the Islands and the coast of America.

The two following years at school passed rapidly, without notable event. The number of pupils was gradually increased by the growth of children in Honolulu, who were able to enter upon a course of

education by walking twice each day across the open plain between the city and the schoolhouse. The completion of the dwellings for our teachers,—substantial two-story stone buildings in each quadrangle,—gave room for an increased number of boarding-scholars from the mission families on the outlying islands; and one or two young girls made their appearance alongside of their brothers in our ranks. The grown-up boys and girls were all gone,—gathered in and shipped away to America; but their places were soon filled by a still larger class of very interesting young people. The literary side of our education was increasingly favored by continual additions to the library of the school, and by particular attention on the part of our teachers to the training of their pupils in rhetoric and the art of composition. Once a week the boys were exercised in declamation, and all were expected to contribute something to the Punahou *Gazette*,—a collection of written papers that was published at stated periods, by editorial reading before the whole school. We enjoyed these exercises, and Mr. Dole was at his best in such instruction.

Besides the regular lessons required by the curriculum, I was greatly interested in the study of botany, and spent many hours collecting plants, especially such as belonged to the indigenous flora of the Islands. I experienced no little difficulty in the scientific classification of these treasures, for the native Hawaiian plants are largely restricted to that group of islands, and were then scarcely known to any one but the few European botanists who had voyaged with English

and French explorers in the early part of the century. One day Mr. Dole sent me with a note of introduction to Dr. Rooke, an English physician long resident in Honolulu, and connected by marriage with the royal family. Timidly I entered the spacious enclosure where stood the Doctor's house embowered in blissful shade among the trees that filled the yard, and was ushered into an inviting apartment, cooled by gentle breezes from Nuuanu valley, and adorned with pictures and books and beautiful trifles such as I had never seen before. Here I was requested to wait for the coming of the Doctor; and presently he appeared, elegantly dressed, rubicund, affable, and redolent of delicious odors that I afterwards learned to recognize as indicative of acquaintance with the choicest brands of rare old wine. The cordiality of his manners placed me at ease, and I was soon introduced to certain costly volumes that enriched the shelves of the library. Dr. Rooke was quite familiar with botany, and seemed pleased to impart information regarding the island vegetation. Among other books was a volume by Lindley, setting forth the new order of classification that was supplanting the older system of Linnæus; and the kindly Doctor made me carry it home, where I studied its pages with untiring devotion, finding numerous allusions to tropical trees that served to whet my appetite for additional information. The text-books of Wood and Gray were helpful in the investigation of exotic plants from America, but were of little value in the study of our native flowers and the Asiatic growths that were finding their way

to Hawaiian plantations. Only when too late, just before leaving the Islands, did I succeed in procuring a copy of Don's "Gardener's Lexicon," in which were described the collections obtained by explorers who visited the Pacific before the year 1840.

Early in my fifteenth year, I was stricken down, while at school, with a continued fever that confined me to my bed for nearly a month. In accordance with ancient tradition, I was allowed no food and but little water for the space of eleven days. It was with real anxiety that I counted the lengthening tale of days, and wondered how long it would be possible thus to support life. Miss S., the indefatigable housekeeper, directed my treatment, and Mr. Rice administered a little medicine; but on the whole, nature was allowed to have its own way. Much encouragement I derived from Father Alexander, who visited me about the ninth day of my illness, assuring me that there was no danger of death from starvation, and that shaving of the head would be unnecessary. After the eleventh day, a little corn-meal gruel was added to the tamarind-water upon which I had hitherto subsisted; and at last it was decided that convalescence was so far advanced that I might safely sit in a big arm-chair and have for dinner a potato roasted in the embers of a wood-fire. Ah, how delicious that meal! No potato since then has ever tasted so good as the tender, mealy, well-salted tuber that was brought fresh and smoking to the little table spread for me in a corner of Mr. Dole's sitting-room. As soon as I could be trusted on horseback, I was sent to spend a

few days with the mission families at Waialua, on the other side of the island, where for a week my weight increased at the rate of a pound each day. On my return, I was well, though for several months there was less than the original stock of vigor, and the days often seemed too long.

Other members of the school passed through a similar experience in the course of that year; among them was Dwight Baldwin, our senior scholar, who was so prostrated by the fever that it seemed necessary to call in the newly arrived physician, Dr. Lathrop, then the only active practitioner of medicine in Honolulu. A short, stout, kindly tempered little man, ambling about on his white cob, he made himself very acceptable to the foreign community, and after a few years returned to America with a handsome fortune. His son George, a lively little fellow, grew up to marry a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, but did not follow in the professional footsteps of his genial father who was now summoned to the bedside of our schoolmate. After a careful examination, it was decided to bleed the patient. Standing at his elbow, I watched every movement with eager interest. The sick boy was placed upright in a rocking-chair, with his arm bared to the shoulder; but while the Doctor was preparing his lancet, the patient fainted away, so the operation was postponed to an indefinite future, and the fever vanished without further medical interference.

The discovery of gold in California, and the opening of a commercial route across the Isthmus of Panama, were events that profoundly affected every one

in Hawaii. In place of a single lonely brigantine drifting to and from the "Coast" once every year, or six months at the shortest, there were numerous sailing-vessels of every description plying between Honolulu and San Francisco. Our youthful eyes were frequently delighted with visions of splendid clipper ships, gliding swiftly past the isle, or tarrying perchance for an hour while the captain dropped a mail-bag, and picked up a letter for the Guano Rocks or a package for some one far away on the shores of India or Cathay. Sometimes one of these champions of the ocean, some *Star of the West* or *Sovereign of the Sea*, in search of freight for Atlantic ports, would enter the harbor and fill up its hold with a cargo of oil slowly accumulated in Alaskan waters by the hardy whalemen from New Bedford. Those were the halcyon days of nautical art, when the fame of the American mercantile fleet touched high-water mark, — a point never more within reach while coal and iron defile the earth.

Other craft there were that sought our shores. One gloomy Winter afternoon, I was reading Virgil to Father Dole in his study, while a strong wind from the south howled without. It was presently evident that my teacher was more interested in something outside than in the woes of Dido and the perfidy of Æneas. Finally he threw down his book and fairly ran out on the veranda in front of the house, where there was an extensive view of the whole southern coast of the island. A large English brig, on her way with sixty passengers from Sydney to San Francisco,

had been anchored all day in the roads; but, alarmed by the increasing severity of the gale, her captain slipped his cable and hoisted sail. Unable to make headway toward the open ocean, he steered for the passage leading through the coral reef into the sheltered harbor; but, failing to discern aright his course through the smother of foam that broke across the bar, his ship fell into the breakers, and was hurled with tremendous violence upon a point of rocks at the entrance of the channel. Immediately one of the masts went by the board, then the other, and the hull almost disappeared in a torrent of spray. Fortunately, the waves lifted the ship higher and farther upon the reef, so that before dark she was resting in comparative safety. No boat could live in the surf, but a fleet of native canoes hovered within the line of shelter, ready to give such aid as might be possible; and the next day the gale subsided sufficiently to allow the rescue of passengers and crew, without loss of a single life, though several were severely injured in the wreck when the masts went overboard. For a long time the stranded hull remained, a most conspicuous object on the reef; but finally it was sold for a song, and was broken up into firewood.

On another occasion, we were surprised, one fine morning, by the unexpected return of an American packet which had sailed for San Francisco a couple of weeks before, carrying a number of our friends among her passengers. Half-way to California, it was discovered that the ship was afire. Failing to extinguish the conflagration, all hands were ordered on deck, the

hatches were battened down in hopes of smothering the fire, and the ship was headed for Honolulu, the port most nearly accessible. When she entered the harbor, pitch was oozing from the seams in the heated deck, and everything appeared ready to burst into flame. One of the passengers in this ill-fated barque,—Nathaniel B. by name,—was gifted with more than ordinary musical ability. An admirable singer, he passed much of his time in teaching us to sing and delighting us with the melody of his voice. Several years afterwards, during my junior year at college, while prowling round New York, I found him soberly married and settled in a comfortable business not far from Wall Street. His occupations seemed to be less musical, but more lucrative, than when he warbled among the hills near Punahou.

This continual coming and going of visitors from California enlivened Honolulu after a wonderful fashion. New buildings rose along the streets, and an empty dwelling was unknown. The majority of these newcomers were mere birds of passage; but many of them remained permanently resident in the growing city. Father Damon found it desirable to enlarge his Bethel Chapel by the addition of a gallery, where on Sundays we saw numerous church-going Californians, some "bearded like the pard," others with long hair and fantastic mustachios, but all arrayed in Panama hats, with fine linen, and brilliant sashes of Chinese silk that excited our envious desires. Mr. John Ladd and his seraphine had disappeared long before in the rush of events; and our early acquaintance, Asa

Thurston,—himself now a mustachioed Californian,—played divinely upon a new melodeon, and ruled despotically over a chorus of handsome girls and bashful young gentlemen. It soon became necessary to colonize from the ancient hive; and a second foreign church was organized among the American inhabitants, holding services in the spacious hall of the recently completed court-house, where on week-days Judge Lee and his associates dispensed even-handed justice to the sinners who there abounded. At first, Father Dole wished us to remain steadfast with our early pastor, the genial seamen's chaplain; but the attractions of the Fort Street Congregation were irresistible, and after a mild rebellion we carried the day and were permitted to join the radiant throng at the court-house. Sometimes, at evening, instead of reciting the catechism at home, we strode over the plain, and intoxicated ourselves with the lights, the music, and the sweet faces in the choir. Ah, what glorious nights were those when the full moon looked down from Rocky Hill and shed its silvery sheen over land and sea, illuminating the vast plain and filling the valleys with a flood of glory! Sometimes, in Winter, borne on the wings of the easterly wind, showers of rain would cross our path, leaving clear sky in their wake; and then the moon would paint the retreating clouds with lunar rainbows, almost rivalling the splendor of the colors revealed by daylight. In that perfectly transparent atmosphere, where clouds and blue sky followed one another in ceaseless procession, there was unlimited variety and beauty without end.

It was about this time that Her Britannic Majesty's Consul General and Minister Plenipotentiary, whom I have already mentioned, came to grief in a way that should be commemorated as a warning to future generations. Church colonization being in order, the good man said to himself, "Go to, why should not I have a church of my own, like these other sinners?" So, having completed a new hospital in a pleasant valley behind the town, where unfortunate British seamen might take refuge under the protection of the English flag, he set up an altar on a broad veranda overlooking the sea, and proceeded with great state to read prayers with his collection of battered sea-dogs every Sunday morning at precisely eleven o'clock. One bright day, while thus employed, as he uttered the petition, "Have mercy on us, miserable sinners!" his eye fell upon a group of strange men, opening the gate of the sacred enclosure, and leisurely advancing toward the hospital door. Dropping his prayer-book, the veteran indignantly hailed the intruders, and ordered them off the premises; but, paying no attention to his objurgations, they steadily continued their approach. This was too much; and the General left his pulpit, descending the steps, and hurrying into the front yard, where he took his stand upon the lawn, shaking his fists, shouting, and calling upon the Almighty to visit with hell-fire all such irreverent trespassers upon the paths of righteousness and peace. No sign of divine retribution appearing in heaven or on the earth, the strangers drew nearer, and finally handed to the irate old man, now speechless with rage,

a large envelope bearing the well-known seal of the British Foreign Office. It was a letter from one of the most exalted personages in the government, introducing a party of noblemen of exalted rank. These distinguished visitors were especially commended to the polite attention of Her Majesty's representatives all over the world; and at Honolulu in particular, the Consul General was urged to give them every possible assistance toward the agreeable prosecution of their voyage.

Divine service remained incontinently adjourned for the rest of that unlucky day.

Church-going, however, was not the only amusement cultivated in Honolulu. Whenever an English man-of-war cast anchor in the harbor there were games of cricket, along with racing in sacks, climbing of greased poles, and what not, out on the plain. After a time there grew up near the palace a theatre, or "Jack-house," as it was called by the natives, where in the shipping season wandering barnstormers and circumnavigating clowns performed their antics, to the intense delight of sympathetic beach-combers and their aboriginal friends.

The day of the Chinese New Year was always celebrated by our Asiatic residents with an immense amount of noise and smoke. From morning till night there was a continual din of fire-crackers, like that of an American Fourth of July. Once a year, also, in honor of the departed dead, the Chinamen visited the tombs of their countrymen. In the pasture, east of our schoolhouse, two of these ancient structures were

standing, white and conspicuously visible for a long distance at sea. There the almond-eyed children of the East gathered at mid-day, festooning the graves with tufts of paper shavings, and spreading on the ground before each sepulchre a feast of good things for the delectation of the unseen spirits. Then, laughing and chatting cheerfully all the while, they advanced in turn, bowing low, and knocking their foreheads against the earth—three times, and no more. Only two or three elderly men seemed to feel any special solemnity or grief in connection with these rites; the others were as joyous and jovial as if at a wedding-feast. All having paid their respects to the dead, and having applied a fresh coat of whitewash to the graves, they mounted their horses and galloped merrily away, leaving the lighted joss-sticks, the fluttering pennons of paper, and the remains of the banquet, to the evil spirits who, embodied in our own selves, were hovering about the scene.

His Majesty the King never forgot his duties as the leader of society in Honolulu, and on certain festal occasions he opened his palace to the public. Once, almost the entire foreign population was invited to an evening reception. Punahou was out in full force. The building was crowded; and among the trees in the dimly lighted garden stood a throng of native spectators, commenting upon the queer ways of the foreigners,—thinking, no doubt, how much better their fathers managed such celebrations in the good old days of gentle savagery, when king and queen did not wait for clothes, but came dripping

from the surf to receive their guests. But the importation of a particularly venomous species of mosquito in the water-casks of an American whaler had done much toward suppression of the nudities, and we could only admire the elegant court costumes worn by the royal family, or represented by the life-sized portraits of sundry European sovereigns hanging on the walls. After a time, the king and his companions withdrew to their private apartments, and the band struck up a lively air. With considerable difficulty, an oval space was cleared in the throne-room, and for the first time we beheld the sacred mystery of the dance, about which so many conflicting assertions were rife. Apparently the number of devotees was not large, and the performance did not seem to be wildly exciting. For some time the venerable Minister of Foreign Relations skipped around the circle with a little schoolgirl of half his height for a companion. Then a ponderous couple slowly ambled into the ring, inspiring us all with fear for the security of the floor. Several dapper young clerks found partners in the crowd, so that finally the solemnity was considerably enlivened; but our teachers soon gathered us under their wings, and had us at home in bed in good season. Opinions differed; and I found myself somewhat inclined to agree with the Chinese philosopher who declared the "foreign devils" to be without dignity, "because they exhibited their women in public, dragging them half-naked around the room to the accompaniment of most hellish music." At any rate, I did not then feel any regret for my ignorance of the saltatory art.

CHAPTER XIV

Political Reorganization in Hawaii — Changes in Land-tenure — Surveying the Island — Carrying a Surveyor's Chain — Field-work and its Compensations — The Ascent of Mauna Kea — Night in a Mountain Cave — The World in a Fog — Upon the Snowy Summit — A Path over Glacier Ice — Nearly 14,000 Feet above the Sea — Magnificence of the View — The Hawaiian Yosemite — Over Half a Mile of Waterfall — The Natives in Their Mountain Wilds.

AMONG other changes effected in Hawaii by the reorganization of the government was the abolition of the old system of land-tenure. Formerly, the king, an absolute despot, owned all the land, and granted to such of his followers as pleased him a life interest in certain estates. In this way a powerful aristocracy had grown up; but their property was still dependent upon the caprice of the sovereign, and the common people were mere landless serfs. Now, however, having decided to accept a more civilized system, the king gave to his chiefs one-third of the land, and to the newly created government another third, keeping the remainder for himself. The Minister of the Interior was also authorized to bestow upon the common people full possession of their homesteads, and to dispose of the government lands among settlers who desired to own their holdings in fee simple. A commission was created to carry these decisions into

effect, and a number of agents and surveyors were appointed.

In the year 1850, our schoolmate, Curtis L., oldest son of the missionary at Waimea on Hawaii, received one of these appointments, and left school to take the position of government surveyor in the northern district of the island. During the summer vacation of 1851, he invited my friend Munson and myself to spend a month with him in the field, as chain-men in his gang. Already familiar with trigonometry and the principles of surveying, we joyfully accepted this invitation, starting immediately for Waimea, where we expected to join the expedition.

The journey consumed two days, and on reaching Mr. L.'s house we were disappointed by finding that Curtis was already in the midst of his work on the northeastern coast of the island. It was Saturday night, so we gladly accepted the hospitality of the kind-hearted family who, at an elevation of twenty-five hundred feet above sea-level, dwelt in a quaint little mission-house on the breezy plain between Mauna Kea and the mountains of Kohala. We spent the greater part of Sunday in bed, conning the pages of many a volume from a collection of books that nearly filled the house and which were the companions and comforters of our friends in their almost monastic seclusion. Early Monday morning we resumed our journey, reaching by noon the surveyor's station, where we received a cordial welcome, and immediately fell into the work as laborers in the field, carrying the chain with which the land was measured. The whole party

was quartered in a large native house, where we lived very much after the manner of missionary itinerants engaged in periodical visitation of their converts; only our discourse with the people was not so much concerning treasure in heaven as of land and worldly property to be laid up where moths might devour and where thieves could break through and steal.

At daylight every morning we arose from the mats that formed our couch. Breakfast and prayers were finished by sunrise; and a little later we started afield wading through the dew-laden grass, to begin work where it was left off the evening before. The claimant of the land under survey acted as guide, and usually carried a long bamboo pole, surmounted by a white flag, which he planted successively at the corners of his estate, while the surveyor took sights with his compass and directed along the boundaries our course with the measuring-chain. Sometimes the track was obstructed by thickets and jungles of rank vegetation, rendering it necessary to send a couple of swordsmen in advance of our column. This pioneering work was entrusted to a pair of stalwart natives, each armed with a cutlass and an axe with which they made short work of all obstacles. Our task was laborious, but not monotonous; for there were numerous intermissions during which we lay at rest on the turf, while our chief took testimony regarding disputed boundaries and made decision between rival claimants. The weather was fine, and there was no end of variety as we trudged up and down between the seashore and the forest that covered the inland region. The coast

was everywhere a perpendicular bluff, from fifty to a hundred feet high, forming a wall against which the wind-swept sea was perpetually beaten into foam. Looking down through the wild vines that festooned the cliff, it was a grand sight to behold the long waves rolling in endless succession and dashing aloft their spray among the ragged rocks where sea-gulls nested and white tropic-birds hovered. Then, turning from the craggy shore, and toiling up the grassy slopes that climbed the mountain-side, it was joy at the end of our course to feel with glowing cheeks the cool and fragrant breath of a leafy wilderness, beyond whose greenwood vistas, above and far away, were visible the snowy peaks of Mauna Kea.

Quickly flew the days thus busily employed, and at the end of a month the field-work was completed. Our last encampment was at the foot of a slope that led straight up the northeastern side of the mountain, forming with the horizon an angle of not more than six or eight degrees, and affording an easier approach to the summit than from any other part of the island. The splendid midsummer weather dried the woodland paths, and cleared the sky, so that we looked with curious eyes toward the banks of snow still lingering on the terminal peaks, and speculated upon the possibility of ascending to where they lay. Having finished his task, the surveyor announced his determination to make the attempt; so the measuring apparatus was sent home to Waimea, a guide was engaged, and a pack-bullock was procured to transport provisions, bedding, and other things needful for protection against

the cold. Two native laborers accompanied us, making a party of six, besides the bullock.

Starting immediately after breakfast, we marched in single file at the heels of our guide, who proceeded no faster than the slow-moving pack-animal could walk, —about two miles an hour. Before noon, however, we had risen above the heated lowlands and were breathing the invigorating air of the wooded heights. As the afternoon advanced, clouds began to drift among the tree-tops; and when, about four o'clock, we emerged from the upper border of the forest and found ourselves in the open clearing above the timber-line, the fog was so dense that the path under foot was hardly discernible. But our leader was familiar with the region, and he brought us through the gloom to a cave which he had selected for a resting-place that night. This cave,— concerning which the guide had discoursed at great length, descanting upon its spacious depths and all-embracing shelter,—was a dreadful disappointment, turning out to be only an inclined table-rock, covering an area about eight feet square, and scarcely high enough to admit of sitting erect under its protection. But there was no opportunity for choice,—it was this or nothing, so we unloaded the bullock, tethered the beast under a neighboring tree, and kindled a fire in front of the cavern. The fog was everywhere, dripping from the rocky roof and shrouding the prospect with its vaporous folds. After a dismal supper by a smoky fire, we endeavored to arrange our bedding for the night, though encountering many difficulties through the roughness of the stony floor. About

nine o'clock the clouds suddenly disappeared, condensed by a cold wind from the heights, and the stars came forth in the moonless night, illuminating the sky with light sufficient to reveal the outlines of the mountain behind and above our camp.

The early dawn found us shivering in the morning air after an almost sleepless night. We were glad enough when the sun appeared, and orders were given to resume the march. The path was a mere trail, worn by wild cattle as they moved up and down in search of pasturage and water. The country was open and hilly, with scattered thickets and little groves of *mamani* trees, among which herds of cows and calves concealed themselves during the heat of the day. Occasionally an old bull would stalk forth, regarding us for a minute with watchful suspicion; then, proudly tossing his horns, would vanish among the ravines with a whole drove of bovine dependants and descendants at his heels.

As we slowly ascended, the lowlands became once more visible beyond the forest belt, and the coast-line defined itself against the blue ocean. But towards noon clouds began to gather, rising apparently out of the earth; and soon we were again in darkness. About two o'clock we reached another little cavern, near the limit of vegetation, ten or eleven thousand feet above the sea. Here the guide announced the end of this day's journey, informing us that no shelter could be found at any higher point. We therefore halted in the dense fog, and endeavored to make ourselves comfortable under the overhanging rock. A large pile of

dead silver-swords (*Argyrophyton*) was accumulated for fuel; and with the aid of their downy leaves we succeeded in mitigating the asperities of the stony couch upon which our blankets were laid. Never before this excursion had we felt the novel sensation of immersion in a fog, and we groped around with considerable enjoyment of the peculiar situation. One phenomenon puzzled us not a little: though standing erect in the mist, every one seemed to lean toward the hillside. We finally concluded that this illusion was due to the absence of a horizontal base; then, seeing that every erect figure made with the slope an angle of less than ninety degrees on the up-hill side, the natural inference was a delusive belief that it was actually leaning toward the mountain.

During the later hours of the afternoon the fog dispersed, leaving the sky transcendently clear, and unveiling in every direction a prospect of wonderful grandeur. Our camp was nearly eleven thousand feet above the ocean, which occupied the entire eastern half of the field of vision. To the north, east, and south, the slopes of Mauna Kea fell away gently towards the distant shore, — slopes arid and forbidding at our elevation, but below us beautiful and green with forests and fields of perennial verdure. Beyond the fringe of foam that marked the outline of the coast, the earth was flooded with an oceanic expanse of ultramarine blue, rivalled only by the magnificent azure of the sky; and at least a hundred miles away could be faintly discerned a rosary of cumulus-clouds, bead-like and golden, outlining the horizon with a

reflection of yellow light from the sun, which was setting behind the mountain. For an instant a purple splendor flushed the atmosphere and warmed the darkling slopes; then before us rose a shadow, vast and gloomy, advancing over lowland and forest, reaching beyond the shore, and losing itself in the depths of the sea.

The brief tropical twilight soon faded into utter darkness. Once more damp fogs closed in upon us; and as we sat round the fire, watching the deepening shadows, we were suddenly aroused by a furious barking of dogs that came up as if out of hell, from the invisible abyss below our camp. Far off at first, the sound came nearer, then seemed to recede, dying away, and becoming finally inaudible in the distance. The guide pronounced it a huntsman's pack, chasing wild cattle near the encampment where we had passed the previous night. Thus distinctly to hear what was utterly invisible seemed strange indeed.

Before bedtime, the sky brightened, and the stars appeared, glittering and glorious, filling the heavens so far and so near that we seemed as if lying among them while they drifted through infinite space. We resolved to start early in the morning, hoping to reach the top so as to view the magnificent spectacle of sunrise from the highest point of land in the Pacific Ocean. Everything was made ready for the ascent, and we pulled the blankets over our heads before the evening was half spent; but the excitement of the situation, and the cool night air, prevented sound sleep. Long before dawn, we cooked a hasty breakfast, and began by starlight to grope our way up

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

CLOUD SCENERY FROM A MOUNTAIN TOP

the mountain-side. The path was very rough, winding among huge heaps of lava, once freshly thrown out from the terminal craters, but now well-worn by centuries of frost and cold; and, for the first time in our lives, we saw little hollows in the rocks filled with solid transparent ice. After an hour of this ascent, day began to dawn, urging us to greater effort. The crest of the ridge seemed not far away, yet it appeared to recede as we advanced. All too soon the constellations faded before an immense effulgence in the east, and up came the sun, flooding the whole circle of the earth with light. Above and around us the air was luminous with sunshine; but far below our feet the lowlands and the ocean were blotted from view by a veil of clouds that lay flocculent and white, like a billowy sea of foam, rolling in sunshine from horizon to shore, swelling around the mountain, and threatening the whole earth with advancing waves. Though far below the peak, it was impossible to proceed before we had fully surveyed this glorious spectacle of sunrise above the clouds. We feared the mists would obscure the entire landscape; but, fortunately, a sea-breeze arose at an early hour, and drove all fogs out of the sky.

We were now at an elevation of more than twelve thousand feet; and having failed to reach the terminal point as proposed, we moved with less haste. The upper portion of the mountain was a pathless waste of rocks, without vegetation of any sort. Through the transparent atmosphere, the rays of the sun penetrated with such force that we no longer felt cold; but the

rarity of the air rendered muscular exercise fatiguing, and frequent halts for rest were needful. About the middle of the forenoon we reached the elusive crest of the ridge toward which we had toiled for so many hours, and found, to our disappointment, that it was only the outer rim of the truncated top of the mountain. Before us extended a nearly level plain, irregularly quadrilateral, about three miles wide and five miles long. This was the terminal plateau, formed by the filling up of the original crater; and near its centre were several conical peaks, hills of scoria, where the dying volcano had uttered its last expiring sigh. The greater part of the mountain-top was utterly barren, dry, and bare; but on the northern slope of the highest peak a bank of snow still remained. Toward this we directed our steps as rapidly as our breathless condition would permit. It was nearly noon when we reached the base of the scoriaceous cone, and we consumed a full half-hour more in ascending to the snow. Not only did the rarity of the air impede our progress, but the yielding character of the sand, into which we sank knee-deep at every step, rendered success almost impossible. Our native companions gave up the attempt, and sat down among the rocks; while we toiled on, determined to touch snow and to stand upon the summit. Reaching the bank after most laborious effort, we were much surprised; for it was not composed of the light and flaky substance described in books, but was a mass of solid glacier ice. Though exceedingly uneven, this afforded better footing than the surrounding scoria, and over its surface we soon arrived at the

terminal peak,—an elevation of thirteen thousand eight hundred and five feet above the level of the ocean.

The day was singularly clear and bright; few clouds were visible, and there was not a particle of dust, smoke, or haze, to dim the absolute purity of the atmosphere. We seemed to occupy the central point of a crystal sphere, of which the nether half was earth and deep-blue sea, while the upper half was sapphire sky. From the island shore, thousands of feet below, the ocean rose in every direction till at a distance of a hundred and fifty miles the horizon described a perfect circle, as, apparently on a level with our eyes, it divided the watery globe from the firmament above. The air was nearly calm, and no fleck of foam disturbed the uniform surface of the sea. Only one almost utterly invisible speck marked the transit, far from land, of some white-winged courser slowly moving on the track between San Francisco and Honolulu. All else was silent and motionless as heaven itself.

Recovering in part from the amazement produced by this wonderful revelation of the immensity of space, we began to examine in detail the stupendous features of the surrounding panorama. Toward the east the mountain gently sloped for a distance of twenty-five miles, till the long descent was ended by the northern shore of Hilo Bay, a shallow notch in the windward coast-line of the island. We had no field-glass; but so transparent was the atmosphere that our youthful eyes could clearly discover the larger houses in the village, and the ships at anchor,—little

black specks floating on the water in the harbor. Following the outline of the land, we recognized the scenes of our surveying tour, and the lower ridges that had guided our ascent of the mountain. Far away, in the north, beyond a valley ten thousand feet deep and twenty miles wide, the evergreen hills of Kohala breasted the ocean, and buttressed the northern promontory of the island with perpendicular cliffs from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet in height. Then, sweeping the western shore and guided by the gradual descent beyond the plain of Waimea, we traced the reefs at Kawaihea, and the walls of the temple erected by Kamehameha, founder of the kingdom of Hawaii. But most imposing of all was the view that filled the remainder of the circuit. Twenty miles across a valley that was nine thousand feet deep, rising to an elevation nearly equal with our own, the peak of Mauna Loa extended from sea to sea, and covered the entire southern half of Hawaii with its symmetrical dome. Silently slumbering in the brilliant sunlight, the mountain lay serene, with dark-blue flanks and curving crest, far-reaching, and clearly defined against a background of cerulean sea and sky. Not a sight nor a sound was there to indicate one of the most tremendous volcanoes in the world; only a wreath of vapor, thin and filmy, hanging motionless over the distant crater of Kilauea.

Lifting up our eyes to the northwest, we beheld, afar off, other islands of the group. At a distance of sixty miles, the peak of Haleakala rose ten thousand feet above the sea, opening before us its crater, twenty

miles in circumference and eighteen hundred feet deep. Still farther away, Lanai and Molokai were distinctly visible; while beyond the horizon, faintly looming under a chaplet of clouds, floating between heaven and earth like a vision in dreamland, were the shadowy summits of Oahu.

Thus gazing, and still longing to gaze, we saw, as if it were rising out of the mountain, a little cloud, that grew and discharged upon us a sprinkle of sleet, then melted and vanished in sunshine overhead, — a warning surely, bringing out of oblivion old stories of thirst, starvation, and death in the fog. Hastily gathering an armful of stones, we piled them on the peak; then with one more sweep of the eye through boundless space, we began to descend.

Rejoining our guides below the bank of snow, we refreshed ourselves with a hurried repast, and then plunged down the side of the mountain. We had gazed upon the earth, had looked into heaven, had seen what no flight of inexperienced imagination could have found out; and now the only thought was of escape from the clouds and darkness that threatened the summit. Skipping like wild goats among the rocks, we soon arrived in camp, where, heaping our possessions upon the bullock's back, we made such haste that we entered the forest before sunset, and stopped for the night at the shanty of a wood-sawyer who had dug a saw-pit among the trees in the upper belt of the "forest primeval." This utilitarian worthy was one of those devourers of natural beauty who create a desolation and call it good; but we were too

hungry and tired to be critical, and after a bountiful supper we slept the sleep of the just.

Before noon next day, our journey ended where it began, in the lowland of Hamakua. Munson travelled homeward, and returned to school, while I went with Curtis on an expedition through the valleys of Kohala. In those tremendous gorges we passed nearly two weeks, wading among the submerged fields of taro, and dragging the surveyor's chain where a boat seemed almost indispensable. Measuring a base-line, we took sights with compass and quadrant, and in this way ascertained the altitude of the crags around us. Near the head of Waipio, — the Hawaiian Yosemite, — a lovely waterfall, a perfect bridal-veil, fell two hundred feet to a rocky shelf, then leaped eighteen hundred feet farther, an unbroken sheet of foam, into a deep dark pool at the base of the cliff. In Waimanu we measured a still higher fall, — twenty-eight hundred feet of continuous spray. This cascade, however, only played during rainy weather, and was dried up for the greater part of the Summer.

These wonderful valleys were exceedingly difficult of access. An easily sloping bullock-track led down the southern wall of Waipio, giving daily passage to long lines of pack-animals loaded with taro pulp, the food of the natives, which was thus exported from the fruitful vale to the adjacent country; but the other valleys were only reached by ancient foot-paths that went straight up and down their precipitous walls. When, as at Waimanu, these bluffs were sixteen hundred feet high, no little effort was needed; in fact,

the natives preferred the canoe-path by sea, though this was only practicable in seasons of calm.

We found the inhabitants of these remote glens living in great simplicity and comfort. Food was abundant; the thatched houses were clean and commodious; they had their tiny schoolhouses where the children could read the Bible and hymn-book, and frolic all day; what more could primitive people desire? We passed one night in a little village built at the water's edge, upon a broad talus formed by successive landslides from a perpendicular wall that faced the sea with an elevation of twelve or thirteen hundred feet. When the sun went down, and the restless ocean moaned along the bowlder-strewn beach, while lingering sea-breezes made mournful music among the rustling fronds of the cocoanut trees, it seemed as if nothing could tempt one to tarry in such an abode. But when the dawn of day awoke everything to life, — when the young men and maidens came forth from their huts by the shore, rejoicing in light and air, with sunshine on the cliffs, with rainbows in the waterfalls and delicious zephyrs softly stealing from the highlands that overlooked the sea, — it was impossible to deny the charm of savage life beside the mighty ocean.

CHAPTER XV

New Official Dignity — Appointment as Hawaiian Land-surveyor — At Work with a Party of Natives in the Field — From the Seashore to Mauna Kea — Cutting a Path through the Forest — Wonders of Nature — Bird-life — Pleasures and Hardships of the Camp — Forest Fires — A Volcanic Eruption — An Appalling Spectacle — Back to Honolulu — Coming of the Small-pox — Vaccination of the Natives — A Final Mountain Expedition — Ravages of the Volcano — Hunting Wild Cattle — Death of the Monarch of the Herd.

A FEW days after my return from these expeditions, while waiting for a passage to Punahou, where school had already begun, the quiet town of Hilo was agitated by the arrival of Chief Justice Lee, who came to hold a judicial session in our little thatched court-house. No other accommodation being available, he was invited by my parents to make his home with them. We all enjoyed his visit, for conversation with an intelligent and cultivated gentleman, who knew the world and was not spoiled by it, was in those days a rare entertainment. Judge Lee, being President of the Land Commission, was naturally interested by my narrative of recent experiences in the field. I also guided him to various points of interest in the vicinity, visiting thus, one day, the great Chinese sugar-plantation, twelve miles north of the town,

and other valuable estates in the neighborhood. He was delighted with everything, declaring it the garden-spot of the Islands. Before leaving our house, he gave me a note of introduction to Mr. John Young, Minister of the Interior, requesting my appointment as land-agent and government-surveyor for the southern half of Hawaii. He also signed an order for a complete set of surveyor's apparatus, which I was to pay for out of my earnings. My parents were quite overwhelmed by this unexpected bounty; but to me, in my ignorance of the world, it seemed quite naturally a part of the due order of events. I took passage for Honolulu, while Judge Lee travelled overland to the other side of the island.

Arrived at the capital, my first step was a visit to the Hawaiian Treasury, where, in exchange for an order from Curtis L., I received two gold eagles,— my wages as chain-man in Hamakua. Never before had I been in possession of so much money; and my hand frequently visited my pocket, to make sure that the precious coins were still there. The next errand was to the office of the Minister of the Interior; but instead of the Premier, I found our old acquaintance Asa Thurston enthroned in the chair of the dignitary, who was "out of town" for a few days. He took my letter, read it carefully, the ends of his elegant mustachios rising as he read till they nearly touched his eyebrows, and then returned it with the information that I must see the Minister himself, and that the date of his return was uncertain. Then began a series of fruitless calls, such as every office-seeker since the

first moment of time has been compelled to make. One morning, however, timidly entering the office of my kind friend, the Rev. Richard Armstrong, Minister of Public Instruction, I learned that the Minister of the Interior had returned at last, and was now in his office. Dr. Armstrong immediately took me under his wing, and himself introduced me to the great man, to whom I presented the letter from Judge Lee. Mr. Young was a tall, handsome man, with silky black side-whiskers, son of an English sailor whom King Kamehameha, in the early years of the century, had persuaded to leave his ship in order to command the royal artillery and to marry a sister of the reigning sovereign. The family prospered, and its present representative was, next to the king, the head of the nobility. In such an exalted presence I felt very small indeed, especially when, after perusing the letter, the puissant chieftain uttered an audible grunt, and, without a word or a look for my consolation, withdrew, as if alarmed, into the unapproachable recesses of his private office.

Calling upon Dr. Armstrong the next day, I was told that my youth was made a serious objection to Mr. Lee's request. This did not surprise me; for I had not quite completed my sixteenth year. I consoled myself by the reflection that George Washington was a land-surveyor when only sixteen years old; and "What man has done man can do" was a phrase with which we at school were very familiar. The good Doctor advised me to wait for the return of Judge Lee, and promised in the meantime as far as

possible to aid my suit. I accordingly set to work at Punahou, among my old companions, till the arrival of my patron. Everything then fell into order at once. The supercilious smiles with which the clerks of the Interior Department previously welcomed me were now replaced by decorous expressions of gravely sympathetic interest; and presently I was informed that my father was appointed to the office of land-agent for the government, with permission to name whom he would as surveyor. This arrangement was perfectly satisfactory to me; and hastening to equip myself with the necessary apparatus for surveying, I engaged passage on the first packet for Hilo, where I arrived a few days later, to the no small discontent of my father, who was not at all pleased with the idea of becoming, even nominally, a government official. On second thought, however, he concluded for my sake to accept the situation, though it involved a compulsory sacrifice of inclination on his part.

My first expedition as an independent surveyor was among the people inhabiting the southern district of Hawaii. I made my headquarters with the American missionary, Rev. Mr. Kinney, who, with his beautiful wife and two little children, was living in a pleasant parsonage on the grassy slope of the foothills of Mauna Loa. The house was planned and erected by his predecessor, the Rev. Mr. Paris, a gentleman from Virginia, who had, very naturally, reproduced the salient features of the Southern mansions among which he was brought up. The outlook over the native village and the surrounding territory was attractive, and in

front of the house was a pleasant garden that contained many tropical plants and fruits.

From this point I launched out in every direction, surveying the house-lots and school-premises which the government was deeding to the people. The population was thinly scattered over the lower slopes of the mountain, and along a rocky coast, which, owing to the volcanic origin of the land, presented widely varied formation. There were sloping fields, waving with grass and fertile as an American prairie. Then, cutting right through the verdure, would be a motionless river of cooled lava that in former days had poured its fiery torrents from the mountain into the sea. Broad tracts of level lava, now solid and cold, marked the situation where lakes of liquid fire had lain during the period of volcanic activity. But the most striking contrast was exhibited near the southern cape of the island. Westward from the mission station the traveller passed through a verdant country, with the grassy slopes of Mauna Loa on one side and the restless ocean on the other, till the path suddenly ended on the brink of a tremendous escarpment with a perpendicular descent of several hundred feet to an immense plain of black lava extending beyond the reach of vision toward the northwest. Not a spire of grass, nor a shrub, nor any green thing, could be seen in all that territory; nothing but ridges and ranges and hills of lava formed by eruptions long before the memory of man. A few years after my visit, the mountain quietly opened its side, and without any warning poured forth a river of fire, destroying

the houses and plantations and rich pastures through which I had carried my compass and chain. It was in this way, undoubtedly, that the island originally grew out of the sea.

My next task was nearer home — the survey of Makahanaloa, an extensive territory, reaching from the seashore far up the side of Mauna Kea. It was necessary to cut, for the compass and chain, a path about twelve miles long through the trackless forest that covered the mountain-side. Remote from human habitations, a portable shelter for my workmen must be provided; so I made a little tent of unbleached cotton sheeting, just large enough to cover eight men lying close together on the ground. My party consisted of six natives, — two chain-men, two slashers armed with cutlasses and axes to fell the trees and shrubs that obstructed every step of the way, and two guides, old bird-catchers, who were supposed to be personally acquainted with the boundaries of the land throughout the length and breadth of the wilderness.

It was near sunset on the first day of our expedition when we entered the forest. The weather was fine, the air was warm, and though the middle of January, everything was green and beautiful. My boys were in high spirits over the contemplated picnic in the woods; and the depths of the wilderness rang with their shouts, as they pitched the tent upon a little strip of turf, beside a limpid stream that issued, clear and cold, from a thicket of ferns and mountain shrubbery. After supper, one of the guides went down into the water with a small hand-net, which he soon filled

with delicious fresh-water shrimps. Some of these were eaten alive and raw, while the remainder were wrapped in fragrant ki-leaves, and roasted on the coals, as a supplement to our evening meal.

With the coming of dawn, we all were awake and alert. A roaring fire in front of the tent diffused warmth and life among the whole company, and breakfast was soon despatched. We then proceeded to measure a narrow woodland path which the guides indicated as the track to be followed by the chain; and in this way we penetrated the forest a distance of nearly two miles the first day. The tent was moved up the road, and our second camp was pitched among giant ohia and koa trees, with tree-ferns and wild vines and tangled bushes forming an almost impenetrable jungle. The branches overhead were alive with birds, —red, green, brown, and black. In other lands, such affluence of aerial life would be accompanied by a corresponding wealth of animal forms in and upon the soil; but in fortunate Hawaii, all reptiles, serpents, and wild vermin were unknown, so that the densest thicket could be entered without fear of danger from any foe. Our old bird-catcher limed the branches of a flowering ohia, and presently had two or three birds gummed tightly by their feet to the sticky twigs. Climbing the tree, he brought them down alive, plucked out the valuable feathers, and then liberated the frightened creatures without bodily injury.

After this day, our progress was very slow. So dense was the forest, and so filled with fallen trees, that the efforts of our swordsmen and axemen were

sometimes almost unappreciable. The forenoon was usually bright and sunny, but the afternoons were always cloudy, and often drizzly with a fine rain, or pervasive mist, that dripped from every leaf, and kept everything damp, even under the shelter of the tent. But my boys worked patiently from morning till night. There was no time-piece in the party, but all our proceedings were regulated by the sun and by daylight; and as our work continued from breakfast-time till sundown, we were not particularly interested in the exact hour of the day. In advance of our column the guides burrowed in the jungle, seeking old landmarks, and designating our course. Then followed the woodmen, hacking and slashing the bushes and ferns; while I brought up the rear with my compass, taking frequent sights, to keep the men from swerving out of line. When a sufficient distance was thus opened, or when an angle was reached, the chainmen took up their chain, and, measuring the track, the whole gang moved forward into the wilderness. Sometimes the weazen-faced old guide, after a long excursion in the jungle, would come back, acknowledging defeat and loss of the track; but he was never in the least disconcerted by such failure. Cheerfully squatting in the wet moss under a spreading tree, he would draw out of some recess in his scanty garments a grimy little bag, from which he would produce a stumpy, brass-tipped wooden pipe. Then, beginning the recital of some racy narrative always provocative of hilarity, he would deliberately fill the bowl with rank tobacco; after which, with flint and steel evoking

a spark in his primitive tinder-box, he would ignite the charge, and fill the air with volumes of smoke issuing from mouth and nose in succession. Thus refreshed, the tobacco-pouch would be carefully packed away, and its owner would plunge once more into the midst of the dripping foliage.

After a day of such amphibious existence, it was delightful to sit warm and dry in the tent, while the boys huddled round a crackling fire of wet wood, built under the protection of a venerable kea-tree, or beneath the canopy of an immense tree-fern. There they sat, spellbound and utterly infatuated by the tales of the heathen guide, narrating exploits of ancient gods and goddesses among the glens and glades of Hawaii, till, as the fire died down, and its last flickering flame made uncertain shadows among the overhanging branches, the superstitious fellows would creep shuddering into the bed of leaves where we all enjoyed common quarters on the ground under the sheltering tent.

Thus inch by inch we wormed our way through the greenwood wild. At first, we fared sumptuously every day on native food brought to our camp from the lowlands near the coast; but after three or four weeks, our stations were so far removed from the settlements that our caterers ceased to appear, and the stock of provisions was nearly exhausted. The guide assured us that within three or four days we should emerge above the forest upon the open mountain-side, where fresh beef and potatoes could be obtained at the camps of the bullock-hunters. He also showed

us, growing everywhere, an abundance of edible ferns that were nutritious and good; so we unanimously decided to forage for a living, and to complete our task before retiring seaward.

At our present elevation, the air was drier than at lower levels, and the woods were more passable, encouraging us to expect speedy deliverance; but it was nearly a week before the guide reported, one day, that while pioneering in advance of the column he had seen open country above the forest. That morning, as we sat around the fire, ruefully roasting the foot-stalks and pith of the fern, we were surprised by an appearance of smoke, widely diffused and dimming the purity of the cloudless sky overhead. The guide insisted that this merely signified a bush-fire on the coast; but, dissatisfied with his explanation, I sent a boy up a tall tree, only to learn that he could see nothing more than a forest fire in the region below us, near the sea. The veil of clouds that during the afternoon usually overhung the mountain soon closed in upon us, and we thought no more of the matter that day; but the cloudless hours of the following morning again made evident the fact that smoke from some distant source still pervaded the upper region of the atmosphere. Busied all day, moving our camp into the open country above the timber-line, we found ourselves shut in by clouds from the rest of the world, and the unusual phenomenon remained without explanation.

Pitching the tent on a little knoll, our guides started in search of a wild cow for fresh beef. Scarcely

were they out of sight when we spied a calf, straying alone at a distance from the parent herd. Fleet as deer, my hungry boys threw away their packs, and rushed upon the luckless creature, pulling him down by the tail, slaughtering him with their cutlasses, and proudly returning to camp with choice portions of tender flesh still bleeding and smoking in the cool mountain air. We immediately kindled a fire by rubbing two sticks together, and gorged ourselves with savory meat; then sallied forth to complete the survey,—a task quickly accomplished in that fine open country. When the sun went down, the last boundary was measured, the last cairn was piled, and we stood ready on the morrow to take up the line of march toward home.

As we sat by the evening fire, roasting a joint of veal for supper, one of the guides brought up a handful of potatoes from a deserted plantation, once cultivated by Ned, the notorious bullock-hunter, long since summoned to his last assize, and now troubling the earth no more. These degenerate tubers, though fully grown, were the smallest I ever saw,—scarcely larger than peas; but they roasted perfectly and afforded a welcome change from the fern-roots upon which we had subsisted for a week.

As the shades of night gathered round our tent, the vast canopy of clouds that concealed the summit of the mountain began to rise and roll away before the evening breeze. With the disappearance of daylight the clouded sky became everywhere aglow with lurid flames, evidently issuing from Mauna Loa. We at once

comprehended the mystery of the smoke; there was a volcanic eruption. Hurrying to the crest of a ridge half a mile southwest of the camp, we obtained a full view of the valley between the mountains, and of the dome of Mauna Loa, miles beyond that awful gulf. The whole space between the two mountains was almost as brilliantly illuminated as if by daylight, revealing upon the northern slope of Mauna Loa, at a distance of twenty-five miles, and ten thousand feet above the sea, a fountain of white-hot lava spouting five hundred feet into the air. From this radiant source rushed a river of liquid fire, ten or twelve miles in length, pouring its raging torrent down the mountain into a red-hot lake on the floor of the valley at our feet. All along the lower reaches of this mighty stream, the forest was disappearing like straw in a furnace, yet adding apparently nothing to the enormous banner of flame and smoke that floated above the burning island. As we gazed and listened, faint sounds reached our ears, — a continual, distant susurration, as of locusts devouring a tree; a wonderfully composite note that contained the roar of a volcano in action, the wailing of wood-nymphs in agony, and the triumphant laughter of the goddess of fire, — all rising and falling together, now dying as if into silence, then swelling again upon the ambient air, — a symphony beyond description, infernal.

We stood on the ridge until thoroughly chilled by the night air, gazing upon this awful display of volcanic energy. It was easy now to comprehend the process by which the island and its mountains had

grown to their present magnitude; for here it was in actual operation before our eyes. From its course and volume, there was great probability that the river of fire would enter the ocean at Hilo; and as we returned to camp we could not suppress the fear that the lava might reach the coast in advance of our own arrival.

At break of day the following morning, we started for home. Halting, about eight o'clock, beside a little stream of clear cold water within the forest, while picking feebly at the scanty relics of fern-root and broiled veal, we heard a long-drawn, far-reaching, ear-piercing cry,—the aboriginal whoop with which the Hawaiian natives signal each other at a distance. One of my boys, blessed with the lungs of a stentor, sprang to his feet and uttered a responsive shriek. Presently we saw a large dog, leaping over and among the fallen trees that obstructed the trail, and rushing toward us with most extravagant manifestations of canine joy. It was the big watch-dog from the school-house at home. He was soon followed by two stalwart young men, loaded with provisions for our party. Having heard nothing from us for nearly two weeks, my father feared that we might be in trouble, and accordingly had despatched this expedition for our relief. We at once generously handed our breakfast to the dog, and sat down by the sparkling stream, with an appetite born of starvation, to enjoy a meal that was more thoroughly grateful than any we had ever eaten before.

After this reviving repast, we again started, laboriously threading the path we had previously traced

OVERFLOW OF THE LAKE OF FIRE, KILAUEA

FROM PAINTING BY MISS C. F. GORDON CUMMING

from the coast. I was interested by the rapid growth of ferns and lianas, everywhere sprouting and already obscuring the devastation wrought by our axes and swords. With the going down of the sun, we came out of the forest, near a large native house where we received a hospitable welcome from the family, for whose benefit after supper, our old bird-catcher gave by special request his latest version of the exploits of godlike Olohana,* hero of the tales that charmed my boys during our sojourn in the wilderness.

Next morning our party was broken up, the guides returning to their homes, while the rest of us hurried over the slippery path that led to Hilo. There we found everyone anxious concerning the fate of the village, for the volcanic eruption was steadily advancing. I made a trigonometrical measurement, and estimated the distance of the source to be thirty-five miles from the harbor. The altitude of the red-hot jet was usually about five hundred feet; but one day it slightly exceeded a thousand feet, while the cloud of dust and smoke ascended at least five thousand yards higher, entering the current of the "return trade-wind," by which it was swept to the northeast in a direction exactly opposite to the course of the wind on the surface of the earth. At early morning, when the breeze blew from the mountain, the country about us was covered with delicate filaments of fine volcanic glass, spun like cob-webs from the melted lava as it flew up into the air above the great fountain

*_Olohana_ — "All hands," the name given by old Hawaiians to John Young, the English boatswain who acted as chief of staff in the army of King Kamehameha the Conqueror.

of fire. At last, however, after nearly a month of furious activity, the fire died out, and our anxieties were relieved by the arrest of the flow that menaced the existence of our beautiful bay.

The story of my work in the woods was rapidly circulated among the native population, and proved to be an excellent advertisement of the business. Orders for surveying came in as fast as they could be executed, and I was continually at work. Dressed in a blue woollen sack-coat with a dark checked figure that was almost a plaid,—warm in rain, and cool in the sun,—an unstarched shirt that displayed a wide rolling collar and a flourishing neck-tie, with a bright red sash of Chinese silk around my waist, and a pair of high boots outside of my trousers, the whole outfit surmounted by a soft gray felt hat of the latest Californian pattern, and followed by two faithful Hawaiian chain-men, I strode up and down the country from the northern boundary of Hilo to the farthest cape of Kau, and became one of the most widely known personages in the land. Recalling those primitive days, I can now easily understand the look of incredulity with which a venerable naval chaplain, whom I encountered one day, received my statement that I was familiar with the whole of Cæsar and Virgil, was not without knowledge of French, German, and Greek, and intended soon to enter an American college.

The following Winter I returned to Punahou, enjoying four months of hard work while completing my preparation for college. One day I called upon my kind-hearted patron, Judge Lee, and found him

passing a leisure hour in his chambers at the court-house. Our conversation turned upon the choice of a profession; and he so strongly advised me to study law that I then and there decided to adopt that course. It was with profound satisfaction that I contemplated the career thus marked out for me,—four years at college, two years at Harvard Law School, and then, ah, then! Something must still remain undecided.

The annual gathering of mission families at Honolulu was this year rendered memorable by the circumstance that my mother, for the first time in thirteen years, braved the terrors of a sea-voyage, and passed the period of General Meeting with us at Punahou. She derived much pleasure from thus renewing acquaintance with many of her friends whom she had not seen for so many years; but while thus enjoying this vacation, a terrible calamity unexpectedly befell our island community. A clipper-ship from San Francisco appeared in the offing one day, with a yellow flag at her mast-head; there was a case of small-pox on board. Two weeks later, several cases were discovered among the native people in Honolulu. A board of health was hastily organized, yellow flags were placed on infected houses, and an attempt made to vaccinate the population; but the supply of vaccine virus was utterly insufficient, and the disease spread rapidly among the susceptible natives. We returned to Hilo as soon as a passage could be secured, and the work of vaccination was carried to the utmost extent, the cultivation and distribution of protective virus being the chief occupation of our physicians.

Provided with as much as I could use, and travelling through the country, I vaccinated everyone who came in my way. By these measures the spread of the disease was considerably restricted; yet nearly three thousand aboriginal inhabitants perished before the final arrest of the epidemic.

During the month of August, after the cessation of the small-pox, Mr. Coan headed a party of Punahou boys, and ascended Mauna Loa for the purpose of exploring the course of the volcanic eruption which had alarmed us the previous year. Returning from one of my surveying tours, I joined the expedition, and with it made the ascent. We found the rugged mountain-side covered with sand and scoria, borne by the wind and rained down, during the weeks of active eruption, over many miles of lava leeward of the volcanic vent. In this way the jagged rocks were concealed, and a tolerable track existed where formerly it was almost impossible to clamber over the slag. At an elevation of ten thousand feet above sea-level, we discovered the pit through which the river of fire had made its way to the surface. It was only a few rods in diameter, surrounded by a conical rim of scoria which measured about a mile in circumference at its outside base. On its seaward side, this cone was broken by a deep channel through which the molten lava flowed down the slope of the mountain as long as the eruption continued. Near its source, this channel was an open canal; but farther down the mountain, it was covered by an arch of cooled lava, forming a tunnel, now drained and empty, through which the

fiery stream rushed into the lowlands below the crater. We entered this vast cavern, wondering at its extent, and at the vitreous polish of its sides and roof; but without lanterns or torches, we could not explore its course.

My final outing expedition was upon Mauna Kea, where I was ordered to measure and mark the boundaries of a broad tract belonging to a native chieftain of high rank. Taught by previous hardship, my preparations were more elaborate than on former occasions; and I resolved, if possible, to combine the pleasure of hunting wild cattle with the rather prosaic details of a surveyor's occupation. The tent and camp equipage were thoroughly overhauled, and I engaged a whaleboat with its crew to carry us twenty-five miles down the coast to a point whence we could most conveniently ascend the mountain. It was a cloudy, sultry evening when we embarked from the strand at Hilo. Sails were useless, for want of wind; so the boatmen put forth their oars and rowed laboriously over the undulating sea. About two o'clock in the morning, deeming ourselves near a landing where we had arranged for the embarkation of a young half-caste whom I had engaged to accompany us as bullock-hunter and purveyor to the expedition, my stentorian chain-man began hailing the shore. After much shouting and objurgation, a faint reply made itself audible above the roar of the surf outside of which we lay. This was finally followed by the appearance of a light canoe, careening among the breakers and skimming the waves under the beetling

crags that loomed dim and high in the darkness above our heads. In this little skiff came our hunter, Jim the half-caste, a lithe and slender young fellow, armed with an old-fashioned Kentucky rifle, and accompanied by a pair of large Newfoundland dogs. After an infinite amount of good-humored chaffing and shouting, the transfer of these passengers to our boat was successfully achieved, and we resumed our course just outside the surf along the shore. For want of wind, our progress was very slow; and we did not reach the little cove which was to be our point of disembarkation till the middle of the forenoon. Despite calm weather, long waves were rolling from the open ocean, and were breaking with furious bursts of foam upon the rocky shore, concealing from my unaccustomed eyes the channel that led among the reefs to a narrow landing only wide enough to receive a small boat or canoe. But my oarsmen were perfectly at home in the place, and with consummate skill they mounted the crest of an advancing wave that bore us safely into a sheltered pool where we could beach the boat and step out upon the rugged shore. The entire population of the little fishing village greeted us with enthusiasm, and Jim was at once immersed in business, chaffering with dealers in provisions, owners of pack-cattle, and an innumerable advisory council of idlers who surrounded us on all sides. After a couple of hours spent in this kind of negotiation, I succeeded in hiring a man who agreed to transport a sufficient quantity of provision for the use of our company, on condition that, besides a

specified number of silver coins, we should furnish him with a full load of wild beef on our return from the mountain.

Having completed these preliminary arrangements, our tent and camp furniture were piled upon the saddle of a pack-bullock, while another was freighted with a cargo of eatables; and thus equipped, we started in single file, slowly climbing the steep pathway out of the deep valley in which we landed. Probably no quadruped advances with slower pace than a loaded steer; consequently, after a journey of six or eight miles to the last inhabited settlement on the mountain road, it was nearly sundown, and we decided to pass the night in the house of one of our hospitable native friends. The following day was dry and pleasant, and we proceeded as rapidly as the movements of our animals would permit, reaching the open country above the timber-line just before dark. Here we chose a site for the camp, near a spring of water, among a little grove of trees that were scattered over the slope of the mountain. The boys gathered dry wood and kindled a blazing fire near a tree that sheltered a wide space with its far-reaching limbs. Only the bullock that bore our tent, and his driver, were missing. Darkness covered the earth, and I began to fear a night in the open air, when a distant shout announced the approach of the stragglers, who finally arrived at the fire. The tent was quickly pitched under the tree, and after a hearty supper we soon fell asleep on the ground, lying as comfortably as if on downy beds of ease at home, — so readily do health and youth

adapt themselves to what are called the hardships of savage life.

Early in the morning we again were afoot, leaving all our baggage in the tent. While my chain-men measured the boundary lines of the survey, Jim and I started out to look for wild cattle. The dogs beat up the copses and clumps of timber, and soon we discovered a considerable herd among the trees. Calling in the dogs, my huntsman crept carefully against the wind till within rifle-shot, when he selected a fat cow.

A supply of fresh beef for the camp was thus assured; but we yet had a contract with the bullock-driver to be filled. Terrified by the report of the deadly rifle, the herd was now scattered all over the flank of the mountain, and the prospect of securing additional game was not very encouraging, when suddenly there walked out of an island of trees a large bull with spreading horns and head erect, his nostrils smoking and his tail swinging with rage. The hunter and his dogs plunged into a little ravine through which they could advance unseen, while I, with my double-barrelled fowling-piece, loaded with heavy leaden slugs, made a demonstration to distract the attention of the bull. Jim soon appeared within fifty yards of the animal, and shot him through the chest; but he merely turned and walked sullenly back among the trees, followed by the dogs in full cry. Two or three more shots were discharged during the next half-hour, but I could see nothing in the obscurity of the grove, and after a while the hunter rejoined me with a crestfallen look, declaring that his ammunition was all

expended. It was evident that a greater display of courage and skill was needful to keep our banner from trailing in the dust; so I demanded an exchange of weapons, poured a handful of powder into the rifle, hammered down a bullet after the wad, and advanced in search of the prey. Soon discovering the beast standing gloomily alone upon a distant ridge, I cautiously approached until, at a distance of about a hundred yards, the opportunity seemed favorable, and I planted a ball in his shoulder. I doubted not that with the dispersion of the smoke we should see our victim weltering on the ground; but for some reason never fully comprehended, there was nothing of the kind, and the bull, with horns erect, still stood firm upon his feet. Jim and his dogs now ran up, and while I was struggling with the last charge for the rifle, Jim fired both barrels of the fowling-piece against the forehead of the animal. Even this stupefying blast seemed to produce no other effect than to start the bull on a slow walk toward a neighboring copse. The two dogs followed after him, deliberately pacing at a safe distance from the heels of their antagonist, and refusing all obedience to the outcries of their master, who brought up the rear, reloading his gun, and filling the air with curses and threats. I experienced much difficulty in forcing the only remaining cartridge into the rifle, but having at last succeeded in ramming down the charge, I hurried after the party, and overtook them in a cluster of trees, among which the bull was standing at bay, while the dogs sat on their haunches and listlessly lolled their tongues, to

the infinite disgust of Jim, who seized the rifle and again blazed away without perceptible effect. We were now reduced to dependence upon the fowling-piece alone, and I saw that our only chance lay in the accurate delivery of a bullet at close quarters. The bull had taken his stand under a tree that branched near the ground; so, directing Jim to display his dogs in front, I crept around behind the tree and climbed into its branches before the animal was aware of my approach. Having secured a position of safety, I gave a shout that instantly drew the attention of the bull, who wheeled sharply round, and with a roar of fury rushed toward my perch. Deliberately aiming at a white spot in the centre of his forehead, I waited until almost able to touch it with the muzzle of my gun, and then pulled the trigger. There was a violent explosion that made my shoulder ache all day, and down fell the monster on his side, with limbs extended and every muscle quivering all over the huge frame. Jim instantly planted his hunting-knife in the brain of the unconscious beast, while the dogs valiantly assaulted the lifeless carcass, and were unwilling to let go when ordered by their master to cease from worrying a harmless foe. Our bullock-driver took possession of the spoils of the chase, cutting up the beef for transportation to his home, and recovering from the carcass no fewer than eleven bullets, all flattened out of shape against the flinty bones of the gigantic skeleton.

CHAPTER XVI

Departure for the United States — The Final Leave-taking — On Shipboard for the Voyage around the Horn — Good-bye to Hawaii — Our Ship Quarters and Companions — A Motley Crew of Sailors — A Masterful Captain — Making a New Main-mast — Crossing the Equator — Harpooning Porpoises and Chasing Whales — A Week of Idle Calm — Islands of the Southern Pacific — Visits Ashore — Heading for the South Pole — Ships that Passed — The Genius of the Polar Region — Tierra del Fuego — Rounding Cape Horn — In Atlantic Waters.

AND now the day of final departure from home was at hand. From Honolulu came information that my passage was engaged for New Bedford on the good ship *Bartholomew Gosnold*, homeward bound by way of Cape Horn. My last survey was forwarded to the land office; my worldly goods were packed in a little camphor-wood trunk — gift of my mother — and in an old sea-chest of which I had somehow become the possessor; everything was finished, and I was ready to embark. A friendly whaling captain offered me a passage to Honolulu, where the *Gosnold* was refitting for her voyage round the Cape. So accustomed to my frequent flights had we become, that it seemed nothing unusual or painful when I bade everyone farewell. I visited the old familiar haunts; looked in upon the

school-boys at their lessons and the watch-dog slumbering in his kennel, and once more climbed the fruit-trees in the garden, wondering how large they would be when I should see them again,—for I had no suspicion that this was the last time my eyes would ever behold that beautiful spot. Bright and clear before me lay the future; four years at college, two more in a law-school, then home again to grow rich in the courts of the kingdom. "Man proposes, but God disposes."

Arrived at Honolulu, I found that two weeks must elapse before the *Bartholomew Gosnold* would be ready to sail; so I whiled away the time with my former schoolmates, visiting, riding, picnicking, and receiving congratulations from everyone in view of my translation to the land of my fathers. Swiftly sped those hopeful days before the second of December (1853), when Captain Heustis summoned his passengers aboard, and hoisted sail "for home." It was a lovely afternoon in the delightful tropical Winter, when our ship glided out of the crowded harbor, slowly receding from shore till the beautiful island seemed afloat upon the waves on the distant horizon. The trade-wind blew softly; not a cloud could be seen, as the level rays of the setting sun gilded every peak and lighted the mountain valleys behind Honolulu. Many a time this enchanting vision had met my gaze, and cast no shadow of regret across my soul; but now, as twilight fell, and earth, air, sea, and sky were melted in the awful gloom of coming night, one lingering, longing look through tear-dimmed eyes, and then—no more Hawaii for me.

MODERN VIEW OF HILO

The following morning, when we awoke, land was out of sight, and our ship was steadily advancing toward the Equator. The Captain,— short, stout, and good-humored, — had put away his "long-shore togs," and walked the deck in a colored shirt with cotton trousers to match. Everyone else was attired with equal simplicity; so my fellow-passenger, James A., and myself gladly followed suit, and adapted our garments to the increasing heat of the weather. The cabin was twelve feet square, lighted through a skylight in the deck, and giving access to four little staterooms. The Captain's apartment was the largest, as became his rank, and was furnished with a case for the chronometers, and an arm-chair, opposite which hung a colored portrait of a handsome young lady — the Captain's sweetheart, to whom he was engaged to be married at the end of his voyage. Next to this comfortable nest was my stateroom, containing a berth, but not wide enough to admit a chair. James occupied the corresponding room on the other side, while the fourth was held in common by the first and second mates, — the third mate, a taciturn Indian from Gay Head, being accommodated with a bunk in the steerage. Behind the companion-way was a little storeroom for our chests, and there was also a pantry from which the mulatto steward regularly produced our meals. The cabin table, just large enough for six people, was securely fastened in front of the transom, on which sat the Captain as commander-in-chief and head of the feast, always flanked by his inseparable companion, Pink, a small white cur with a corkscrew tail, now on

his fourth voyage round Cape Horn. Open-mouthed, and intent upon the provisions heaped near him, the little fellow would sit quietly waiting his turn; but if too long neglected, he would place a tiny paw upon the Captain's arm, thus asking why he was forgotten. There was another dog on board,—a big, black Newfoundland, taken from a wreck in the Arctic Ocean. He was a surly old scoundrel, for whom Pink entertained supreme contempt, never willingly tolerating such a rival in the cabin, always bristling and barking furiously from his seat beside his master whenever Marcus showed himself at the cabin door.

Just forward of the cabin was a den in which bunked the third mate, three boat-steerers, the carpenter, and the cook. These were men of higher rank than the common sailor, chosen for superior strength and skill,—sometimes seeking knowledge of the art of navigation, and anxious to reach a better position, fairly on the way to become mates and captains in the future. The boat-steerers were responsible for the boats that hung alongside the ship; and much of their time was spent in examination of the lines and other whaling gear,—carefully splicing ropes, renewing the fastenings of the harpoons, and whetting the razor-like edges of the deadly lances with which whales were slain. In the bow of the ship was a dark and noisome hole, the forecastle, in which dwelt fifteen or eighteen sailors,—Portuguese, Irish, Swedes, drunkards and rapscallions generally. These gentry were as quiet and orderly as one could wish; but our Captain informed us that when he first

took them out of New Bedford they were utterly insubordinate, until he had floored every man of them with his own fist. It seemed hard to believe that such a white-handed, smiling, good-natured person, who never swore, or drank, or uttered a word of impatience or anger during the voyage, should have been able thus to subdue such a gang; but it was a fact, and the usual experience of sea-captains besides, — the old story of the iron hand in a silken glove.

Before the day was over, the Captain learned that the main topmast was sprung, —that is, partly broken, — at the cross-trees. This fact, though probably well known before, was purposely concealed from our commander until after leaving port, in hopes that he might be induced to return for repairs; but he decided otherwise, and the crew were set to work stripping the main-mast of its upper sails and top-hamper. The top-gallant and royal yards and masts were lowered to the deck; and as we jogged along under easy sail, a heavy timber that had been lashed to the rail during the whole voyage was placed on a pair of carpenter's horses amidships, where it was attacked by the first mate and the ship's carpenter. Day by day they chipped the rough log, rounding and smoothing and polishing it from end to end till it was a perfect copy of the original spar. A fortnight after leaving port the task was completed, the mast was once more rigged aloft, and the ship again ploughed the waves under full sail.

As we approached the Equator, the heat became very uncomfortable. Accustomed to the temperate airs of

Hawaii, James and I were quite surprised by our first experience of torrid heat. Only on deck, clad in the thinnest of garments, was comfort to be found. We sat in the boats and read the lightest of literature, when not occupied with watching the flight of sea-birds, the dashing of waves alongside, and the fleecy clouds that crossed the glowing sky. Occasionally a school of porpoises would suddenly surround the ship, arching their backs out of the foam as they rushed along, easily outstripping our course, leaping and tumbling over one another in the surf that rolled out from under the bows. Their appearance always produced great excitement among the crew. One of the boat-steerers, armed with a harpoon, would take his stand on the chains under the bowsprit, and there, watching for an opportunity, would sometimes succeed in hurling his javelin through the body of a gambolling fish. The sailors then seized the line and promptly hauled the victim on board, where he was made over to the cook, to be transformed into fresh mutton for the table. In this way we sometimes captured two or three fish out of a school; but usually the first discharge of blood that tinged the waves was sufficient to alarm the whole troop, and they would disappear as suddenly as they came.

About two weeks after leaving Honolulu, our ship entered the "doldrums"—the zone of variable winds that separates the northeast trade-winds from those of the southeast. For nearly a week we were rocking in a calm, or fighting the sudden squalls that broke upon us as if out of a clear sky. The air was moist and

sultry, making life more uncomfortable than ever, as our ship rolled and pitched and twisted uneasily over the heaving billows of the restless ocean. After a day thus spent, it was a positive relief to watch in the twilight of evening the coming of a white-squall, suddenly gathering on the horizon, and rushing upon us like a fiend let loose for our destruction. As the watchful eye of the mate discovered the line of foam that marked the approach of a tempest, he would utter a few sharp words of command; the seamen would fly aloft; for a minute there would be a confusion of fluttering canvas and sinking yards, and then the ship would stand ready for the encounter, stripped of all but its steering sails. Quickly it came, the sky obscured by flying scud, and the waves blowing into foam under the blast, as it drew near and nearer, till we could hear the screech of the wind and the rush of the water before the storm burst upon us; with one long roll to leeward and a wild sweep to windward, the stanch craft would head up into the teeth of the gale, until its short-lived fury was past, leaving the watch on deck to shake out the sails, — happy if not driven from our course by these fitful gusts.

After nearly a week of this weather, we passed in sight of Christmas Island, a ring of sand lying on a coral reef that seemed afloat upon the water. Ascending the mast, we could look over the breakers that thundered on the shore, and see the placid lagoon within the encircling land by which it was sheltered from the fury of the waves. At one point we descried a heap of broken timber, the wreck of a ship that ran ashore

one night, a few years before, while voyaging from Honolulu to New York. The passengers were rescued by a man-of-war, and not a sign of life was now visible upon the uninhabited atoll. Catching the strong southeast trades, we continued our course, heading straight for the South Pole.

One morning, not far from the beginning of the New Year, a little island called Aitutaki appeared just before us. It was about nine miles long, and from two to four hundred feet high, surrounded on all sides by a coral reef inclosing a wide zone of smooth water between the barrier and the white sandy shore. Passing to leeward of the island, our ship was hove to, — for there was no anchorage, — and our Captain took us in his boat, to visit the land. The sailors pulled vigorously at the oars, and soon brought us to the entrance of the lagoon, — a gap in the reef through which sea-water, driven over the barrier on the windward side of the island, was rushing out like a river. On either side of this narrow passage the breakers were tumbling against the coral wall, so that there was no other entrance. It was a long and difficult contest with the current; but we finally succeeded in reaching the quiet waters within the reef. Over this tranquil lagoon our boat moved as lightly as a swan; while through the transparent water the white sandy bottom was plainly visible, with here and there a cluster of growing coral, affording shelter for whole gardens of sea-plants and sea-shells, among which bright-colored fishes moved in every direction, presenting an ever-changing spectacle of beauty unrivalled by anything

on dry land. All too soon we reached the little wharf in front of the village, and were set ashore in the midst of a throng of native men and boys, who received us joyfully, leading us through a vast grove of cocoanut trees, past the picturesque chapel,—a large thatched building with open sides, carpeted throughout with clean mats newly braided from the pandanus leaf,—and escorting us to the house of the English missionary, Rev. Mr. Royle, the patron saint and spiritual guide of this tropical paradise. The missionary, a little dried-up old gentleman with kindly eyes and saintly features, neatly dressed in the costume of an English dissenting clergyman, greeted us cordially upon the veranda of his house, a long one-storied edifice, thatched like a native building, but more substantially constructed than the aboriginal residences. Placed near the crest of the island, the view from the veranda was very fine, overlooking one whole side of the islet, the broad lagoon, and the vast ocean beyond the outer reef. For many years the family had dwelt here in almost utter seclusion from the great world. The older children were grown up and "gone home" to England, leaving the parents, with two of their younger daughters, to labor year after year among the simple savages. Well was their devotion repaid; for they saw the wild people,—murderous cannibals, who killed and ate their earliest foreign visitors,—softened and civilized by the influence of Christian training, and now living in a state of morality and happiness that was only possible under the peculiar circumstances of isolation in which they dwelt. Affording no anchorage

for shipping, the island was delivered from the death-dealing visitations of foreign seamen. Too small to furnish anything attractive in the way of commerce, there was no inducement for traders to establish a station. The missionary had everything to himself, and the result was pleasing indeed. The whole island was a garden of vegetables and fruit-trees, cocoanuts, oranges, and bananas. The natives were larger and lighter colored than the Hawaiians, but their language was almost the same as that of our people at home. The houses of the aborigines were neatly built, lighter and better ventilated than the straw huts of the Hawaiians. The men and boys were sufficiently clad in white cotton shirts and trousers; and the women were equally well covered, though it was difficult to catch a glimpse of them, for they were required to keep at home and out of sight when seafaring visitors were on shore. Nor were such visitors permitted to range the island; they were not allowed to leave the immediate vicinity of the landing-place, where all barter for provisions was conducted by the sea-captain and the native officials. James and I, being the sons of missionaries, vouched for by the spiritual father of these innocent people, were received without restriction, and were allowed to visit the whole island. Provided with a pair of little ponies, we galloped hither and thither among the orange groves and the cocoanut palms, and soon saw everything that was interesting. The day was of the loveliest; the air was balmy and mild; the island seemed an enchanted garden, into which sin and sorrow, disappointment and misery, had never entered.

Isles of the Blest! home of perpetual infancy and innocence! Who would not be content to live always under such limitations!

At daylight the following morning, the island of Raratonga loomed on the southern horizon; and soon after breakfast the ship was hove to off the principal settlement and missionary station. The island, thirty miles in circumference and four thousand feet high, far excelled in beauty any one of the Hawaiian Islands, fully justifying the assertion of our Captain, who declared that he could show us in the South Pacific whole groups of islands more beautiful than anything north of the Equator. A ring of surf, foaming white in the morning sunshine, formed an appropriate setting for the jewel. Within the reef, a narrow lagoon of still water encircled the island, forming a marine promenade that gave easy access to every part of the sandy shore, from which a wide plain, covered with verdure and densely populated, sloped gently upward to the mountains that rose abruptly from the heart of the island. Drifting clouds continually kissed the central peaks, and dropped in showers upon the highlands, filling the soil with moisture and affording abundant springs of living water throughout the entire lowland circuit. It was like living in a continuous garden of fruits and flowers all the way round the island; the shade-trees, even, were loaded with eatables; bread-fruit, oranges, cocoanuts, bananas, and pineapples grew without number. Our Captain soon filled his boat with tropical productions, and was also successful in purchasing a number of pigs and a few chickens. More

accessible than the people of Aitutaki, the inhabitants of Raratonga were far more worldly-minded and cosmopolitan in appearance than their secluded brethren; but in all externals, at least, they seemed to occupy a higher moral plane than the Hawaiians, who enjoyed unlimited opportunities for sharing in the white-man's civilization.

Having now replenished our stock of fresh provisions, the boats were hoisted into place; our yards were braced up sharp to catch the southeast trades; before night the "Gem of the Seas" was but a bank of clouds, dimly visible on the northern horizon; while between us and the South Pole was nothing save the vast expanse of the Southern Ocean and the blue sky overhead. As thus we sailed, James and I read and re-read our school books, in preparation for a dreaded examination for admission to college. We studied geography on the Captain's charts, and helped him in his daily observations for latitude and longitude. We walked the little poop-deck, and climbed the rigging to harden our muscles, as well as for the wild pleasure of looking down upon the narrow hull that seemed to swing out from under us, first one way and then the other, as the ship reeled over the waves.

One warm afternoon, a long-drawn cry from the lookout at the mast-head electrified the whole ship's company: "There she blows! there she blo-o-ws!" About two miles away a solitary sperm whale was breathing vapor into the air, creating the appearance of a fountain at play upon the surface of the sea. The ship was instantly hove to; the boats were lowered,

and, the wind being fair, were hurried under sail in pursuit of the whale, leaving us to follow with the Captain, the steward, the cook, and the carpenter, as sole navigators of our craft. In the absence of the forecastle men, I took advantage of this opportunity to visit their territory, and to climb out to the end of the flying jib-boom, where, steadying myself against the stay that ascended to the top of the mast, I could look out upon the expanse of blue water before us. It seemed as if I were in the air, flying like a bird through space, with nothing in sight but sea and sky. On turning round, a beautiful picture was presented by the ship itself, following hard after, yet seeming far enough away to be an object wholly separate and disconnected from myself. Yielding to a gentle breeze, the black hull deliberately rose and fell, carving the waves with its cutwater, dividing the billows and rolling them out on either side in lines of foam that splashed the bows and lapped along the shining bends till their bubbles vanished in our wake. Above the deck rose the masts, tapering and towering through a cloud of canvas, each milk-white sail bellying unwrinkled from its spars, and swelling round and full like a balloon at liberty in space. Surely, nothing more beautiful than a ship under full sail has come from the hand of man. No wonder the ancient Polynesians mistook the fleets of their early discoverers for celestial birds of passage, gliding over the waters among their lovely isles!

But this delightful procession through the realm of the old sea-gods could not be indefinitely prolonged. Just as I seemed to hear the Tritons blowing their

shells, and proclaiming the approach of Amphitrite and her attendant sirens; just as Oceanus and Varuna, with their joyous cohort, were rising from repose beneath the purple sea, our prey suddenly disappeared, and left no sign to guide us on his track. The boats were recalled, and slowly coming back were hoisted up with many a malediction against the folly of chasing a phantom like the Great White Whale, the terror of all hunters in equatorial seas.

Coming on deck, one morning after breakfast, we descried a sail astern, hull down beyond the horizon. Sailing nearly the same course with our ship, she came at such a rate that before noon it was possible to make her out, a full-rigged clipper ship of the largest size. All that afternoon she followed us, leaping and bounding over the waves like a greyhound in pursuit of a hare, and at four o'clock she passed us. It was a splendid sight, that long, low, clipper hull, black and shining as steel, with every sail set and drawing full from the deck to sky-sail-mast trucks. As she came down upon us, she luffed a little, and passed not more than fifty yards to windward, taking the wind out of our sails and becalming us completely for a moment. As the ship leaned toward us before the fresh breeze, we could look in upon the whole length of her deck with its swarm of people, — wild-looking seamen on the forecastle and in the waist, while the quarter-deck was well sprinkled with officers and passengers, ladies in black silk gowns, with gentlemen in blue flannels, and on the poop the captain, resplendent with gilt buttons on coat and cap. In the mizzen-rigging hung a

large blackboard with the ship's latitude and longitude chalked upon it. In answer to this, our mate held up a corresponding inscription, and as the ships drew near each other the captains raised their trumpets and saluted one another across the water.

"Ship ahoy!"

"Ahoy!"

"What ship is that?"

"The *Bartholomew Gosnold;* so many days from Honolulu; bound to New Bedford. What ship is that?"

"The *Queen of the Seas;* so many days from the Guano Islands; bound to Hampton Roads."

By this time the huge clipper had passed us completely, and the last compliments of the captains were lost in the intervening distance. Before dark the stranger was hull down in advance; and next morning we again had the whole vast circle of the sea to ourselves.

Thus sailing, as the month of January progressed we found ourselves entering a temperate climate beyond the zone of tropical heat. The trade-wind still blew from the east and southeast, crowding our ship westward toward New Zealand; till one forenoon, warm and bright, we saw in the distance a leaden cloud that seemed to ascend beyond the southern horizon. Slowly it rose, a dome-like mountain of vapor, not flocculent and filled with sunshine, like the clouds that hang over tropical seas, but densely compacted, layer on layer, like driven snow. Slowly but constantly it rose, until it occupied a complete half of the sky, filling the air with dreary monitions of storm and

chill and coming disaster. It was the Genius of the Polar Region,—the Great Spirit of the Southern Waters, brooding over the Antarctic Ocean, and now breathing upon us as we approached from equatorial seas. We had just ascertained the latitude, and the Captain had ordered eight bells at noon, when we saw a line of vapor slowly creeping over the water from the base of that vast fog-bank. Our ship was idly rolling in a perfect calm, and there seemed nothing to fear from such a little wisp of scud; the bell proclaimed the dinner-hour, and we were leisurely packing our quadrants, when, with a sudden rush and a hideous roar, the wind came down upon us as if from every direction at once, taking the fore-top-gallant mast and the flying jib-boom with all their sails. The Captain seized his trumpet; all hands were called on deck; the yards were lowered by the run; and for half an hour the men in the rigging found it all they could do to furl the flapping sails and secure the remaining spars. In the midst of this confusion, a tremendous shower of rain, mingled with hail and sleet, deluged the ship and drenched every one of us to the bone. The wind finally settled into a steady gale from the southwest, and before night we were careening under storm-sails with our prow headed for Cape Horn.

We were now sweeping through the northern zone of the Antarctic Ocean, where the cold southwest wind blows without interruption all the way round the world, raising the largest waves ever measured. It was not an uncommon thing to see a long rolling billow, crested with foam on a level with the fore-yard,

at least thirty-five feet high. The wind being favorable, we experienced little discomfort from its violence, and every day our chart showed a rapidly diminishing distance from Cape Horn; but the laborious behavior of a large clipper-ship under close-reefed top-sails, which we passed a few days later, showed us how severe was the struggle to make headway in the opposite direction against such a blast. There was something very exhilarating in the wild environment. No more we felt the enervating breath of tropical breezes, inviting to slumber out of sight of the sun; the roar of the southwester roused everyone to movement and action in the bracing air. The sky was dim with haze and spray, the leaden waves foamed lustreless around us, and the horizon vanished in showers of sleet. Yet we were not alone; for the sea-mews followed us in flocks, whirling above the masts, or skimming the tops of the waves, while little stormy-petrels fluttered and ran on the water in our wake, and great white albatrosses, on motionless pinions, soared through the air as light and buoyant as cloudlets that float in summer skies.

Wishing to verify his observations for longitude, our Captain determined to sight the Diego Ramirez Islands—a cluster of rocks sixty miles southwest of Cape Horn. He accordingly shaped our course so as to touch the isles; and one long summer afternoon in the latter part of January we were all on the alert, hoping to see land. The day was clearer than usual, but the wind was strangely moderate, so that it was nearly four o'clock when the lookout at the mast-head sang out,

"Land ho! Land on the lee-bow!" The high bluffs, —twin crags, looking as if they might be the remains of an antarctic iceberg petrified and eroded by the sea, —were presently visible from the deck; and before sunset we could see and hear the angry surf breaking mast-high against the perpendicular cliffs,—all that was left of what was probably once an outlying headland of Tierra del Fuego. Sea-birds swarmed about the precipitous rocks; and among the waves were hairy seals and flocks of penguins bravely paddling toward the ship, their heads and backs just visible above water, the latter looking more like young puppies out for a swim than real feathered birds. Everything was wild and strange,—another world, a sphere remote and separate from that orb on which we had our birth.

Early the next morning, our Captain called us to see Cape Horn. Half asleep, we bundled out of bed and hurried on deck into the biting air. The view was grand, though forbidding. A few miles northwest of the ship rose the mighty promontory, in form and proximity to the sea reminding one of Diamond Head near Honolulu. Along the northern horizon, extending eastward, was a range of lofty mountains, snow-clad and cloud-capped, forming the island of Tierra del Fuego. Behind us swept the storm-clouds of the Antarctic Ocean, coming after us, every few minutes, with violent blasts of wind and intermittent showers of sleet, covering the deck with whitened granules, blotting out the sky, and compelling us to carry low sails till nearly night. Then, after a few hours of comparative calm, the wind suddenly veered round to

the east, heading us off in the direction of the South Shetlands. All night long the violent pitching of the ship indicated to us, as we lay in our berths, the severity of the conflict against an opposing gale; but as morning dawned, wind and waves grew calm, and a charming day succeeded the previous storm. Away to the north, under a brilliant sky, stretching westward as far as eye could reach, were the snowy mountains of Tierra del Fuego, sloping eastward into the sea, then, after an interval of blue ocean, rising again in a lower range,—apparently an island lying a short distance east of the mainland. "Staten Land, and the Straits of Lemaire!" exclaimed everyone. So thought the Captain; and if so, the wind was favorable for a direct passage through the straits into the Atlantic Ocean, thus saving a long detour to the east of the Falkland Islands. But not feeling quite sure of his opinion, the sharpest-eyed lookouts were sent aloft to scan the situation, and finally the commander himself climbed the rigging. All agreed that a clear passage was visible, with blue water beyond; so, after an early morning observation for longitude, that confirmed our inference from sight and dead-reckoning, the ship was headed north, and the yards were squared before a favorable breeze from the south. It was a glorious day,—equal to the finest weather in the Pacific; and we bowled along under full sail, with all our studding-sails drawing on each side. But before long another terror appeared, to agitate our anxious Captain's soul. All of a sudden we saw, right ahead, stretching east and west for many miles across our course, a wall of foam,

breaking and boiling like the rush of waves against a coral reef. Again our Captain flew to his charts; but they intimated no sign of danger, — nothing but deep water and a safe passageway. It was a "tide-rip," said the old sailors; a line of surf caused by collision of the tides from the Antarctic and Atlantic Oceans. Thus reassured, we boldly advanced, and soon reached the breakers. The ship rose upon the swell, stood for a moment poised on its crest, then, swinging halfway round till the sails flapped in the wind, she plunged headlong through the foam, emerging on the other side without harm except a thorough drenching of the deck with water that boiled over the rail as she staggered among the surging billows.

Our troubles now seemed to have reached their end, and we surrendered ourselves to the enjoyment of voyaging with a fair wind and a tranquil sea. Soon after noon we entered the straits, gliding between the rugged mountains of Tierra del Fuego and the barren hills of Staten Land. A few penguins swam out to inspect us and an occasional flight of sea-gulls reminded us that we were not utterly alone. Eagerly we scanned the shores, hoping to discover smoke or other sign of human habitation; but all in vain, nothing moved on those inhospitable, uninviting coasts. Gladly we entered the blue waters of the peaceful Atlantic, sheltered completely from the fierce gales of the southwestern sea by the headlands of Patagonia and the archipelago that conceals the Straits of Magellan; and when the sun went down, the lingering twilight of the southern summer revealed no land in sight.

CHAPTER XVII

"There she Blows!" — A School of Sperm Whales — Boats in Pursuit — Harpooning and Making Fast — Night-search for a Missing Whaleboat — Two Whales Alongside — Ten-thousand-dollar Prizes — "Cutting-in" the Blubber — Trying out the Oil — Working Northward — The Coast of Brazil — A "Blackbird Hunter" of the Seas — In the Gulf Stream — An "Old-fashioned Northeaster" — Terrific Storm at Sea — Montauk Point and Block Island — In New Bedford Harbor — On Shore in a Strange Land.

THUS sheltered between Patagonia and the Falkland Islands, our Captain availed himself of the opportunity for repairing his broken spars. The stump of the jib-boom was hauled in on deck, and the carpenter was busily engaged in fitting a substitute out of a spare mast which had been carried through the voyage in anticipation of possible emergencies like the present. The boom was completed, and everything, one afternoon, had been unrigged to make way for it, when, about four o'clock, as under a blue sky we slowly sailed over the quiet water without a white-cap in sight, we were suddenly aroused by the stirring cry of "There she blows!" Everyone rushed on deck,— the Captain with his spy-glass, followed by the dogs, dancing and barking, as full of excitement as any human being. The crew immediately cast loose the lashings that had secured the boats during the storms

of the Southern Pacific, and the officers prepared their harpoons and lances for the fray. It was a school of sperm whales, presently visible from the deck at a distance of about two miles north of our position, hundreds of them, sporting on the surface of the water, breathing forth fountains of spray at every expiration from their nostrils, sometimes leaping into the air and creating an immense surge of white foam as they fell back among the waves.

The ship was soon hove to, and the three boats were lowered and started in pursuit of the gigantic game. In the course of a few minutes they were among the whales, and we saw the mate's boat-steerer stand up with a harpoon, which he poised for a moment, and then darted downward into the back of one of the wallowing monsters. Almost at the same time the other boats made fast in like manner, and we could see them dragged furiously through the water by the terrified creatures to which they were attached. The foremost boat soon lost its whale by the drawing or breaking of the harpoon, but it succeeded in planting a fresh iron in the side of the second whale, which rushed on, though now compelled to drag two boats in its effort to escape. Nothing could better illustrate the vigor of the powerful animal than the rapid rate with which it swam through the water, nearly swamping the boats that clung to the harpoon lines almost smothered by the foam that was dashed upon them in their wild rush over the sea. The first whale had received a serious wound, and soon ceased the attempt to follow its companions.

The mate cautiously drew his boat by its harpoon-line to the side of the monster, and plunged his slender lance again and again into its flank, causing blood to fly from its blow-hole. The boat then drew off to a safe distance, while the whale slowly swam round in a narrow circle, furiously striking the waves with its broad flukes; then, rolling over and over, opening and snapping its jaws as it rolled, finally making one convulsive spring and falling back lifeless on the water.

It was now sunset; and the other boats, scarcely discoverable on the northern horizon, were still dragging in the wake of their prey. Their position and course were carefully noted, and all our energies were directed to getting the dead whale lashed alongside of the ship. This was accomplished by eight o'clock in the evening, and the ship's head was then turned in the direction of the boats. We now learned that in the hurry of departure the boat-kegs had been left on board, and the absent crews were without light, compass, or means of signalling in the dark. The Captain was much alarmed by this discovery, and immediately ordered a bonfire of tar-barrels on the try-works amidship. This furnished a magnificent illumination, lighting up every sail and spar and thread of rigging from stem to stern, so that the boats could not fail to find the ship if anywhere within twenty miles' distance. After sailing as far as the boats were thought to have run, the vessel was hove to, and the mate's boat was sent out,—this time well provided with lanterns,—on a scouting expedition.

While thus prowling in the darkness, about ten

o'clock, the second mate's boat suddenly came in sight, pulling slowly into the circle of light around the ship. The crew brought the news that they had killed their whale, and that the third boat was lying by the carcass, about three miles away, under a certain star which must be our guide to the spot. The two boats were immediately taken up, and we proceeded in the indicated direction till the Captain estimated that we had covered the prescribed distance. We again hove to, and threw a fresh tar-barrel on the fire, keeping a sharp lookout in every direction. The moonless night was clear but very dark, and the wind was nearly calm, so that we experienced darkness visible and silence audible on that expanse of ocean. Presently, as I leaned over the quarter-rail, striving to discover some sign of the boat, I heard a faint and distant cry coming out of the black night across the water. I notified the Captain, and almost immediately the mate came aft with the announcement that he also heard a shout. One of the sailors, — a gigantic mongrel, half negro and half Cape Cod Indian, gifted with a voice like a foghorn, — was ordered into the rigging to answer the call of his messmates, and the two boats were sent to aid in towing the dead whale. The three crews soon joined forces, and guided by their lanterns the ship moved slowly toward the spot. By midnight, both whales were securely lashed alongside, the boats were hoisted up, and we all turned in for a few hours of sleep before entering upon the arduous task of "cutting in" the blubber. The Captain was so overjoyed by the recovery of his boats and by the magnitude

of their prize,—two seventy-barrel whales, worth at least five thousand dollars apiece,—that he never uttered a word of reproach for the negligence of the officers in leaving the ship without their boat-kegs.

At an early hour in the morning, all hands were called on deck; a huge block-tackle was swung between the fore and main tops; a staging was rigged outside of the ship above the nearest whale; and from this a sailor with a "spade,"—a chisel-shaped instrument on a long spearlike handle,—dug a hole through the layer of blubber, eight or ten inches thick, that invested the entire body of the creature. Another boat-steerer,—Portuguese Andrew, a nimble, muscular young fellow,—then leaped down upon the back of the whale, with a long rope tied around his waist and held by a gang of men on board to keep him from slipping off into the water. The hook of the huge tackle that hung between the masts was lowered to him; and after a tremendous struggle with the heaving mass as it rose and fell upon the waves, he succeeded in thrusting the curved iron into the opening through the blubber. The sailors immediately hauled him on board, thoroughly drenched with ice-cold water, and turned him over to the steward for his reward,—a glass of whiskey and a suit of dry clothes; while the other boat-steerers with their spades proceeded to cut two parallel lines through the blubber, beginning at the hook and advancing spirally around the body of the whale. The crew on board carried to the windlass the cable that ran through the blocks of the tackle, and began hauling it

in. The tension thus produced caused the loosened strip to peel from the carcass, coming off in a spiral ribbon like the skin of an orange as the whale slowly rolled around its axis in response to the efforts of the men at the rope. When the end of the strip reached the masthead, it was cut off at the level of the deck, and was lowered into the blubber-room, to be slashed into smaller pieces; while the crew on deck hooked on again to the remainder. Having thus divested the entire body of the whale of its tallowy covering, the lower jaw was cut off and hauled on board for the sake of its ivorylike teeth; and the nose, with its contents of liquid spermaceti, forming a mass ten feet long and four or five feet thick, was in like manner secured. The sailors worked with a will, and completed the arduous task at a late hour of the evening, to the great satisfaction of the Captain, who was in constant dread of interruption by a storm before he could secure the fruits of his toil.

Early next morning, a fire was lighted in the try-works, and the kettles were soon filled with boiling oil and seething fragments from the blubber-room, where the huge "blankets" and "horse-pieces" were carved into manageable cubes. The whole process resembled, only on a larger and coarser scale, the preparation of lard from the fat of the hog. When sufficiently boiled, the oil was strained from the scraps, and was "run off" into casks that were made ready, near the works, by the hard-working cooper. Thus produced, the oil was tasteless, odorless, and as edible as freshly melted lard,—in fact, the sailors considered doughnuts

fried in boiling sperm-oil one of the greatest dainties obtainable. To satisfy our curiosity, the Captain had a piece of whale's flesh cooked; but we found it coarser than the strands of a hempen cable, and utterly destitute of agreeable flavor.

The following week favored us with fine weather, which we improved to the utmost. The whole ship, and everybody on board excepting the Captain and his passengers, were thoroughly saturated with grease. Fortunately, there was no disagreeable smell, and we contemplated the black smoke from the try-works with serene satisfaction. The Captain walked the quarter-deck, his face continually beaming with smiles that grew more radiantly expansive with each report from the boiler and the cooper. There was indeed good reason for his elation, for this catch would put into his pocket an additional thousand dollars beyond what he would otherwise receive at the end of his voyage.

But our most joyous experiences grow tiresome at last; consequently, after about ten days of excitement, we were glad enough to have the ship cleaned and under full sail once more; while even the dogs enjoyed their bath and purification at the hands of the steward.

Thus jogging along, though out of sight of land, yet under shelter of the South American continent, we enjoyed fine weather and favorable winds that bore us rapidly toward the torrid zone. It was pleasant, as we advanced, to note the changes in the nocturnal sky; to see the Magellanic clouds, the Southern Cross, bright Canopus, and the Antarctic constellations gradually sinking in our wake, while Sirius, Aldebaran,

the Pleiades, the Bears, and finally the Pole-star itself, rose and resumed their wonted stations before us. Warmer grew the pleasant air; and when we caught the southeast trades, it seemed as if we could feel the breath of the Pacific Ocean, and ought again to behold the lovely South Sea Islands looming on the horizon. But no land appeared, till, north of Bahia, one morning we spied two negroes sitting on a catamaran,—a primitive craft formed by lashing two logs of wood side by side. Presently another similar raft came in sight; and soon the coast of Brazil,—a low and level shore,—loomed in the west. The fishermen, answering the hail of our Portuguese sailors, informed us that yellow fever was prevailing in Pernambuco; so the Captain gave up his intention of landing in that seaport, where he was hoping to replenish his stock of fresh provisions, and to procure some of the famous navel oranges and pineapples that were then such rarities in northern markets. With a fair wind, we sailed for two or three days in sight of land, and were compelled to keep a bright lookout to avoid running over the numerous catamarans.

One day we saw a clipper-brig coming under full sail, heading toward the open ocean. We ran up our flag; but the stranger paid no attention to this salutation, and swept on its eastward course. The Captain declared it a "blackbird hunter," sailing to the Gold Coast or the Gulf of Guinea after a cargo of slaves. An hour or two later in the day, a large square-rigged ship, lazily tacking along the coast, approached us. Again we raised the colors, whereupon our pursuer flung out

the green banner of Brazil, and, filling away in the opposite direction, was soon hull down behind our ship. This the Captain believed to be a *guarda costa*, or disguised man-of-war, lying in wait for smugglers and slavers from the coast of Africa,— perhaps for the very one we had just seen.

Soon after passing Pernambuco,—a mass of buildings gleaming white in the hot sunshine on the low-lying beach, with its suburb, Olinda, beautifully placed on high ground north of the port,— the shore-line curved sharply away from Cape St. Roque toward the west, and we found ourselves again far out at sea.

Our voyage across the northwest trade-wind zone was without notable incident. For a number of days, while sailing parallel with the line of the windward Antilles, the sea was alive with flying-fish. Out of each wave that was touched by the ship's bow, they darted like sparrows from a hedge; not infrequently missing their way and falling on deck. After leaving the trades, we entered the western border of the Sargasso Sea, where for hundreds of miles the ocean is covered with floating seaweed. Hand over hand, I descended a rope that hung over the rail, and collected a quantity of the strange plants, which we kept for several days in a pail of water. They were of an olive-green color, luxuriantly branched, and covered with little vesicles filled with air that buoyed up their stalks so that they could not sink. Small shells clung to the stems, and tiny crabs made a little world of their own among the clustering leaves. It was believed by the sailors that in the central gulfs of the

North Atlantic this weed is so dense as to impede navigation; but we experienced nothing of that sort.

It was the middle of April, 1854, when we crossed the gulf stream, and found ourselves in green water, within a day's sail of New Bedford. The morning was cloudy and cold, the sea rolled heavily before a strong northeast wind, and the barometer in the cabin was rapidly falling. The Captain studied the clouds with an anxious countenance, and finally announced his conclusion that we were "going to have a regular old-fashioned northeast gale, and must get away from land as fast as possible." The ship was under close-reefed top-sails, heading northwest, for Long Island. The wind was already too strong to risk an attempt at tacking, so the Captain gave orders to "wear ship," letting her fall off before the wind and bringing her round by a long circuit to the opposite tack. Rushing before the wind among such waves as were tumbling after us, there was danger that they might dash over the stern and swamp the deck at least. At the critical moment, it seemed as if we might be thus engulfed; down, down went the taffrail, and far above our heads rose the following wave, a cataract just ready to break inboard, when the buoyant hull reared up in the air, and the threatening billow rolled harmlessly under our keel. Before the next surge could reach us, the ship came up into the wind, and we were safe. Every sail was then securely furled, and the ship was hove to under a bit of canvas in the weather shrouds and a little storm-sail in the forward rigging.

All day long the gale increased, till it actually blew

the waves flat, so that the ship rode in comparatively smooth water. The surface of the ocean was a sheet of flying foam; and at night the whole expanse was luminous with phosphorescent light from floating animalcules beaten by the wind. The rigging and spars of the ship literally formed a "harp of a thousand strings," that, swept by the storm, gave forth a deep and solemn note resounding loud and clear above the roar of the tempest. It was impossible to remain on deck, and I was obliged to content myself with an occasional glimpse through the half-open companion-way. We felt no fear, for a cargo of twenty-five hundred barrels of oil could not easily sink. The Captain reckoned that the ship was about eighty miles from the coast; and as our drift to leeward was at the rate of one mile every hour, it was not difficult to calculate how long it would take to beach us on the New Jersey shore. During the night, the mizzen top-mast snapped in two, and went overboard with a crash. This made hard work for the crew, but everything else stood firm, and the second night was less violent than the first. On the third day the wind began to subside and the air cleared so that numerous other vessels came in sight out of the obscurity in which they had been veiled during the storm. One by one we shook out our sails, and after a few hours were able to resume the course toward New Bedford.

At three o'clock next morning, the lookout discovered the lighthouse on Montauk Point; at breakfast-time Block Island was visible; and soon we could see the mainland, lying low along the northern horizon,

and covered with a thick mantle of snow left by the recent gale. The wind was light and favorable, and the ship glided eastward, past various "Hens and Chickens," "Sows and Pigs," and other rocks and reefs that adorn the approach to New Bedford.

It was the middle of the afternoon when we passed the old-fashioned telegraph station at the entrance of the harbor, whence our arrival was announced by movements of the arms of what looked something like a partly dismantled windmill. The ship was soon surrounded by a fleet of boats propelled by sails or oars, and filled with men, shouting and gesticulating, and sometimes endeavoring to climb on board, though the Captain would not permit that, so long as we were under way. These were the New Bedford land-sharks who prey upon newly arrived seamen, and they were eagerly striving to capture our poor fellows that they might drag them to their dens and rob them at leisure.

All dicispline ceased the instant the anchor was dropped in front of the city, and away went the crew with their new-found friends. With the Captain and the officers, we remained on board till the arrival of a ship-keeper with his men to guard the cargo. This gave us a little time to view the harbor, with Falmouth on one side and New Bedford on the other. Passing strange was the sight of that multitude of brick houses; and stranger still, to our unsophisticated vision, was the thicket of chimneys everywhere interrupting the sky-line of the roofs. Across the water was a large church, conspicuous by reason of an enormous tower and loftv spire; and nearer by was a coasting-steamer

leaving the wharf, and moving without sails into the middle of the stream. On her bow was painted in large letters the name "*Wamsutta.*" How queer! What could be the derivation of a word so outlandish?

But there was little time for philological research; and on the arrival of the ship-keeper the Captain hailed a boat and took us ashore. An affable "shark" guided us to an old-fashioned hotel, a wooden building a few squares distant from the wharf, where we were made very comfortable over-night. At an early hour next day, our guardian took us to the custom-house, and obtained our trunks, which were immediately forwarded to the railway station. As we walked up the street, a gentleman fashionably dressed in broadcloth, with a silk hat and polished boots to match, hailed us from across the way; it really required careful observation to recognize in him our truculent second-mate. The Captain himself had discarded all traces of the sea; but we, poor children of Hawaii, were arrayed in brown linen, with hats from Panama, — our Sunday-best in Honolulu. Fortunately, the day was warm, and we were too much occupied with novel sights and experiences to feel cold. Watching his opportunity, my companion drew me aside before leaving the hotel, and, producing a filthy wad of crumpled paper covered with illegible printing and pictures scarcely discernible, asked my opinion as to the probable worth of such a rag, which had been given him in change for a piece of gold. I recognized it as a bank bill, of which the fame had reached Hawaii; but we thought it best to consult the affable

clerk, who assured us of its unquestionable value. Still, from that day to this I have never been able to overcome my preference for a currency of gold and silver coin.

We arrived at last on the platform of the railway station, ready to enter the cars for Boston. The crowd of well-dressed people, the tumult of porters and hackmen, the rush of baggage-trucks, the mingled sound of escaping steam and clanging bells, were almost too much for my excited nerves; and I was glad when the train began to move through the streets, out into the open country. I was really riding in one of those railway cars of which I had read and heard so much! The length and weight of the train surprised me, and the sharpness of the curves in the track was another source of astonishment; but the swiftness and ease of locomotion was delightful. We reached Boston at noon; and there, on the steps of the United States Hotel, our little trio, which for a hundred and forty days had lived in most enjoyable harmony, was dissolved in the twinkling of an eye.

THE END

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